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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

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PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY IV. PART II.
KING HENRY V.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks and Parry, R. Bent, J. Badcock, J. Asperne, and T. Ostell.

1803.

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[J. Plymsell, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn, London.]

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fourth:*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* *King* Henry V;
Thomas, *Duke of* Clarence;
Prince John *of* Lancaſter,[1] *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of* Bedford;
Prince Humphrey *of* Gloſter, *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of* Gloſter;
} *his Sons*

Earl of Warwick;
Earl of Weſtmoreland;
Gower; Harcourt;
} *of the King's Party.*

Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Juſtice.

Earl of Northumberland;
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York;
Lord Mowbray; *Lord* Haſtings;
Lord Bardolph; *Sir* John Colevile;
} *Enemies to the King.*

Travers *and* Morton, *Domeſticks of* Northumberland.
Falſtaff, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and* Page.
Poins *and* Peto, *Attendants on Prince* Henry.
Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bullcalf, *Recruits.*
Fang *and* Snare, *Sheriff's Officers.*
Rumour. A Porter.
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland. *Lady* Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly. Doll Tear-ſheet.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Meſſenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

[1] See note under the *Perſonæ Dramatis* of the Firſt Part of this play. STEEVENS.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Rumour,[2] *painted full of Tongues.*[3]

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour ſpeaks?

[2] *Enter* Rumour,] This ſpeech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but it is wholly uſeleſs, ſince we are told nothing which the firſt ſcene does not clearly and naturally diſcover. The only end of ſuch prologues is to inform the audience of ſome facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the perſons of the drama. JOHNSON.

[3] ——Rumour, *painted full of* tongues.] This the author probably drew from Holinſhed's *Deſcription of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon coſt and magnificence: "Then entered a perſon called *Report*, apparelled in crimſon ſattin, *full of tongs*, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however might be the common way of repreſenting this perſonage in maſques, which were frequent in his own times. T. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Paſtime of Pleaſure*, had long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) in the ſame manner:

" A goodly lady, envyroned about
" With *tongues* of fire.——"

And ſo had Sir Thomas More, in one of his Pageants:

" *Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing
" Thoughe with *tonges* I am compaſſed all rounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*; and by John Higgins, one of the aſſiſtants in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanacte.* FARMER.

I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,[4]
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilſt the big year, ſwol'n with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe[5]
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;

In a maſque preſented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a ſkin-coat *full of* winged *tongues*.

Rumour is likewiſe a character in *Sir Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599.

So alſo, in *The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James, and the Queen his Wife*, &c. &c. 15th March, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "Directly under her in a cart by herſelfe, *Fame* ſtood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly ſet with *open eyes* and *tongues*, a payre of large golden winges at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of ſundry cullours traverſing her body: all theſe enſignes diſplaying but the propertie of her ſwiftneſſe and aptneſſe to diſperſe *Rumoure*." STEEVENS.

——*painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt edition in quarto of 1600, explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure. POPE.

[4] ——*the* drooping *weſt*,] A paſſage in *Macbeth* will beſt explain the force of this epithet:

"Good things of day begin to *droop* and drowſe,
"And night's black agents to their preys do rouſe."

MALONE.

[5] ——*Rumour is a pipe*—] Here the poet imagines himſelf deſcribing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,[6]
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewſbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotſpur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotſpur's ſword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone,[7]

[6] ——*ſo eaſy and ſo plain a* ſtop,] The *ſtops* are the *holes* in a flute or pipe. So, in *Hamlet*: "Govern theſe ventages with your finger and thumb:—Look you, theſe are the *ſtops*." Again: "You would ſeem to know my *ſtops*." STEEVENS.

[7] *And this worm-eaten* hold *of ragged ſtone,*] The old copies read—worm-eaten *hole*. MALONE.

Northumberland had retired and fortified himſelf in his caſtle, a place of ſtrength in thoſe times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten hold *of ragged ſtone*. THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Beſieg'd his fortreſs with his men at arms,
"Where only I and that Libanio ſtay'd
"By whom I live. For when the *hold* was loſt," &c.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"She is hard by with twenty thouſand men,
"And therefore fortify your *hold*, my lord." STEEVENS.

Where Hotſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-ſick: the poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The ſame.

The Porter *before the Gate*; *Enter Lord* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

PORT. What ſhall I ſay you are?

BARD. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

PORT. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

BARD. Here comes the earl.

NORTH. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem:[8]
The times are wild; contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:—
The king is almoſt wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Weſtmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk ſir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon: O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæſar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?

Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.

North. Here comes my ſervant, Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;

[8] ——*ſome* ſtratagem:] Some *ſtratagem* means here ſome great, important, or dreadful event. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* the father who had killed his ſon ſays:

"O pity, God! this miſerable age!
"What *ſtratagems*, how fell, how butcherly!
"This mortal quarrel daily doth beget!" M. Mason.

And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

TRA. My lord, ſir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt forſpent with ſpeed,[9]
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels[1]
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade[2]

[9] ——forſpent *with ſpeed,*] To *forſpend* is to waſte, to exhauſt. So, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, B. VII:
" ——crabbed ſires *forſpent* with age." STEEVENS.

[1] ——armed *heels*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio, 1623, reads—*able* heels; the modern editors, without authority—*agile* heels. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*poor jade*—] *Poor jade* is uſed, not in contempt, but in compaſſion. *Poor jade* means the horſe wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, ſeems anciently to have ſignified what we now call a *hackney*; a beaſt employed in drudgery, oppoſed to a horſe kept for ſhow, or to be rid by its maſter. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:
" Beſides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*,
" And now and then meat for you and your *horſe*."
This is ſaid by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, however, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) cer-

Up to the rowel-head;[3] and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,[4]
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha!——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Of Hotſpur, coldſpur?[5] that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,

tainly does not uſe the word as a term of contempt; for King Richard the Second gives this appellation to his favourite horſe Roan Barbary, on which Henry the Fourth rode at his coronation:

"That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand."

Malone.

[3] ——*rowel-head;*] I think that I have obſerved in old prints the *rowel* of thoſe times to have been only a ſingle ſpike. Johnson.

[4] *He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,*] So, in the Book of *Job*, chap. xxxix: "He *ſwalloweth* the ground in fierceneſs and rage."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*:

"But with that ſpeed and heat of appetite,
"With which they greedily *devour the way*
"To ſome great ſports." Steevens.

So Ariel, to deſcribe his alacrity in obeying Proſpero's commands:

"I *drink* the air before me." M. Mason.

So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which):

——*curſu conſumere campum.* Blackstone.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackſtone is in Nemesian:

——*latumque* fuga *conſumere campum.* Malone.

[5] *Of* Hotſpur, *coldſpur?*] *Hotſpur* ſeems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurſt, who tranſlated four books of Virgil, in 1584, renders the following line:

Nec victoris hevi tetigit captiva cubile.

"To couch not mounting of mayſter vanquiſher *hoat-ſpur.*" Steevens.

Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point[6]
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding fellow,[7] that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,[8]
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.[9]——
Say, Morton, didſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his uglieſt maſk,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my ſon, and brother?

[6] ——*ſilken* point—] A *point* is a ſtring tagged, or lace. Johnson.

[7] ——*ſome* hilding *fellow,*] For *hilderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. Pope.

Hilderling, Degener; vox adhuc argo Devon. familiaris. *Spelman.* Reed.

[8] ——*like to a title-leaf,*] It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that, in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have ſeveral in my poſſeſſion, written by Chapman, the tranſlator of Homer, and ornamented in this manner. Steevens.

[9] ——*a witneſs'd uſurpation.*] i. e. an atteſtation of its ravage. Steevens.

Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,[1]
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay,—Your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; ſo fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with—brother, ſon, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your ſon,——

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,

[1] ——*ſo woe-begone,*] This word was common enough amongſt the old Scottiſh and Engliſh poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, Lord Buckhurſt, Fairfax; and ſignifies, *far gone in woe.* WARBURTON.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"Awake, revenge, or we are *wo-begone!*"

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham,* 1592:

"So *woe-begone,* ſo inly charg'd with woe."

Again, in *A Looking Glaſs for London and England,* 1598:

"Fair Alvida, look not ſo *woe-begone.*"

Dr. Bentley is ſaid to have thought this paſſage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably expreſs) propoſed the following emendation:

So dead ſo dull in look, Ucalegon,
Drew Priam's curtain &c.

The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the third Book of the *Iliad,* and the ſecond of the *Æneid.* STEEVENS.

Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet ſpeak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit[2] is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.[3]
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,[4]

[2] *Your ſpirit*—] The impreſſion upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your ſon. JOHNSON.

[3] *Yet, for all this, ſay not* &c.] The contradiction, in the firſt part of this ſpeech might be imputed to the diſtraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmneſs of the reflection, contained in the laſt lines, ſeems not much to countenance ſuch a ſuppoſition. I will venture to diſtribute this paſſage in a manner which will, I hope, ſeem more commodious; but do not wiſh the reader to forget, that the moſt commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. *Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.*
North. *I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye,*
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Mor. *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Here is a natural interpoſition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleaſed to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*hold'ſt it* fear, *or ſin,*] *Fear* for *danger*. WARBURTON.

To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:[5]
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.[6]

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not ſeen:
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance,[7] wearied and out-breath'd,

[5] ——*If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:*] The words *ſay ſo* are in the firſt folio, but not in the quarto: they are neceſſary to the verſe, but the ſenſe proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

[6] *Sounds ever after as a* ſullen *bell,*
Remember'd knolling a departing *friend.*] So, in our author's 71ſt Sonnet:

"——you ſhall hear the ſurly *ſullen* bell
"Give warning to the world that *I am fled.*"

This ſignificant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

"I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
"Over ſome wide water'd ſhore
"Swinging ſlow with *ſullen* roar."

Departing, I believe, is here uſed for *departed.* MALONE.

I cannot concur in this ſuppoſition. The *bell,* anciently, was rung before expiration, and thence was called the *paſſing bell,* i. e. the bell that ſolicited prayers for the ſoul *paſſing* into another world. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that this bell might have been originally uſed to drive away demons who were watching to take poſſeſſion of the ſoul of the deceaſed. In the cuts to ſome of the old ſervice books which contain the *Vigiliæ mortuorum,* ſeveral devils are waiting for this purpoſe in the chamber of a dying man, to whom the prieſt is adminiſtering extreme unction. DOUCE.

[7] ——*faint* quittance,] *Quittance* is return. By *faint*

To Harry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more ſprung up.
In few, his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated,[8] all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotſpur's loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worceſter
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his ſtomach,[9] and did grace the ſhame

quittance is meant a *faint return of blows.* So, in *King Henry V*:

" We ſhall forget the office of our hand,
" Sooner than *quittance* of deſert and merit."

STEEVENS.

[8] *For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;*
Which once in him abated,] *Abated* is not here put for the general idea of *diminiſhed*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied to a ſingle edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down.* JOHNSON.

[9] *'Gan vail his ſtomach,*] Began to fall his courage, to let his ſpirits ſink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

From *avaller*, Fr. to caſt down, or to let fall down.

MALONE.

This phraſe has already appeared in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. IX. p. 194:

Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter,
And Weſtmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick; and theſe news,
Having been well, that would have made me ſick,[1]
Being ſick, have in ſome meaſure made me well:
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle[2] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves:[3] hence therefore, thou nice[4] crutch;

"Then *vail your ſtomachs*, for it is no boot;
"And place your hands below your huſbands' foot."
REED.

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And make the king *vail bonnet* to us both."

To *vail* a ſtaff, is to let it fall in token of reſpect. Thus, in the ſame play:

"And for the ancient cuſtom of *vail-ſtaff*,
"Keep it ſtill; claim thou privilege from me:
"If any aſk a reaſon, why? or how?
"Say, Engliſh Edward *vail'd his ſtaff* to you."

See Vol. VII. p. 235, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[1] *Having been well, that would have made me ſick,*] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me ſick. MALONE.

[2] ——*buckle*—] Bend; yield to preſſure. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*even ſo my limbs,*
Weaken'd with grief, *being now enrag'd with* grief,
Are thrice themſelves:] As Northumberland is here comparing himſelf to a perſon, who, though his joints are weakened

A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
The ragged'ſt hour [5] that time and ſpite dare bring,

by a *bodily* diſorder, derives ſtrength from the *diſtemper of the mind*, I formerly propoſed to read—"Weakened with *age*," or, "Weakened with *pain*."

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the ſame or two ſucceeding lines, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect ſome corruption. Thus, in this ſcene, in the firſt folio, we have "*able* heels," inſtead of "*armed* heels," in conſequence of the word *able* having occurred in the preceding line. So, in *Hamlet*: "Thy *n*[illegible] ſhall be the *news*," &c. inſtead of "Thy news ſhall be the *fruit*." Again, in *Macbeth*, inſtead of "Whom we, to gain our *place*," &c. we find—

"Whom we, to gain our *peace*, have ſent to *peace*."

In this conjecture I had once ſome confidence; but it is much diminiſhed by the ſubſequent note, and by my having lately obſerved that Shakſpeare elſewhere uſes *grief* for *bodily pain*. Falſtaff, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. p. 406, ſpeaks of "the *grief* of a wound." *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is uſed in its preſent ſenſe, for ſorrow; in the former part for *bodily pain*. MALONE.

Grief, in ancient language, ſignifies *bodily pain*, as well as *ſorrow*. So, in *A Treatiſe of ſundrie Diſeaſes*, &c. by T. T. 1591: "—he being at that time griped ſore, and having *grief* in his lower bellie." *Dolor ventris* is, by our old writers, frequently tranſlated "*grief* of the guts." I perceive no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*nice*—] i. e. trifling. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"————it is not meet
"That every *nice* offence ſhould bear his comments."

STEEVENS.

[5] *The* ragged'ſt *hour*—] Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—The *rugged'ſt*. But change is unneceſſary, the expreſſion in the text being uſed more than once by our author. In *As you like it*, Amiens ſays, his voice is *ragged*; and *rag* is employed as a term of reproach in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead![6]

Tra. This strained passion[7] doth you wrong, my lord.

and in *Timon of Athens*. See also the Epistle prefixed to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*, 1579: "—as thinking them fittest for the rustical rudeness of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more *ragged*, and rustical," &c. The modern editors of Spenser might here substitute the word *rugged* with just as much propriety as it has been substituted in the present passage, or in that in *As you like it*. See Vol. VIII. p. 59, n. 7.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,—
"Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again, in our poet's eighth Sonnet:

"Then let not Winter's *ragged* hand deface
"In thee thy summer."

Again, in the play before us:

"A *ragged* and fore-stall'd remission." MALONE.

[6] *And* darkness *be the burier of the dead!*] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON.

[7] *This strained passion*—] This line, in the quarto, where alone it is found, is given to Umfreville, who, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It was on this ground probably rejected by the player-editors. It is now, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, attributed to Travers, who is present, and yet (as that gentleman has remarked) "is made to say nothing on this interesting occasion." MALONE.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay,
You caſt the event of war,[8] my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,—
Let us make head. It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows[9] your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:[1]
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable[2]

[8] *You caſt the event of war,* &c.] The fourteen lines, from hence to Bardolph's next ſpeech, are not to be found in the firſt editions, till that in the folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play were inſerted after the firſt edition in like manner, but of ſuch ſpirit and maſtery generally, that the inſertions are plainly by Shakſpeare himſelf. Pope.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor ſpeaks of more editions than I believe him to have ſeen, there having been but one edition yet diſcovered by me that precedes the firſt folio. Johnson.

[9] ——*in the* dole *of blows*—] The *dole* of blows is the *diſtribution* of blows. *Dole* originally ſignified the portion of alms (conſiſting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. See Vol. XI. p. 256, n. 1. Stevens.

[1] *You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,*
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:
" As full of peril and adventurous ſpirit,
" As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
" On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear." Malone.

[2] *You were* advis'd, *his fleſh was capable*—] i. e. you knew. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" How ſhall I dote on her with more *advice*—"
i. e. on further knowledge. Malone.

Of wounds, and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you ſay,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,[3]
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And, ſince we are o'erſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth,——
The gentle archbiſhop of York is up,[4]
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.

Thus alſo, Thomas Twyne, the continuator of Phaer's tranſlation of Virgil, 1584, for *haud inſcius*, has *adviſ'd*:

"He ſpake: and ſtrait the ſword *adviſde* into his throat receives." Steevens.

[3] *We all, that are engaged to this loſs,*] We have a ſimilar phraſeology in the preceding play:

"Hath a more worthy intereſt *to* the ſtate,
"Than thou the ſhadow of ſucceſſion." Malone.

[4] *The gentle &c.*] Theſe one-and-twenty lines were added ſince the firſt edition. Johnson.

This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto, 1600, either from ſome inadvertence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, or from the printer not having been able to procure a perfect copy. They firſt appeared in the folio, 1623; but it is manifeſt that they were written at the ſame time with the reſt of the play, Northumberland's anſwer referring to them. Malone.

My lord your ſon had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhows of men, to fight:
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide, but, for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond: But now the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair king Richard, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land,[5]
Gaſping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and leſs,[6] do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Tells them, he doth* beſtride *a bleeding land,*] That is, ſtands over his country to defend her as ſhe lies bleeding on the ground. So Falſtaff before ſays to the Prince, *If thou ſee me down, Hal, and beſtride me, ſo; it is an office of friendſhip.* JOHNSON.

[6] *And* more, *and* leſs,] *More* and *leſs* mean *greater* and *leſs.* So, in *Macbeth*:

"Both *more* and *leſs* have given him the revolt." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what ſays the doctor to my water?[7]

PAGE. He ſaid, ſir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

[7] ——*what ſays the doctor to my* water?] The method of inveſtigating diſeaſes by the inſpection of urine only, was once ſo much the faſhion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Phyſicians, formed a ſtatute to reſtrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines, in conſequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This ſtatute was, ſoon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themſelves to pronounce on any diſorder from ſuch an uncertain diagnoſtic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, deſcribes an apothecary thus: "—his houſe is ſet round with patients twice or thrice a day, and becauſe they'll be ſure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

"I'll make her cry ſo much, that the phyſician,
"If ſhe fall ſick upon it, ſhall want *urine*
"To find the cauſe by."

It will ſcarcely be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a ſervant in a public riding-ſchool, (from which he was diſcharged for inſufficiency,) revived this exploded practice of *water-caſting*. After he had amply increaſed the bills of mortality, and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of thoſe who had too much ſenſe to conſult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of Engliſh credulity. STEEVENS.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me:[8] The brain of this fooliſh-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake,[9] thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now:[1] but I

[8] —— *to* gird *at me:*] i. e. to *gibe*. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "We maids are mad wenches; we *gird* them, and flout them," &c. Steevens.

[9] —— *mandrake,*] *Mandrake* is a root ſuppoſed to have the ſhape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. Johnson.

[1] *I was never* manned *with an* agate *till now:*] That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*. Johnson.

Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard ſtones, for ſeals; and therefore he ſays, *I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver*. The Oxford editor alters it to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in uſe, (a word, indeed, which our author uſes to expreſs the ſame thought): but *aglets*, though they were ſometimes of gold or ſilver, were never *ſet* in thoſe metals. Warburton.

It appears from a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was uſual for juſtices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain: "—Thou wilt ſpit as formally, and ſhow thy *agate* and hatched chain, as well as the beſt of them."

The ſame alluſion is employed on the ſame occaſion in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606:

"Grace, you *Agate!* haſt not forgot that yet?"

The virtues of the *agate* were anciently ſuppoſed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "—the man that hath the ſtone *agathes* about him ſurely defenced againſt adverſity." Steevens.

1607:

will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel; the juvenal,[2] the prince your maſter, whoſe chin is not yet fledged. I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal: God may finiſh it when he will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal,[3] for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him.——What ſaid maſter Dumbleton[4] about the ſatin for my ſhort cloak, and ſlops?

I believe an *agate* is uſed merely to expreſs any thing remarkably *little*, without any alluſion to the figure cut upon it. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 82, n. 3:

"If *low*, an *agate* very vilely cut." MALONE.

[2] ——*the* juvenal,] This term, which has already occurred in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Loſt*, is uſed in many places by Chaucer, and always ſignifies a young man. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*he may keep it ſtill* as *a* face-royal,] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So, a *ſtag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Old copies—*at* a face-royal. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Perhaps this quibbling alluſion is to the Engliſh *real*, *rial*, or *royal*. The poet ſeems to mean that a barber can no more earn ſixpence by his *face-royal*, than by the face ſtamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little ſhaving as the other. STEEVENS.

If nothing be taken out of a *royal*, it will remain a *royal* as it was. This appears to me to be Falſtaff's conceit. A *royal* was a piece of coin of the value of ten ſhillings. I cannot approve either of Johnſon's explanation, or of that of Steevens. M. MASON.

[4] ——*Dumbleton*——] The folio has—*Dombledon*, the quarto——

Page. He ſaid, ſir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter![5]—A whoreſon Achitophel! a raſcally yea-forſooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,[6] and then ſtand upon ſecurity!—The whoreſon ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in hôneſt taking up,[7] then they muſt ſtand upon—ſecurity. I had

Dommelton. This name ſeems to have been a made one, and deſigned to afford ſome apparent meaning. The author might have written—*Double-done,* (or, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, *Double-down,*) from his making the ſame charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth.

I have lately, however, obſerved that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloceſterſhire. The reading of the folio may therefore be the true one. Steevens.

The reading of the quarto (the original copy) appears to be only a miſ-ſpelling of *Dumbleton.* Malone.

[5] *Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!*] An alluſion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared ſumptuouſly every day, when he requeſted a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with the flames. Henley.

[6] ——*to* bear——in hand,] is, to keep in expectation. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"——How you were *borne in hand,* how croſs'd." Steevens.

[7] ——*if a man is* thorough *with them in honeſt taking up,*] That is, *if a man by taking up goods* is in their debt. To be *thorough* ſeems to be the ſame with the preſent phraſe,—to be *in with* a tradeſman. Johnson.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"I will *take up,* and bring myſelf into credit."

So again, in *Northward Hoe,* by Dekker and Webſter, 1607:

as lief they would put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatin, as I am a true knight, and he ſends me ſecurity. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity; for he hath the horn of abundance,[8] and the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lantern to light him.[9]——Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worſhip a horſe.

"They will *take up*, I warrant you, where they may be truſted." Again, in the ſame piece: "Sattin gowns muſt be *taken up*." Again, in *Love Reſtored*, one of Ben Jonſon's maſques:—"A pretty fine ſpeech was *taken up* o' the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, 'tis no matter." Steevens.

[8] ——*the horn of abundance,*] So, in Paſquil's *Night-Cap*, 1612, p. 43:

"But chiefly citizens, upon whoſe crowne
"Fortune her bleſſings moſt did tumble downe;
"And in whoſe eares (as all the world doth know)
"*The horne of great aboundance ſtill doth blow.*"

Steevens.

[9] ——*the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lantern to light him.*] This joke ſeems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: "Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu concluſum geris?" *Amph.* Act I. ſc. i. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who ſays: "Προειπεῖν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, ϗ οὕτως ἀπέβη. 'Ονειροι." Lib. II. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him. Warburton.

The ſame thought occurs in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"——————your wrongs
"Shine through the *horn*, as candles in the eve,
"To light out others." Steevens.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,[1] and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were manned, horſed, and wived.

[1] *I bought him in* Paul's,] At that time the reſort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt. Warburton.

So, in *Fearful and lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets*, &c. no date; by Naſhe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "*Paule's* church is in wonderfull perill thys yeare without the help of our conſcionable brethren, for that day it hath not eyther broker, *maiſterleſs ſerving-man*, or pennileſſe companion, in the middle of it, the uſurers of London have ſworne to beſtow a newe ſteeple upon it."

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

"Who goes to Weſtminſter for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a man, and to Smithfield for a horſe, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade."

See alſo Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 631.

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miſerie, and the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, the devil is deſcribed thus:

"In *Powls* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet ſome rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he ſpeaketh, he maketh a mouſe an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his anceſtors," &c. &c.

I ſhould not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in ſome meaſure familiarizes the character of Piſtol, which (from other paſſages in the ſame pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakſpeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his deſcription thus: "His courage is boaſting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakneſs, and his end beggary."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——get thee a gray cloak and hat,
"And walk in *Paul's* among thy caſhier'd mates,
"As melancholy as the beſt."

I learn from a paſſage in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, ſo that no debtor could be arreſted within its precincts. Steevens.

In *The Choice of Change*, 1598, 4to. it is ſaid, "a man muſt not make choyce of three thinges in three places. Of a wife in Weſtminſter; of a ſervant in *Paule's*; of a horſe in Smithfield; leaſt he chuſe a queane, a knave, or a jade." See alſo Moryſon's *Itinerary*, Part III. p. 53, 1617. Reed.

"It was the faſhion of thoſe times," [the times of King

Enter the Lord Chief Juſtice,[2] *and an* Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for ſtriking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Just. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury; and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falſtaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I muſt ſpeak with him.

James I.] ſays Oſborne, in his Memoirs of that monarch, "and did ſo continue till theſe, [the interregnum,] for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all profeſſions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St. Paul's* church by eleven, and walk in the middle iſle till twelve, and after dinner from three to ſix; during which time ſome diſcourſed of buſineſs, others of news. Now, in regard of the univerſal commerce there happened little that did not firſt or laſt arrive here." Malone.

[2] —— *Lord Chief Juſtice,*] This judge was Sir Wm. Gaſcoigne, Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church, in Yorkſhire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. Steevens.

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 516. Malone.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You miſtake me, ſir.

Fal. Why, ſir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

Atten. I pray you, ſir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou get'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou takeſt leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt-counter,[3] hence! avaunt!

[3] ——*hunt-counter,*] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's ſervant and the counter-priſon. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may be countenanced by the following paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

"——Do you mean to make a hare
"Of me, to *hunt counter* thus, and make theſe doubles,
"And you mean no ſuch thing as you ſend about?"

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"O, this is *counter*, you falſe Daniſh dogs."

It ſhould not, however, be concealed, that Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, Book III. ch. 3. ſays: "*Hunt counter*, when hounds *hunt it by the heel.*" Steevens.

Hunt counter means, *baſe tyke*, or *worthleſs dog*. There can be no reaſon why Falſtaff ſhould call the attendant a blunderer, but he ſeems very anxious to prove him a *raſcal*. After all, it

Atten. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick: I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you, ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.

Fal. An't pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his majeſty is returned with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majeſty:—You would not come when I ſent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip; a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from

is not impoſſible the word may be found to ſignify a *catchpole* or *bum-bailiff*. He was probably the Judge's *tipſtaff*. Ritson.

Perhaps the epithet *hunt-counter* is applied to the officer, in reference to his having reverted to Falſtaff's ſalvo. Henley.

I think it much more probable that Falſtaff means to allude to the *counter*-priſon. Sir T. Overbury, in his character of *A Serjeant's Yeoman*, 1616, (in modern language, a *bailiff's follower*,) calls him "a *counter*-rat." Malone.

ſtudy, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cauſe of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the diſeaſe; for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well:[4] rather, an't

[4] Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well:*] In the quarto edition, printed in 1609, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well:*——

I had not obſerved this, when I wrote my note to *The First Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falſtaff's character having been firſt called Oldcaſtle. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident proof of the thing being ſo: and that the play, being printed from the ſtage manuſcript, Oldcaſtle had been all along altered into Falſtaff, except in this ſingle place by an overſight, of which the printers not being aware, continued the initial traces of the original name. Theobald.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley*, inſtead of *Dogberry* and *Verges*, in the 4to. edit. of *Much Ado about Nothing*, 1600.

Names utterly unconnected with the Perſonæ Dramatis of Shakſpeare, are ſometimes introduced as entering on the ſtage. Thus, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* edit. 1600:—"Enter th' Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray, (Earle Marſhall,) the Lord Haſtings, *Fauconbridge*, and Bardolfe." Sig. B 4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, Poynes, *Sir John Raſſell*, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *King Henry V.* 1600: "Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, *Gebon*." Sig. D 2.

Old might have been inſerted by a miſtake of the ſame kind; or indeed through the lazineſs of compoſitors, who occaſionally permit the letters that form ſuch names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the reſt of the page is diſtributed. Thus it will ſometimes happen that one name is ſubſtituted for another. This obſervation will be well underſtood by thoſe who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-houſe; and thoſe to whom my remark appears obſcure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is uſually purchaſed at the expence of much time, patience, and diſappointment.

In 1778, when the foregoing obſervations firſt appeared, they had been abundantly provoked. Juſtice, however, obliges me

Pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Just. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

to ſubjoin, that no part of the ſame cenſure can equitably fall on the printing-office or compoſitors engaged in our preſent republication. Steevens.

I entirely agree with Mr. Steevens in thinking that Mr. Theobald's remark is of no weight. Having already diſcuſſed the ſubject very fully, it is here only neceſſary to refer the reader to Vol. IX. p. 194, *et ſeq.* in which I think I have ſhewn that there is no proof whatſoever that Falſtaff ever was called Old-caſtle in theſe plays. The letters prefixed to this ſpeech crept into the firſt quarto copy, I have no doubt, merely from *Old-caſtle* being, behind the ſcenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falſtaff, who was his ſtage-ſucceſſor. All the actors, copyiſts, &c. were undoubtedly well acquainted with the former character, and probably uſed the two names indiſcriminately.—Mr. Steevens's ſuggeſtion that *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name does not appear to me probable; becauſe in the liſt of "the names of the *principal* actors in all theſe plays" prefixed to the firſt folio, there is no actor whoſe name begins with this ſyllable; and we may be ſure that the part of Falſtaff was performed by a *principal* actor. Malone.

Principal actors, as at preſent, might have been often changing from one play-houſe to another; and the names of ſuch of them as had quitted the company of Hemings and Condell, might therefore have been purpoſely omitted, when the liſt prefixed to the folio 1623 was drawn up. Steevens.

Fal. As I was then adviſed by my learned counſel in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, ſir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Just. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe; I would my means were greater, and my waiſt ſlenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.[5]

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's ſervice at Shrewſbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erpoſting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

[5] —— *he my dog.*] I do not underſtand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? Johnson.

If the *fellow's great belly* prevented him from *ſeeing his* way, he would want a *dog* as well as a *blind* man. Farmer.

And though he had no abſolute occaſion for him, Shakſpeare would ſtill have ſupplied him with one. He ſeems to have been very little ſolicitous that his compariſons ſhould anſwer completely on both ſides. It was enough for him that *men* were ſometimes led by dogs. Malone.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord;[6] all tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.[7]

[6] *A waſſel candle*, &c.] A *waſſel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feaſt. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which ſignifies increaſe as well as the matter of the honey-comb. Johnson.

The ſame quibble has already occurred in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"That was the way to make his godhead *wax*."

Steevens.

See Vol. VII. p. 165, n. 6. Malone.

[7] *You follow the young prince up and down, like his* ill angel.] Thus the quarto, 1600. Mr. Pope reads with the folio, 1623,—*evil* angel. Steevens.

What a precious collator has Mr. Pope approved himſelf in this paſſage! Beſides, if this were the true reading, Falſtaff could not have made the witty and humorous evaſion he has done in his reply. I have reſtored the reading of the oldeſt quarto. The Lord Chief Juſtice calls Falſtaff the Prince's *ill angel* or genius: which Falſtaff turns off by ſaying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called *an angel*) *is light*; but, ſurely, it cannot be ſaid that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiouſly call reſtoring *loſt puns*: but if the author wrote a *pun*, and it happens to be *loſt* in an editor's indolence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light.

Theobald.

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a compariſon frequently uſed in the old comedies. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——The law ſpeaks profit, does it not?——

"Faith, ſome *bad angels* haunt us now and then."

Steevens.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:[8] Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-monger times,[9] that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy[1] is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſeberry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young: you meaſure the heat of our livers with the bitterneſs of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle?[2] and every part about you blaſted with

[8] ——*I cannot* go, *I cannot* tell:] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot paſs current. Johnson.

[9] ——*in theſe* coſter-monger *times*,] In theſe times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanneſs that rates the merit of every thing by money. Johnson.

A *coſter-monger* is a *coſtard*-monger, a dealer in apples called by that name, becauſe they are ſhaped like a *coſtard*, i. e. man's head. See Vol. VII. p. 56, n. 3; and p. 60, n. 8. Steevens.

[1] ——*Pregnancy*—] *Pregnancy* is readineſs. So, in *Hamlet*: "How *pregnant* his replies are?" Steevens.

[2] ——*your wit ſingle?*] We call a man ſingle-witted, who attains but one ſpecies of knowledge. This ſenſe I know not how to apply to Falſtaff, and rather think that the Chief Juſtice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-haired wit, whoſe

antiquity?[3] and will you yet call yourſelf young? Fye, fye, fye, ſir John!

misfortune is, that his merriment is unfaſhionable. His alluſions are to forgotten facts; his illuſtrations are drawn from notions obſcured by time; his *wit* is therefore *ſingle*, ſuch as none has any part in but himſelf. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakſpeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original ſize, yet his wit was not increaſed in proportion to it.

In ancient language, however, *ſingle* often means *ſmall*, as in the inſtance of beer; the ſtrong and weak being denominated *double* and *ſingle* beer. So, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "ſufficient *ſingle* beer, as cold as chryſtal." Macbeth alſo ſpeaks of his "*ſingle* ſtate of man." See Vol. X. p. 49, n. 6. STEEVENS.

Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is not conceived with his uſual judgment.—It does not appear that Falſtaff's merriment was antiquated or unfaſhionable; for if that had been the caſe, the young men would not have liked it ſo well, nor would that circumſtance have been perceived by the Chief Juſtice, who was older than himſelf. But though Falſtaff had ſuch a fund of wit and humour, it was not unnatural that a grave judge, whoſe thoughts were conſtantly employed about the ſerious buſineſs of life, ſhould conſider ſuch an improvident, diſſipated old man, as *ſingle-witted*, or half-witted, as we ſhould now term it. So, in the next Act, the Chief Juſtice calls him, a *great fool*; and even his friend Harry, after his reformation, bids him not to anſwer "with a *fool-born* jeſt," and adds, "that white hairs ill become a *fool* and jeſter."

I think, however, that this ſpeech of the Chief Juſtice is ſomewhat in Falſtaff's own ſtyle; which verifies what he ſays of himſelf, "that all the world loved to gird at him, and that he was not only witty in himſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men." M. MASON.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. *Single*, however, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) may mean, feeble or weak. So, in Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Act III. ſc. i:

"All men believe it, when they hear him ſpeak,
"He utters ſuch *ſingle* matter, in ſo infantly a voice."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O ſingle-ſoal'd jeſt, ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs," i. e. the tenuity.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice,—I have loſt it with hollaing, and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in aſhes, and ſackcloth; but in new ſilk, and old ſack.[4]

Ch. Just. Well, heaven ſend the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven ſend the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath ſevered you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaſter, againſt the archbiſhop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace

In our author's time, as the ſame writer obſerves, ſmall beer was called *ſingle* beer, and that of a ſtronger quality, *double* beer. Malone.

[3] ——*antiquity?*] To uſe the word *antiquity* for old age, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. So, in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

"For falſe illuſion of the magiſtrates
"With borrow'd ſhapes of falſe *antiquity*." Steevens.

[4] ——*marry, not in aſhes, and ſackcloth; but in new ſilk, and old ſack.*] So, Sir John Harrington, of a reformed brother. *Epigrams*, L. 3, 17:

"Sackcloth and cinders they adviſe to uſe;
"Sack, cloves and ſugar thou would'ſt have to chuſe."
Bowle.

at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandiſh any thing but my bottle, I would I might never ſpit white again.[5] There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it: Well, I cannot laſt ever: But it was always[6] yet the trick of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me reſt. I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with ruſt, than to be ſcoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt; And God bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes.[7] Fare you well: Commend me to my couſin Weſtmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Juſtice *and* Attendant.

[5] ——*would I might never* ſpit white *again.*] i. e. May I never have my ſtomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to *ſpit white* is the conſequence of inward heat. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: "They have ſod their livers in ſack theſe forty years; that makes them *ſpit white broth* as they do." Again, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by Maſſinger:

"——I could not have *ſpit white* for want of drink."

STEEVENS.

[6] *But it was always* &c.] This ſpeech, in the folio, concludes at—*I cannot laſt ever.* All the reſt is reſtored from the quarto. A clear proof of the ſuperior value of thoſe editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*you are too impatient to bear* croſſes.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falſtaff had juſt aſked his lordſhip to lend him *a thouſand pound*, and he tells him in return that

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.[8] —A man can no more ſeparate age and covetuouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes.[9] —Boy!——

he is not to be entruſted with money. A *croſs* is a coin ſo called, becauſe ſtamped with a croſs. So, in *As you like it:*

"If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*."

Steevens.

[8] ——fillip *me with a* three-man beetle.] A beetle wielded by three men. Pope.

A diverſion is common with boys in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a ſtick about two or three inches diameter, as per ſketch. Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is ſtruck by a bat or large ſtick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the Toad.*—A *three-man beetle* is an implement uſed for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one ſhort and two long handles, as per ſketch. A man at each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man, by the ſhort handle, aſſiſts in raiſing it to ſtrike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very ſuitable for *filliping* ſo corpulent a being as Falſtaff.

With this happy illuſtration, and the drawings annexed, I was favoured by Mr. Johnſon, the architect. Steevens.

So, in *A World of Wonders, A Maſs of Murthers, A Covie of Coſenages*, &c. 1595, ſign. F. "——whilſt Arthur Hall was weighing the plate, Bullock goes into the kitchen and fetcheth a heavie waſhing *bettle*, wherewith he comming behinde Hall, ſtrake him," &c. Reed.

[9] ——prevent *my curſes.*] To *prevent* means, in this place, to *anticipate*. So, in the 119th *Pſalm*: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches." Steevens.

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaſter; this to the prince; this to the earl of Weſtmoreland; and this to old miſtreſs Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

York. *A Room in the Archbiſhop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *the Lords* Hastings, Mowbray, *and* Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cauſe, and known our means;
And, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And firſt, lord marſhal, what ſay you to it?

[1] ——*to* commodity.] i. e. profit, ſelf-intereſt. See Vol. X. p. 408, n. 8. Steevens.

Mowb. I well allow the occaſion of our arms;
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How, in our means, we ſhould advance ourſelves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puiſſance of the king.

Hast. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord Haſtings, ſtandeth thus;—
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far[2]
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand:
For, in a theme ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotſpur's caſe at Shrewſbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air on promiſe of ſupply,
Flattering himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller[3] than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts:
And ſo, with great imagination,

[2] ——*ſtep too far*—] The four following lines were added in the ſecond edition. Johnson.

[3] *Much ſmaller*—] i. e. which turned out to be much ſmaller. Musgrave.

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this preſent quality of war;—
Indeed the inſtant action,[4] (a cauſe on foot,)

[4] *Yes, in this preſent quality of war*; &c.] Theſe firſt twenty lines were firſt inſerted in the folio of 1623.

The firſt clauſe of this paſſage is evidently corrupted. All the folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in the ſame reading, which Mr. Pope altered thus:

Yes, if *this preſent quality of war*
Impede *the inſtant* act.

This has been ſilently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly deeper, for, in the preſent reading, Bardolph makes the inconvenience of *hope* to be that it may cauſe delay, when, indeed, the whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the reſt that are too forward. I know not what to propoſe, and am afraid that ſomething is omitted, and that the injury is irremediable. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requiſite is no more than this:

Yes, in *this preſent quality of war*,
Indeed of *inſtant action*.

It never, ſays Haſtings, *did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope. Yes*, ſays Bardolph, it has done harm *in this preſent quality of war*, in a ſtate of things ſuch as is now before us, *of war, indeed of inſtant action*. This is obſcure, but Mr. Pope's reading is ſtill leſs reaſonable. Johnson.

I have adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, though I think we might read:

——*if this preſent quality of war*
Impel *the inſtant action*.

Haſtings ſays, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. Yes, ſays Bardolph, it has in every caſe like ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for ſupplies, has, without that reinforcement, *impelled*, or haſtily brought on, an immediate action. Steevens.

If we may be allowed to read—*inſtanc'd*, the text may mean—Yes, it has done harm in every caſe like ours; indeed, it did harm in young Hotſpur's caſe at Shrewſbury, which the Archbiſhop of York has juſt *inſtanced* or given as an example. Tollet.

Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,[5]
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at leaſt,[6] deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almoſt, to pluck a kingdom down,
And ſet another up,) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation;[7]

This paſſage is allowed on all hands to be corrupt, but a ſlight alteration will, I apprehend, reſtore the true reading:

Yes, if this preſent quality of war,
Induc'd *the inſtant action.* HENLEY.

Mr. M. Maſon has propoſed the ſame reading. STEEVENS.

——in *this preſent quality of war*;] This and the following nineteen lines appeared firſt in the folio. That copy reads:

Yes, if *this preſent* &c.

I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is loſt; but have adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, becauſe it makes ſenſe. The punctuation now introduced appears to me preferable to that of the old edition, in which there is a colon after the word *action.*

Bardolph, I think, means to ſay, "Indeed the *preſent* action (our cauſe being now on foot, war being actually levied,) lives," &c. otherwiſe the ſpeaker is made to ſay, in general, that *all* cauſes once on foot afford no hopes that may ſecurely be relied on; which is certainly not true. MALONE.

[5] ——*When we mean to build,*] Whoever compares the reſt of this ſpeech with *St. Luke*, xiv. 28, &c. will find the former to have been wrought out of the latter. HENLEY.

[6] ——*at leaſt,*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*at laſt.* STEEVENS.

[7] Conſent *upon a ſure foundation*;] i. e. agree. So, in *As*

Queſtion ſurveyors; know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite; or elſe,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Uſing the names of men, inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)
Should be ſtill-born, and that we now poſſeſs'd
The utmoſt man of expectation;
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thouſand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord Bardolph.
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power againſt the French,[8]
And one againſt Glendower; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

Arch. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral ſtrengths together,

you like it, Act V. ſc. i: "For all your writers do *conſent* that ipſe is he." Again, *ibid.* ſc. ii: "—*conſent* with both, that we may enjoy each other." Steevens.

[8] ——*one power againſt the French*,] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbiſhop, a French army of twelve thouſand men landed at Milford Haven, in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinſhed, p. 531. Steevens.

And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he ſhould do ſo,[9]
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welſh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland:[1]
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certain notice.

[9] *If he ſhould do ſo,*] This paſſage is read, in the firſt edition, thus: *If he ſhould do ſo, French and Welſh he leaves his back unarmed, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* Theſe lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not underſtood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to ſhow what errors may be ſuſpected to remain. Johnson.

I believe the editor of the folio did not correct the quarto rightly; in which the only error probably was the omiſſion of the word *to*:

To *French and Welſh he leaves his back unarm'd,*
They baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Malone.

[1] *The duke of Lancaſter,* &c.] This is an anachroniſm. Prince John of Lancaſter was not created a duke till the ſecond year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. Malone.

This miſtake is pointed out by Mr. Steevens in another place. It is not, however, true, that "King Henry IV. was himſelf the laſt perſon that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaſter,*" as Prince Henry actually enjoyed it at this very time, and had done ſo from the firſt year of his father's reign, when it was conferred upon him in full parliament. *Rot. Parl.* 111, 428, 532. Shakſpeare was miſled by Stowe, who, ſpeaking of Henry's firſt parliament, ſays, "—then the King roſe, and made his eldeſt ſon Prince of Wales, &c. his *ſecond ſonne* was there made *Duke of Lancaſter.*" *Annales,* 1631, p. 323. He ſhould therefore ſeem to have conſulted this author between the times of finiſhing the laſt play, and beginning the preſent. Ritson.

Arch. Let us on ;[2]
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited :—
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ![3] with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be ?
And being now trimm'd in thine own deſires,[4]
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times ?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'ſt now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurſt !
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt ; things preſent, worſt.

[2] *Let us on* ; &c.] This excellent ſpeech of York was one of the paſſages added by Shakſpeare after his firſt edition. Pope.

This ſpeech firſt appeared in the folio. Malone.

[3] *O thou fond* many !] *Many* or *meyny*, from the French *meſnie*, a multitude. Douce.

[4] —— *in thine own* deſires,] The latter word is employed here as a triſyllable. Malone.

I do not perceive that a triſyllable is wanted on this occaſion, as any diſſyllable will complete the verſe ; for inſtance :

And being now trimm'd in thine own ſurtout.

Deſires, like *ſurtout*, is a word of two ſyllables. Steevens.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Hoſteſs; Fang, *and his Boy, with her*; *and* Snare *following.*

Host. Maſter Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman?[5] Is it a luſty yeoman? will a' ſtand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay: good maſter Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt arreſt ſir John Falſtaff.

Host. Yea, good maſter Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives, for he will ſtab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he ſtabbed me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: in good faith, a' cares not what miſchief he doth

[5] *Where is your* yeoman?] A bailiff's follower was, author's time, called a ſerjeant's *yeoman*. Malone.

if his weapon be out: he will ſoin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fiſt him once; an a' come but within my vice;[6]—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my ſcore:—Good maſter Fang, hold him ſure;—good maſter Snare, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continuantly to Pie-corner, (ſaving your manhoods,) to buy a ſaddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head[7] in Lumbert-ſtreet, to maſter Smooth's the ſilkman: I pray ye, ſince my exion is entered, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long loan[8]

[6] ——*an a' come but within my* vice;] Vice or graſp; a metaphor taken from a ſmith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not ſo good. Pope.

Vice is the reading of the folio, *view* of the quarto. Steevens.

The *fiſt* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the Weſt of England. Henley.

[7] ——*lubbar's head*—] This is, I ſuppoſe, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's head. Johnson.

See Vol. VII. p. 185, n. 7. Malone.

[8] *A hundred mark is a long* loan—] Old copy—long *one*. Steevens.

A long *one*? a long what? It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, w familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words lar in ſound, and differing in ſignification; and therefore I no queſtion but he wrote—*A hundred mark is a long* loan r lone *woman to bear*: i. e. a hundred mark is a good for a poor widow to venture on truſt. Theobald.

for a poor lone woman[9] to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing; unleſs a woman ſhould be made an aſs, and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.——

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmſey-noſe[1] knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, maſter Fang, and maſter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

FAL. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

FANG. Sir John, I arreſt you at the ſuit of miſtreſs Quickly.

[9] ——*a poor lone woman*—] A *lone woman* is an unmarried woman. So, in the title-page to *A Collection of Records*, &c. 1642: "That Queen Elizabeth being a *lone woman*, and having few friends, refuſing to marry" &c. Again, in Maurice Kyffin's tranſlation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a *lone woman*;"—"tum hæc *ſola* eſt mulier." In *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* Mrs. Quickly had a huſband alive. She is now a widow.

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*malmſey-noſe*—] That is, red noſe, from the effect of malmſey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old ſong of *Sir Simon the King*, the burthen of each ſtanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"With his ale-dropt hoſe,
"And his *malmſey-noſe*,
"Sing hey ding, ding a ding." PERCY.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-ſuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue![2] thou art a honey-ſeed; a man-queller,[3] and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A reſcue! a reſcue!

Host. Good people, bring a reſcue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou?[4] thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion![5] you rampallian! you fuſtilarian![6] I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.[7]

[2] —— *honey-ſuckle villain!—honey-ſeed rogue!*] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. Theobald.

[3] —— *a man-queller,*] Wicliff, in his *Tranſlation of the New Teſtament*, uſes this word for *carnifex*. *Mark*, vi. 27: "Herod ſent a *man-queller*, and commanded his head to be brought." Steevens.

[4] *Thou wo't, wo't thou?* &c.] The firſt folio reads, I think leſs properly, *thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* Johnson.

[5] Fal. *Away, you ſcullion!*] This ſpeech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falſtaff, but that the boy muſt not ſtand quite ſilent and uſeleſs on the ſtage. Johnson.

[6] —— *rampallian!—fuſtilarian!*] The firſt of theſe terms of abuſe may be derived from *ramper*, Fr. *to be low in the world*. The other from *fuſtis*, a club; i. e. a perſon whoſe weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a ſword.

The following paſſage, however, in *A new Trick to cheat the*

Enter the Lord Chief Juſtice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beſeech you, ſtand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, ſir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Host. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Just. For what ſum?

Host. It is more than for ſome, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of houſe

Devil, 1639, ſeems to point out another derivation of *rampallian*:

"And bold *rampallian* like, ſwear and drink drunk."

It may therefore mean a *ramping* riotous ſtrumpet. Thus, in Greene's *Ghoſt haunting Coneycatchers*: "Here was *Wiley Beguily* rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beſide her ſchoole-tricks." Steevens.

Fuſtilarian is, I believe, a made word, from *fuſty*. Mr. Steevens's laſt explanation of *rampallian* appears the true one. Malone.

[7] ——*I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.*] This expreſſion occurs ſeveral times in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608: "Bankes your ale is a Philiſtine; foxe zhart there fire i'th' tail ont; you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i'th' rereward. A plague o' this wind! O, it *tickles our cataſtrophe*." Again: "— to ſeduce my blind cuſtomers; I'll *tickle his cataſtrophe* for this." Steevens.

and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare,[8] if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, ſir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſhamed, to enforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,[9] ſitting in my Dolphin-

[8] ——*to ride the* mare.] The Hoſteſs had threatened to ride Falſtaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-Mare*; but his alluſion, (if it be not a wanton one,) is to the *Gallows*, which is ludicrouſly called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd Mare*. So, in *Like Will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn*:

"This piece of land whereto you inheritors are,
"Is called the land of the *two-legg'd Mare*.
"In this piece of ground there is a *Mare* indeed,
"Which is the quickeſt *Mare* in England for ſpeed."

Again:

"I will help to bridle the *two-legg'd Mare*
"And both you for to *ride* need not to ſpare."

STEEVENS.

I think the alluſion is only a wanton one. MALONE.

[9] ——*a parcel-gilt goblet.*] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet gilt only on ſuch parts of it as are embоſſed. On the books of the Stationers' Company, among their plate 1560, is the following entry: "Item, nine ſpoynes of ſilver, whereof vii gylte and ii *parcell-gylte*." The ſame records contain fifty inſtances to the ſame purpoſe: of theſe ſpoons the ſaint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt. Thus, in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

"——or changing
"His *parcel-gilt* to maſſy gold."

chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, upon Wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a ſinging-man[1] of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,[2] come in then, and call me goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar;[3] telling us, ſhe had a

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"I am little better than a *parcel-gilt* bawd."

Holinſhed, deſcribing the arrangement of Wolſey's plate, ſays: "—and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate." STEEVENS.

Langham, deſcribing a bride-cup, ſays it was "ſoormed of a ſweet ſucket barrell, a faire turn'd foot ſet too it, all ſeemly beſylvered and *parcel gilt*." Again, in *The XII merry Ieſtes of the Widdow Edyth*:

"A ſtandyng cup with a cover *parcell gilt*." RITSON.

Parcel-gilt means what is now called by artiſts *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded. MALONE.

[1] ——*for* liking his father *to a ſinging man*—] Such is the reading of the firſt edition; all the reſt have—*for* likening him *to a ſinging man*. The original edition is right; the Prince might allow familiarities with himſelf, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

Liking is the reading of the quarto, 1600, and is better ſuited to dame Quickly than *likening*, the word ſubſtituted inſtead of it, in the folio. MALONE.

[2] ——*goodwife* Keech, *the butcher's wife*,] A *Keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a* meſs *of vinegar*;] So, in *Mucedorus*:

"I tell you all the *meſſes* are on the table already,
"There wants not ſo much as a *meſs of muſtard*."

Again, in an ancient interlude publiſhed by Raſtel; no title or date:

"Ye mary ſometyme in a meſſe of *vergeſſe*."

good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people; ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays, up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you: ſhe hath been in good caſe, and, the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her. But for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, ſir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſaucineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration; you have,[4] as it appears to me, practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.

A *meſs* ſeems to have been the common term for a ſmall proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. Steevens.

So the ſcriptural term: "a *meſs* of pottage." Malone.

[4] —— *you have*, &c.] In the firſt quarto it is read thus:—*You have*, as it appears to me, *practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman*, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon. Without this, the following exhortation of the Chief Juſtice is leſs proper. Johnson.

In the folio the words—"and made her ſerve" &c. were omitted. And in the ſubſequent ſpeech "the villainy you have done *with* her," is improperly changed to "the villainy you have done her." Malone.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this ſneap[5] without reply. You call honourable boldneſs, impudent ſaucineſs: if a man will make court'ſy, and ſay nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I do deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect of your reputation,[6] and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Taking her aſide.*

[5] ——*this* ſneap—] A Yorkſhire word for rebuke. Pope.

Sneap ſignifies to *check*; as children eaſily *ſneaped*; herbs and fruits *ſneaped* with cold weather. See Ray's *Collection*.

Again, in Brome's *Antipodes*, 1638:

"Do you *ſneap* me too, my lord?"

Again:

"No need to come hither to be *ſneap'd*."

Again:

"——even as now I was not,
"When you *ſneap'd* me, my lord."

The word is derived from *ſnyb*, Scotch. We ſtill uſe *ſnub* in the ſame ſenſe. Steevens.

[6] ——*anſwer in the effect of your reputation,*] That is, anſwer in a manner ſuitable to your character. Johnson.

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, maſter Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;——

Host. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;——Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking:[7] and for thy walls,—a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,[8] is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings,[9]

[7] ——*I muſt be fain to* pawn—my plate,——
——Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking:] Mrs. Quickly is here in the ſame ſtate as the Earl of Shrewſbury, who, not having been paid for the diet, &c. of Mary Queen of Scots, while ſhe was in his cuſtody, in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bawdewyn: "I wold have you bye me *glaſſes to drink in*: Send me word what olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me a *cuppe of ſylvare to drink in*, but I wyll ſee the next terme my creditors payde." See Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Engliſh Hiſtory*, Vol. II. p. 252. STEEVENS.

[8] ——German *hunting in* water-work,] i. e. in water colours. WARBURTON.

So, in Holinſhed, p. 819: "The king for himſelf had a houſe of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *waterwork* garniſhed with yellow and white." It appears alſo from the ſame *Chronicle*, p. 840, that theſe *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German* hunting was therefore a ſubject very likely to be adopted by the artiſts of that country.

and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and 'draw thy action:[1] Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; doſt not know me? Come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Host. Pray thee, ſir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other ſhift: you'll be a fool ſtill.

Host. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To* Bardolph.[2]] hook on, hook on.

Drayton, in his 4th Eclogue, ſpeaks contemptouſly of ſuch hangings:

"Nor *painted* rags then cover'd rotten walls."

Stevens.

The *German* hunting is, I ſuppoſe, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakſpeare, in another place, ſpeaks of "a full-acorn'd boar, *a German* one." Farmer.

[9] ——*theſe* bed-*hangings*.] We ſhould read *dead*-hangings, i. e. faded. Warburton.

I think the preſent reading may well ſtand. He recommends painted canvas inſtead of tapeſtry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls.

Johnson.

[1] ——'draw *thy action*:] *Draw* means here *withdraw*.

M. Mason.

[2] *To* Bardolph.] In former editions the marginal direction is—*To the Officers*. Malone.

I rather ſuſpect that the words *hook on, hook on*, are addreſſed to *Bardolph*, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-ſheet meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hoſteſs, Bardolph, *Officers, and Page.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king laſt night?

Gow. At Baſingſtoke,[3] my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You ſhall have letters of me preſently: Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter Gower, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I muſt wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good ſir John.

keep her in the ſame humour. In this ſenſe the expreſſion is uſed in *The Guardian*, by Maſſinger:

"*Hook on*; follow him, harpies." Steevens.

[3] *At* Baſingſtoke,] The quarto reads at *Billingsgate*. The players ſet down the name of the place which was the moſt familiar to them. Steevens.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter Gower?

Ch. Just. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, ſir John?

Fal. Maſter Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Hen. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attached one of ſo high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhow vilely in me, to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember

thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt; *viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts; as, one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low-countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland: and God knows,[4] whether thoſe that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,[5] ſhall inherit his king-

[4] ——*and God knows*, &c.] This paſſage Mr. Pope reſtored from the firſt edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is omitted in the firſt folio, and in all ſubſequent editions before Mr. Pope's, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to loſe any thing of Shakſpeare's, not only inſert what he has added, but recall what he has rejected.

JOHNSON.

I have not met with poſitive evidence that Shakſpeare rejected any paſſages whatever. Such proof may indeed be inferred from the quartos which were publiſhed in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. Theſe I would follow, in preference to the folio, and ſhould at all times be cautious of oppoſing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in queſtion, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we are unauthorized to aſſert that a ſingle paſſage was omitted by conſent of the poet himſelf. I do not think I have a right to expunge what Shakſpeare ſhould ſeem to have written, on the bare authority of the player-editors. I have therefore reſtored the paſſage in queſtion to the text. STEEVENS.

This and many other ſimilar paſſages were undoubtedly ſtruck out of the playhouſe copies by the Maſter of the Revels.

MALONE.

[5] ——*that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,*] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen*; i. e. his baſtard children, wrapt up in his old ſhirts. The ſubſequent words confirm this emendation. The latter part of this ſpeech. "And God knows," &c. is omitted in the folio. MALONE.

dom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers being ſo ſick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad, now my father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick: and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.[6]

" *Out* the ruins" is the ſame as " out *of*" &c. Of this elliptical phraſeology I have ſeen inſtances, though I omitted to note them. Steevens.

[6] ——*all* oſtentation *of ſorrow.*] *Oſtentation* is here not boaſtful ſhow, but ſimply ſhow. *Merchant of Venice.*

" —— one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*
" To pleaſe his grandame." Johnson.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. Hen. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought, to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;[7] and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. By the maſs, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff: he had him from me chriſtian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

[7] ——*proper fellow of my hands*;] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a ſtout fighting man. Johnson.

In this place, however, it means a good looking, well made, perſonable man. Poins might certainly have helped his being a fighting fellow. Ritson.

A handſome fellow of my ſize; or of my inches, as we ſhould now expreſs it. M. Mason.

Proper, it has been already obſerved, in our author's time, ſignified *handſome*. See Vol. VI. p. 74, n. 8; and Vol. VII. p. 248, n. 1. "As tall a man of his hands" has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. See Vol. V. p. 50, n. 4. Malone.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs,[8] [*To the* Page.] you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead.

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,[9] and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt, I ſpied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Inſtruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed ſhe was delivered of a fire-brand;[1] and therefore I call him her dream.

[8] Bard. *Come, you virtuous aſs,* &c.] Though all the editions give this ſpeech to Poins, it ſeems evident, by the Page's immediate reply, that it muſt be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-houſe, and it is likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being aſhamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward baſhfulneſs. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*through a red lattice,*] i. e. from an ale-houſe window. See Vol. V. p. 83, n. 4. MALONE.

[1] ——*Althea dreamed* &c.] Shakſpeare is here miſtaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when ſhe was big with Paris, dreamed that ſhe was delivered of a firebrand that conſumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.[2]—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is ſixpence to preſerve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows ſhall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy maſter, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good reſpect.—And how doth the martlemas, your maſter?[3]

Bard. In bodily health, ſir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician: but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen[4] to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falſtaff, *knight*,——

[2] *A crown's worth of good interpretation.*] *A Pennyworth of good Interpretation*, is, if I remember right, the title of ſome old tract. Malone.

[3] ——*the* martlemas, *your maſter?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter ſpring. The old fellow with juvenile paſſions. Johnson.

In *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falſtaff "the latter ſpring,—all-hallown ſummer." Malone.

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feaſt of *St. Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in the old plays. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"A piece of beef hung up ſince *Martlemas*."

Stevens.

[4] ——*this* wen——] This ſwoln excreſcence of a man. Johnson.

Every man muſt know that, as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelf. Even like thoſe that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they ſay, *There is ſome of the king's blood ſpilt: How comes that?* ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap;[5] *I am the king's poor couſin, ſir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. *Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the king, neareſt his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen.[6] Peace!

[5] ——*the anſwer is as ready as a* borrower's *cap;*] Old copy—*a* borrowed *cap.* Steevens.

But how is a *borrowed* cap ſo ready? Read, *a* borrower's *cap*, and then there is ſome humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the moſt complaiſant; his cap is always at hand. Warburton.

Falſtaff's followers, when they ſtole any thing, called it *a purchaſe.* A *borrowed* cap, in the ſame dialect, might be a *ſtolen* one; which is ſufficiently ready, being, as Falſtaff ſays, "to be found on every hedge." Malone.

Such caps as were worn by men in our author's age, were made of ſilk, velvet, or woollen; not of *linen*; and conſequently would not be hung out to dry on hedges. Steevens.

I think Dr. Warburton's correction is right. A cap is not a thing likely to be *borrowed*, in the common ſenſe of the word: and in the ſenſe of *ſtealing* the ſenſe ſhould be a cap *to be borrowed.* Beſides, *conveying* was the cant phraſe for *ſtealing.* Farmer.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is countenanced by a paſſage in *Timon of Athens:*

"——be not ceas'd
"With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when
"Commend me to your maſter—*and the cap*
"*Plays in the right hand,* thus:——." Steevens.

[6] *P. Hen.*] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*[7]—he ſure means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins; *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his ſiſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him,)
Jack Falſtaff, *with my familiars;*
John, *with my brothers and ſiſters;*
and ſir John *with all Europe.*

My lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words.[8] But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

left this letter in confuſion, making the Prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. Johnson.

[7] *I will imitate the honourable* Roman *in brevity:*] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of ſtyle. I ſuppoſe by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæſar, whoſe *veni, vidi, vici*, ſeems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæſar are afterwards quoted by Falſtaff. Heath.

[8] *That's to make him eat* twenty *of his words.*] Why juſt twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We ſhould read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as ſlender as it is, conſiſts. Warburton.

It is not ſurely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus, in *The Tempeſt*, Miranda talks of playing "for a *ſcore* of kingdoms." Bulby, in *King Richard II.* obſerves, that "each ſubſtance of a grief has *twenty* ſhadows." In *Julius Cæſar*, Cæſar ſays that the ſlave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In *King Lear* we meet with "*twenty* ſilly ducking obſervants," and, "not a noſe among *twenty*."

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! but I never ſaid ſo.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?[9]

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eaſtcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Epheſians,[1] my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old miſtreſs Quickly, and miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet.[2]

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?[3]

Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed, obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, the Sumner is compelled to do the like; and ſays on the occaſion,—"I'll eat my *word*." Harpoole replies, "I meane you ſhall eat more than your own *word*, I'll make you eate all the *words* in the proceſſe." Steevens.

[9] ——*frank?*] Frank is ſty. Pope.

[1] *Epheſians,*] Epheſian was a term in the cant of theſe times, of which I know not the preciſe notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So, the Hoſt, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "It is thine hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls." Johnson.

[2] —— *Doll Tear-ſheet.*] Shakſpeare might have taken the hint for this name from the following paſſage in *The Playe of Robyn Hoode, very proper to be played in Maye Games*, bl. l. no date:

"She is a trul of truſt, to ſerve a frier at his luſt,
"A pryeker, a prauncer, a *tere of ſhetes*," &c.
Steevens.

[3] *What* pagan *may that be?*] *Pagan* ſeems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners.

Page. A proper gentlewoman, ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Hen. Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your maſter, that I am yet come to town: There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine, ſir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* Bardolph *and* Page.]—This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins,[4] and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

So, in *The Captain*, a comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Three little children, one of them was mine;
"Upon my conſcience the other two were *pagans*."

In *The City Madam* of Maſſinger it is uſed (as here) for a proſtitute:

"———in all theſe places
"I've had my ſeveral *Pagans* billeted." Steevens.

[4] *Put on two leather jerkins,*] This was a plot very unlikely to ſucceed where the Prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more uſeful than probability. Johnson.

Johnſon forgets that all the family were in the ſecret, except Falſtaff; and that the Prince and Poins were diſguiſed.

M. Mason.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy defcenſion! [5] it was Jove's caſe. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that ſhall be mine: in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troubleſome.

But how does this circumſtance meet with Dr. Johnſon's objection? The improbability ariſes from Falſtaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the houſe; and however diſguiſed the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his ſervants, they could not in fact paſs for the old attendants, with whoſe perſon, voice, and manner, Falſtaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he diſcovers the Prince as ſoon as ever he ſpeaks. However, Shakſpeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falſtaff to abuſe the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the ſtage in their diſguiſes: a *jeu de theatre* which he practiſed in other plays, and which always gains applauſe.

Malone.

[5] ——*a heavy* deſcenſion!] *Deſcenſion* is the reading of the firſt edition.

Mr. Upton propoſes that we ſhould read thus by tranſpoſition: *From a god to a bull? a low transformation!——from a prince to a prentice? a heavy declenſion!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. Johnson.

The folio reads—*declenſion*. Malone.

Lady N. I have given over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will; your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's ſake, go not to theſe wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.[6]
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt; yours, and your ſon's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it ſtuck upon him, as the ſun
In the grey vault of heaven:[7] and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glaſs
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs,[8] that practis'd not his gait:

[6] *Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father*
Bring up his powers; but he did long *in vain.*] Mr. Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote,
——*but he did* look *in vain.*
Statius, in the tenth Book of his *Thebaid*, has the ſame thought:
"——fruſtra de colle Lycæi
"Anxia proſpectas, ſi quis per nubila longe
"Aut ſonus, aut noſtro ſublatus ab agmine pulvis."
STEEVENS.

[7] *In the* grey *vault of heaven:*] So, in one of our author's poems to his miſtreſs:
"And truly, not the morning *ſun* of heaven
"Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the eaſt," &c.
STEEVENS.

[8] *He had no legs,* &c.] The twenty-two following lines are of thoſe added by Shakſpeare after his firſt edition. POPE.
They were firſt printed in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant;[9]
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him: So that, in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others.[1] And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unſeconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of Hotſpur's name
Did ſeem defenſible:[2]—ſo you left him:

[9] *And* ſpeaking thick, *which nature made his blemiſh,*
Became the accents of the valiant;] *Speaking thick* is, *ſpeaking faſt*, crouding one word on another. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——ſay, and *ſpeak thick*,
" Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing—."

" Became the accents of the valiant" is, " came to be affected by them," a ſenſe which (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) is confirmed by the lines immediately ſucceeding:

" For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and *tardily*,
" Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
" To *ſeem like him*: ——."

The oppoſition deſigned by the adverb *tardily*, alſo ſerves to ſupport my explanation of the epithet *thick*. STEEVENS.

[1] *He was the mark and* glaſs, *copy and* book,
That faſhion'd others.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" For princes are the *glaſs*, the ſchool, the *book*,
" Where ſubjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."

MALONE.

[2] *Did ſeem* defenſible:] *Defenſible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing ſtrength, furniſhing the means of defence*;—the paſſive for the active participle.

MALONE.

Never, O never, do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marſhal, and the archbiſhop, are ſtrong:
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient overſights.
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger; but, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves: So did your ſon;
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance[3] with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

[3] *To rain upon* remembrance—] Alluding to the plant *roſemary*, ſo called, and uſed in funerals.
Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"For you there's *roſemary* and rue, theſe keep
"Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
"*Grace* and *remembrance* be to you both," &c.
For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being uſed in exorciſms; ſo roſemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick. Warburton.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto its height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:——
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern, in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'ſt, ſir John cannot endure an apple-John.[4]

2 *Draw.* Maſs, thou ſayeſt true: The prince once ſet a diſh of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more ſir Johns: and, putting off his

[4] ——*an* apple-John.] So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"——thy man, *Apple-John*, that looks
"As he had been a ſennight in the ſtraw,
"A ripening for the market."

This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and ſhrivelled. It is called by the French,—*Deux-ans*. Thus, Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595: "The beſt apples that we have in England are pepins, *deuſants*, coſtards, darlings, and ſuch other." Again, among inſtructions given in the year 1580 to ſome of our navigators, "for banketting on ſhipboard perſons of credite," we meet with "the *apple John* that *dureth two yeares*, to make ſhew of our fruits." See Hackluyt, Vol. I. p. 441. Steevens.

hat, ſaid, *I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down: And ſee if thou canſt find out Sneak's noiſe;[5] miſtreſs Tear-ſheet would fain hear ſome muſick. Deſpatch:[6]—The room where they ſupped, is too hot; they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and maſter Poins anon: and they will put on two of our

[5] ——Sneak's *noiſe*;] *Sneak* was a ſtreet minſtrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to liſten if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. Johnson.

A *noiſe of muſicians* anciently ſignified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakſpeare) there is this paſſage: "—there came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and then they ſent for a *noyſe of muſitians*," &c.

Falſtaff addreſſes them as a company in another ſcene of this play. So again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "All the *noiſe* that went with him, poor fellows, have had their fiddle-caſes pulled over their ears."

Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, printed 1598, the Count ſays: "O that we had a *noiſe of muſicians*, to play to this antick as we go."

Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has taken two expreſſions from theſe plays of *Henry IV.* and put them into the mouth of *Therſites* addreſſing himſelf to *Achilles*:

"Where's this great *ſword and buckler man* of Greece?
"We ſhall have him in one of *Sneak's noiſe*,
"And come peaking into the tents of the Greeks,
"With,—will you have any muſick, gentlemen?"

Among Ben Jonſon's *Leges convivales* is—

"Fidicen, niſi accerſitus, non venito." Steevens.

[6] *Deſpatch:* &c.] This period is from the firſt edition. Pope.

Theſe words, which are not in the folio, are in the quarto given to the ſecond drawer. Mr. Pope rightly attributed them to the firſt. Malone.

jerkins, and aprons; and ſir John muſt not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the maſs, here will be old utis:[7] It will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulſidge

[7] ——*here will be* old utis:] *Utis*, an old word yet in uſe in ſome counties, ſignifying a merry feſtival, from the French *huit, octo*, ab. A. S. Eahta, *Octavæ feſti alicujus*.—Skinner. Pope.

Skinner's explanation of *utis* (or *utas*) may be confirmed by the following paſſage from T. M.'s *Life of Sir Thomas More*: "—to-morrow is *St. Thomas of Canterbury's* eeve, and the *utas* of St. Peter—." The eve of Thomas à Becket, according to the new ſtile, happens on the 6th of July, and St. Peter's day on the 29th of June.

Again, in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, a comedy, 1602:

"Then if you pleaſe, with ſome royſting harmony,
"Let us begin the *utas* of our iollitie." Henley.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* ſignifies feſtivity in a great degree.

So, in *Lingua*, 1607:

"——there's *old* moving among them."

Again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"We ſhall have *old* breaking of necks then."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"I ſhall have *old* laughing."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Here will be *old* filching, when the preſs comes out of Paul's." Steevens.

See Vol. IX. p. 104, n. 4. Malone.

beats[8] as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood[9] ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff, *singing.*

Fal. *When Arthur first in court*[1]—Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king:* [*Exit* Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm:[2] yea, good sooth.

[8] ——*your pulsidge beats* &c.] One would almost regard this speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude called *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567. *Infidelity* says to *Mary*:

"Let me fele your poulses, mistresse Mary, be you sicke?
"By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:
"Your vaines are as full of blood, lusty and quicke,
"In better taking truly I did you never see."

Steevens.

[9] ——*a marvellous searching wine, and it* perfumes *the blood*—] The same phraseology is seriously used by Arthur Hall, in his translation of the first *Iliad*, 4°. 1581:

"————good Chrise with wine so red
"The aulter throughly doth *perfume*:—" Steevens.

[1] *When Arthur first in court*—] The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Steevens.

The words in the ballad are—

"When Arthur first in court *began*,
"And was *approved* king." Malone.

[2] *Sick of a* calm:] I suppose she means to say *of a qualm*. Steevens.

Fal. So is all her ſect;[3] an they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals,[4] miſtreſs Doll.

[3] *So is all her* ſect;] I know not why *ſect* is printed in all the copies; I believe *ſex* is meant. Johnson.

Sect is, I believe, right. Falſtaff may mean all of her profeſſion. In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594, the word is frequently uſed:

"*Sil.* I am none of that *ſect*.

"*Can.* Thy loving *ſect* is an ancient *ſect*, and an honourable," &c.

Since the foregoing quotation was given, I have found *ſect* ſo often printed for *ſex* in the old plays, that I ſuppoſe theſe words were anciently ſynonymous. Thus, in Marſton's *Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"Deceives our *ſect* of fame and chaſtity."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"———Modeſty was made
"When ſhe was firſt intended: when ſhe bluſhes
"It is the holieſt thing to look upon,
"The pureſt temple of her *ſect*, that ever
"Made nature a bleſt founder."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Vertue*, 1576:

"Who, for that theſe barons ſo wrought a ſlaunder to her *ſect*,
"Their fooliſh, raſh, and judgment falſe, ſhe ſharplie did detect." Stevens.

In Middleton's *Mad World my Maſters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elſewhere obſerved,) a courtezan ſays, "it is the eaſieſt art and cunning for our *ſect* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits, when we are well." I have therefore no doubt that *ſect* was licentiouſly uſed by our author, and his contemporaries, for *ſex*. Malone.

I believe *ſect* is here uſed in its uſual ſenſe, and not for *ſex*. Falſtaff means to ſay, that all *courtezans*, when their trade is at a ſtand, are apt to be ſick. Douce.

[4] *You make fat* raſcals,] Falſtaff alludes to a phraſe of the foreſt. *Lean* deer are called *raſcal* deer. He tells her ſhe calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *raſcal*. Johnson.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and owches*;[5]—for

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*: "The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the *raſcal*, and the pricket."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"What take you?—Deer.—You'll ne'er ſtrike *raſcal*?"

Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656:

"——and have known a *raſcal* from a fat deer."

"*Raſcall*, (ſays Puttenham, p. 150,) is properly the hunting terme given to young deere, *leane* and out of ſeaſon, and not to people." Steevens.

To grow fat and bloated is one of the conſequences of the venereal diſeaſe; and to that Falſtaff probably alludes. There are other alluſions, in the following ſpeeches, to the ſame diſorder. M. Mason.

[5] *Your* brooches, *pearls, and* owches;] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds. Pope.

I believe Falſtaff gives theſe ſplendid names as we give that of *carbuncle*, to ſomething very different from gems and ornaments: but the paſſage deſerves not a laborious reſearch.

Johnson.

Brooches were, literally, *claſps*, or *buckles*, ornamented with gems. See Vol. VII. p. 189, n. 5, and alſo note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. xiii.

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *owches* in their original ſenſe. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "——three ſcarfs, bracelets, chains, and *ouches*." It appears likewiſe from a paſſage in the ancient ſatire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, that the makers of theſe ornaments were called *owchers*:

"*Owchers*, ſkynners, and cutlers."

Dugdale, p. 234, in his Account of the Will of T. de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the time of Edward III. ſays:

to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[6] bravely:——

"His jewels be thus diſpoſed: to his daughter Stafford, an *ouche* called the eagle, which the prince gave him; to his daughter Alice, his next beſt *ouche*."

With brooches, rings, and owches, is, however, a line in the ancient ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*. See Percy's *Reliques*, &c. 4th edit. Vol. III. p. 341. Dr. Johnſon's conjecture may be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612:

"——As many aches in his bones, as there are *ouches* in his ſkin."

Again, in *The Duke's Miſtreſs*, by Shirley, 1638, Valerio, ſpeaking of a lady's *noſe*, ſays:

"It has a comely length, and is well ſtudded
"With *gems* of price; the goldſmith would give money for't." STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, that *owches* were worn by women in their hair in Shakſpeare's time. Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, however, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Maroccus Exſtaticus*, 1595: "Let him paſs for a churle, and wear his miſtreſs's favours, viz. *rubies* and *precious ſtones*, on his noſe, &c. and this *et cetera* ſhall, if you will, be the perfecteſt p— that ever grew in Shoreditch or Southwarke." MALONE.

[6] ——*the charged* chambers—] To underſtand this quibble, it is neceſſary to ſay, that a *chamber* ſignifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610: "—he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they can deal in *chambers* already, as well as all the gunners that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor and aldermen land at Weſtminſter."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1605: "—only your *chambers* are licenſed to play upon you, and drabs enow to *give fire* to them."

A *chamber* is likewiſe that part in a mine where the powder is lodged. STEEVENS.

Chambers are very ſmall pieces of ordnance which are yet uſed in London on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were ſometimes uſed in our author's theatre on particular occaſions. See *King Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. iii. MALONE.

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Host. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick[7] as two dry toaſts;[8] you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year![9] one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: [*To* Doll.] you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

[7] ——*rheumatick*—] She would ſay ſplenetick. Hanmer.

I believe ſhe means what ſhe ſays. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour:*

"*Cob.* Why I have my *reume*, and can be angry."

Again, in our author's *King Henry V:* "He did in ſome ſort handle women; but then he was *rheumatick*," &c.

Rheumatick, in the cant language of the times, ſignified capricious, humourſome. In this ſenſe it appears to be uſed in many other old plays. Steevens.

The word *ſcorbutico* (as an ingenious friend obſerves to me) is uſed in the ſame manner in Italian, to ſignify a peeviſh ill-tempered man. Malone.

Dr. Farmer obſerves, that Sir Thomas Elyott, in his *Caſtell of Helth*, 1572, ſpeaking of different *complexions*, has the following remark: "Where cold with moiſture prevaileth, that body is called *fleumatick*." Steevens.

[8] ——*as two dry toaſts*;] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. Johnson.

[9] ——*good-year!*] Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *goujere*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. See Vol. V. p. 55, n. 2. Steevens.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Piſtol's[1] below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Host. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I muſt live amongſt my neighbours; I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt:—Shut the door;—there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have ſwaggering now:—ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, ſir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.[2]

Fal. Doſt thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,[3] ſir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he ſaid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt,—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter Dumb, our miniſter, was by then;—*Neigh-*

[1] ——ancient *Piſtol*—] Is the ſame as *enſign Piſtol* Falſtaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Piſtol enſign, or *ancient*. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*there comes no* ſwaggerers *here.*] A *ſwaggerer* was a roaring, bullying, bluſtering, fighting fellow. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, a comedy, by Cooke, 1614: "I will game with a gamſter, drinke with a drunkard, be ciuill with a citizen, *fight* with a *ſwaggerer*, and drabb with a whoore-maſter." RITSON.

[3] *Tilly-fally,*] See Vol. V. p. 296, n. 7. MALONE.

bour Quickly, ſays he, *receive thoſe that are civil*; *for*, ſaith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; *for*, ſays he, *you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on*; *therefore take heed what gueſts you receive: Receive*, ſays he, *no ſwaggering companions.*——There comes none here;—you would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid:—no, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater,[4]

[4] ——*a* tame cheater,] Gameſter and cheater were, in Shakſpeare's age, ſynonymous terms. Ben Jonſon has an epigram on Captain Hazard, the *cheater*.

A *tame cheater*, however, as Mr. Whalley obſerves to me, appears to be a cant phraſe. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

" ——and will be drawn into the net,
" By this decoy-duck, this *tame cheater*."

Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, has the following paſſage: " They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themſelves *cheators*, and the dice *cheters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all ſuch caſuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waiſes, ſtraies, and ſuch like, be called *chetes*, and are accuſtomably ſaid to be *eſcheted* to the lord's uſe." So, likewiſe in Lord Coke's Charge at Norwich, 1607: " But if you will be content to let the *eſcheator* alone, and not looke into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himſelfe the two laſt ſyllables only, with the *es* left out, and ſo turn *cheater*." Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our moſt ancient writers. In *The Bell-man of London*, by T. Decker, 5th edit. 1640, the ſame derivation of the word is given: " Of all which lawes, the higheſt in place is the *cheating* law, or the art of winning money by falſe dyce. Thoſe that practice this ſtudy call themſelves *cheaters*, the dyce *cheators*, and the money which they purchaſe *cheate*; borrowing the terme from our common lawyers, with whom all ſuch caſuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leetes, as waiſes, ſtraies, and ſuch like, are ſaid to be *eſcheated* to the lordes uſe, and are called *cheates*." This account of the word is likewiſe given in *A manifeſt Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele, in the reign of Henry VIII.

Steevens.

he; you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhow of reſiſtance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater:[5] But I do not love ſwaggering; by my troth, I am the worſe, when one ſays—ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, *and* Page.

Pist. 'Save you, ſir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Pist. I will diſcharge upon her, ſir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, ſir; you ſhall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.[6]

[5] *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no* cheater:] The humour of this conſiſts in the woman's miſtaking the title of *cheater*, (which our anceſtors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gameſter*,) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eſcheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or ſatirically, a *cheater*. Warburton.

[6] ——*I'll drink no more*——*for no man's pleaſure*, I.] This

Pist. Then to you, miſtreſs Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion. What! you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your maſter.

Pist. I know you, miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal! you filthy bung,[7] away! by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the ſaucy cuttle with me.[8] Away, you bottle-ale raſcal! you baſket-

ſhould not be printed as a broken ſentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in *The London Prodigal* we have, "I ſcorn ſervice, I."—"I am an aſs, I," ſays the ſtage-keeper in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendal thus tranſlates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,
"I cannot tell thee why:
"I can ſaie naught but this alone,
"I do not love thee, I."

In Kendall's *Collection* there are many tranſlations from Claudian, Auſonius, the Anthologia, &c. Farmer.

So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. ii:

"I do not like theſe ſeparate councils, *I.*" Steevens.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I will not budge, for no man's pleaſure, *I.*"

Again, in *King Edward II.* by Marlow, 1598:

"I am none of thoſe common peaſants, *I.*"

The French ſtill uſe this idiom:—Je ſuis Pariſien, *moi.* Malone.

[7] ——*filthy* bung,] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purſe; and among an explanation of many of theſe terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is ſaid that "*Bung* is now uſed for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purſe*." Steevens.

[8] ——*an you play the ſaucy* cuttle *with me.*] It appears from Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife uſed by the ſharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purſes, which were then worn

hilt ſtale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, ſir?—What, with two points[9] on your ſhoulder? much![1]

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Piſtol;[2] I would not have you go off here: diſcharge yourſelf of our company, Piſtol.

Host. No, good captain Piſtol; not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater,[3]

hanging at the girdle. Or the alluſion may be to the foul language thrown out by Piſtol, which ſhe means to compare with ſuch filth as the *cuttle-fiſh* ejects. Steevens.

[9] ——*with two points*—] As a mark of his commiſſion. Johnson.

[1] ——*much!*] *Much* was a common expreſſion of diſdain at that time, of the ſame ſenſe with that more modern one, *Marry come up.* The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *march.* Warburton.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is uſed thus in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone:*

"——But you ſhall eat it. *Much!*"

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour:*

"*Much*, wench! or *much*, ſon!"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:
"Ay, *much!* when I have neither barn nor garner."

Steevens.

[2] *No more, Piſtol*; &c.] This is from the oldeſt edition of 1600. Pope.

[3] *Captain, thou abominable damned cheater,* &c.] Piſtol's character ſeems to have been a common one on the ſtage in the time of Shakſpeare. In *A Woman's a Weathercock,* by N. Field, 1612, there is a perſonage of the ſame ſtamp, who is thus deſcribed:

"Thou unſpeakable raſcal, thou ſoldier!
"That with thy ſlops and cat-a-mountain face,
"Thy blather chaps, and thy robuſtious words,

art thou not aſhamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy ſtewed prunes, and dried cakes.[4] A captain! theſe villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy;[5] which was an

" Fright'ſt the poor whore, and terribly doſt exact
" A weekly ſubſidy, twelve pence a piece,
" Whereon thou liveſt; and on my conſcience,
" Thou ſnap'ſt beſides with cheats and cut-purſes."
MALONE.

[4] *He lives upon mouldy* ſtewed prunes, *and dried cakes.*] That is, he lives on the refuſe proviſions of bawdy-houſes and paſtry-cooks' ſhops. *Stewed prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly ſold at a cheap rate, as ſtale pies and *cakes* are at preſent. The alluſion to *ſtewed prunes*, and all that is neceſſary to be known on that ſubject, has been already explained in the Firſt Part of this hiſtorical play, p. 361, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*as odious as the word* occupy;] So Ben Jonſon, in his *Diſcoveries*: " Many, out of their own obſcene apprehenſions, refuſe proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature," &c.
STEEVENS.

This word is uſed with different ſenſes in the following jeſt, from *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: " One threw ſtones at an yll-fauor'd old womans Owle, and the olde woman ſaid: Faith (ſir knaue) you are well *occupy'd*, to throw ſtones at my poore Owle, that doth you no harme. Yea marie (anſwered the wag) ſo would you be better *occupy'd* too (I wiſſe) if you were young againe, and had a better face." RITSON.

Occupant ſeems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wencher. So, in Marſton's *Satires*, 1599:

" ——— He with his *occupant*
" Are cling'd ſo cloſe, like dew-worms in the morne,
" That he'll not ſtir."

Again, in a Song by Sir T. Overbury, 1616:

" Here's water to quench maiden's fires,
" Here's ſpirits for old *occupiers*." MALONE.

excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll ſee her damned firſt;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile alſo.[6] Hold hook and line,[7] ſay I.

Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, bl. l. 1578: "Miſtreſſe, you muſt ſhut up your ſhop, and leave your *occupying*." This is ſaid to a bawd. Henderson.

[6] *I'll ſee her* damned *firſt;—to Pluto's* damned *lake, to the infernal deep, with* Erebus *and* tortures *vile alſo.*] Theſe words, I believe, were intended to allude to the following paſſage in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, 1594, from which Piſtol afterwards quotes a line (ſee p. 94, n. 6):

"You daſtards of the night and *Erebus*,
"Fiends, fairies, hags, that fight in beds of ſteel,
"Range through this army with your iron whips;—
"Deſcend and take to thy *tormenting hell*
"The mangled body of that traitor king,—
"Then let the earth diſcover to his ghoſt
"Such *tortures* as uſurpers feel below.—
"*Damn'd* let him be, *damn'd* and condemn'd to beat
"All torments, *tortures*, pains and plagues of hell."

Malone.

[7] *Hold hook and line,*] Theſe words are introduced in ridicule, by Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609. Of abſurd and ſuſtian paſſages from many plays, in which Shakſpeare had been a performer, I have always ſuppoſed no ſmall part of *Piſtol's* character to be compoſed: and the pieces themſelves being now irretrievably loſt, the humour of his alluſion is not a little obſcured.

Let me add, however, that in the frontiſpiece to an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers*, one of the figures has the following couplet proceeding from his mouth:

Down! down, dogs! down faitors![8] Have we not Hiren here?[9]

"*Hold hooke and line,*
"Then all is mine." STEEVENS.

In Tuſſer's *Husbandry*, bl. l. 1580, it is ſaid:
"At noone if it bloweth, at night if it ſhine,
"Out trudgeth Hew Makeſhift, with *hook and with line.*" HENDERSON.

[8] *Down! down, dogs! down* faitors!] A burleſque on a play already quoted; *The Battle of Alcazar*:
"Ye proud malicious *dogs* of Italy,
"Strike on, ſtrike *down*, this body to the earth."
MALONE.

Faitours, ſays Minſheu's *Dictionary*, is a corruption of the French word *faiſeurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is uſed in the ſtatute 7 Rich. II. c. 5, for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's *Dictionary* ſignifies ſlothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

——*down* faitors!] i. e. traitors, raſcals. So, Spenſer:
"Into new woes, unweeting, was I caſt
"By this falſe *faitour*."
The word often occurs in *The Cheſter Myſteries*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Have we not* Hiren *here?*] In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks*; *or, Who would have thought it?* the ſame quotation is likewiſe introduced, and on a ſimilar occaſion. The Prince Polymetes ſays:
"What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?
"*Have we not Hiren here?*"
Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law*:
"*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.
"*Cook.* Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man."
Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: "—therefore whilſt *we have Hiren here*, ſpeak my little diſh-waſhers."
Again, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, a maſque, by T. Heywood, 1636: "—ſay ſhe is a foul beaſt in your eyes, yet ſhe is my *Hyren*."
Mr. Tollet obſerves, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator*, &c. 1615, there is the following paſſage: "There be ſirens in the ſea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of theſe ſirens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteſhans,—in plain Engliſh, harlots,—ſwimme amongſt us?"—Piſtol may therefore mean,—Have we not a *ſtrumpet* here? and why am I thus uſed by her? STEEVENS.

Host. Good captain Peeſel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beſeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. Theſe be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorſes,

From *The merie conceited Jeſts of George Peele, Gentleman, ſometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears that Peele was the author of a play called *The Turkiſh Mahomet, and* Hyren *the fair Greek*, which is now loſt. One of theſe jeſts, or rather ſtories, is entitled, *How George read a* Play-book *to a Gentleman.* "There was a gentleman (ſays the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his ſmall wit,—one that took great delight to have the firſt hearing of any work that *George* had done, himſelf being a writer.—This ſelf-conceited brock had George invited to half a ſcore ſheets of paper; whoſe Chriſtianly pen had *writ Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkiſh Mahomet and* Hyren *the fair Greek*;—in Italian called a curtezan; in Spaine, a margarite; in French, un curtain; in Engliſh, among the barbarous, a *whore*; among the gentles, their uſual aſſociates, a *punk*.—This fantaſtick, whoſe brain was made of nought but cork and ſpunge, came to the cold lodging of Monſieur Peel.—George bids him welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his book*.—He willingly condeſcended, and George begins to read, and between every *ſcene* he would make pauſes, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it," &c.

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peele's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety on the preſent occaſion into the mouth of Piſtol. In *Eaſtward Hoe*, a comedy, by Jonſon, Chapman, and Marſton, 1605, Quickſilver comes in drunk, and repeats this, and many other verſes, from dramatick performances of that time:

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Aſia!" [*Tamburlaine.*]

"Haſt thou not *Hiren* here?"

[Probably *The Turkiſh Mahomet.*]

"Who cries on murther? lady, was it you?"

[A Parody on *The Spaniſh Tragedy.*]

All theſe lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks. In John Day's *Law Tricks*, quoted by Mr. Steevens, in the preceding note, the Prince Polymetes, when he ſays, "Have we not *Hiren* here?" alludes to a lady then preſent, whom he imagines to be a harlot. MALONE.

And hollow pamper'd jades of Aſia,[1]
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæſars, and with Cannibals,[2]

[1] —— *hollow pamper'd jades of Aſia*, &c.] Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian play, entitled, *Tamburlaine's Conqueſts; or, The Scythian Shepherds*, 1590, [by C. Marlow.] THEOBALD.

Theſe lines are addreſſed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

" Holla, you pamper'd jades of Aſia,
" What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

The ſame paſſage is burleſqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Coxcomb*. Young, however, has borrowed the idea for the uſe of his *Buſiris*:

" Have we not ſeen him ſhake his ſilver reins
" O'er harneſs'd monarchs, to his chariot yok'd?"

I was ſurpriſed to find a ſimile, much and juſtly celebrated by the admirers of Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, inſerted almoſt word for word in the ſecond part of this tragedy. The earlieſt edition of thoſe books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was publiſhed in 1590, and *Tamburlaine* had been repreſented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blackſmith*, by Robert Greene. The firſt copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company:

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" On top of green Selinis, all alone,
" With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily,
" Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
" At every little breath that under heaven is blown."
Spenſer.

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" Upon the lofty and celeſtial mount
" Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd
" With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;
" Whoſe tender bloſſoms tremble every one
" At every little breath from heaven is blown."
Tamburlaine.
STEEVENS.

[2] —— *Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is uſed by a blunder for *Hannibal*. This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.[3] Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs;[4] give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here.[5] What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's ſake, be quiet.

Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Piſtol. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the Engliſh ſtage might have been originally taken from Piſtol; but Congreve ſeems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonſon's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *and let the welkin roar.*] Part of the words of an old ballad entitled, *What the Father gathereth with the Rake, the Son doth ſcatter with the Forke:*

" *Let the welkin roare,*
" Ile never give ore," &c.

Again, in another ancient ſong, called *The Man in the Moon drinks Claret:*

" Drink wine till *the welkin roares,*
" And cry out a p— of your ſcores." STEEVENS.

So, in *Eaſtward Hoe*, 1605: " —turn ſwaggering gallant, and *let the welkin roar*, and Erebus alſo." MALONE.

[4] *Die men, like dogs;*] This expreſſion I find in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Your lieutenant's an aſs.
" How an aſs? *Die men like dogs?*" STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Have we not* Hiren *here?*

Hoſt. *O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here.*] i. e. ſhall I fear, that have this truſty and invincible ſword by my ſide? For, as King Arthur's ſwords were called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confeſſor's, Curtain; as Charlemagne's,

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:[6] Come, give's ſome ſack.

Joyeuſe; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fuſberta; and Rogero's, Baliſarda; ſo Piſtol, in imitation of theſe heroes, calls his ſword *Hiren*. I have been told, Amadis de Gaul had a ſword of this name. *Hirir* is to ſtrike, and from hence it ſeems probable that *Hiren* may be derived; and ſo ſignify a ſwaſhing, cutting ſword.—But what wonderful humour is there in the good Hoſteſs ſo innocently miſtaking Piſtol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the houſe, and therefore telling him, *O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here; what the good-year! do you think, I would deny her?* Theobald.

As it appears from a former note, that *Hiren* was ſometimes a cant term for a miſtreſs or harlot, Piſtol may be ſuppoſed to give it on this occaſion, as an endearing name, to his ſword, in the ſame ſpirit of fondneſs that he preſently calls it—*ſweetheart*. Steevens.

I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing that the words bear a different meaning here from what they did in a former paſſage. He is ſtill, I think, merely quoting the ſame play he had quoted before. Malone.

—— *Have we not* Hiren *here?*] I know not whence Shakſpeare derived this alluſion to Arthur's lance. "Accinctus etiam Caliburno gladio optimo, lancea nomine iron, dexteram ſuam decoravit." *M. Weſtmonaſterienſis*, p. 98. Bowle.

Geoffery of Monmouth, p. 65, reads *Ron* inſtead of *Iron*. Steevens.

[6] ——*feed, and be fat, my fair* Calipolis:] This is a burleſque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's fleſh on his ſword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire *Calypolis*."

And again, in the ſame play:

"Hold thee *Calipolis*; feed, and faint no more."

And again:

"*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe,
"With ſtrength and terrour to revenge our wrong."

The line is quoted in ſeveral of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602, has introduced Shakſpeare's burleſque of it: "Feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*: ſtir not my beauteous wriggle-tails." Steevens.

It is likewiſe quoted by Marſton, in his *What you will*, 1607, as it ſtands in Shakſpeare. Malone.

Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta.[7]—
Fear we broadſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack;—and, ſweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his ſword.*
Come we to full points here;[8] and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif:[9] What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

[7] *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads

Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare *me contenta.*—

which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Piſtol ſhould corrupt it. Johnson.

Piſtol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonſaga, who vaunted on yielding himſelf a priſoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*:

"Si fortuna me tormenta,
"Il ſperanza me contenta."

And Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South-Sea*, 1593, throws out the ſame gingling diſtich on the loſs of his pinnace. Farmer.

[8] *Come we to full points here*; &c.] That is, ſhall we ſtop here, ſhall we have no further entertainment? Johnson.

[9] *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif:] i. e. kiſs thy fiſt. Mr. Pope will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a woman-ſlave that is born in one's houſe; and that Piſtol would kiſs Falſtaff's domeſtick miſtreſs, Doll Tear-ſheet. Theobald.

Nief, neif, and *naif*, are certainly law-terms for a woman-ſlave. So, in Thoroton's *Antiquities of Nottinghamſhire*: "Every *naif* or ſhe-villain, that took a huſband or committed fornication, paid *marchet* for redemption of her blood 5s. and 4d.

Again, in Stanyhurſt's Virgil, 1582:

Me famulam *famuloque Heleno tranſmiſit habendam.*
"Me his *nyefe* to his ſervaunt Helenus full firmelye betroathed."

But I believe *neif* is uſed by Shakſpeare for *fiſt*. It is ſtill

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs; I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Pist. Thruſt him down ſtairs! know we not Galloway nags?[1]

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling:[2] nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Pist. What! ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we imbrue?—— [*Snatching up his ſword.*
Then death rock me aſleep,[3] abridge my doleful days!

employed in that ſenſe in the northern counties, and by Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*:

"Reach me thy *neif*."

Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Rowley, &c. 1658:

"Oh, ſweet ningle, thy *neif* once again." Steevens.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "Give me thy *neif*, Monſieur Muſtard-Seed." Malone.

[1] —— *Galloway nags?*] That is, common hacknies. Johnson.

[2] —— *like a* ſhove-groat *ſhilling*:] This expreſſion occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*: "—made it run as ſmooth off the tongue as a *ſhove-groat ſhilling*."

Again, in *Humour's Ordinary*, by Samuel Rowlands, Satire iv:

"At *ſhove-groat*, venter-point, or croſſe and pile."

I ſuppoſe it to have been a piece of poliſhed metal made uſe of in the play of ſhovel-board. See Vol. V. p. 22, n. 2. Steevens.

Slide-thrift, or *ſhove-groat*, is one of the games prohibited by ſtatute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. Blackstone.

[3] *Then death rock me aſleep,*] This is a fragment of an ancient ſong ſuppoſed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"*O death rock me on ſlepe*,
"Bring me on quiet reſt," &c.

For the entire ſong, ſee Sir John Hawkins's *General Hiſtory of Muſick*, Vol. III. p. 31. Steevens.

In *Arnold Cobie's Ultimum Vale to the vaine World*, an elegie

Why then, let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds
Untwine the ſiſters three! Come, Atropos, I ſay![4]

Host. Here's goodly ſtuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Pistol *out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forſwear keeping houſe, afore I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.——Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* Pistol *and* Bardolph.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the raſcal is gone. Ah, you whoreſon little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin?[5] methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

written by himſelfe in the Marſhalſea, after his condemnation, for murthering Lord Brooke, 4to. 1591, are theſe lines:

"*O death, rock me aſleepe!* Father of heaven,
"That haſt ſole power to pardon ſinnes of men,
"Forgive the faults and follies of my youth." Reed.

[4] —— *Come, Atropos, I ſay!*] Perhaps Piſtol alludes to a poem printed in *A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inuentions*, &c. 4to. 1578: "The Louer complayneth of his Ladie's Inconſtancy," to the tune of *I lothe that I did loue*:

"I hate this lothſome life,
"*O Atropos draw nie,*
"Untwiſt ye thred of mortall ſtrife,
"Send death, and let mee die." Steevens.

—— *Come,* Atropos,] It has been ſuggeſted that this is a name which Piſtol gives to his ſword; but ſurely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *ſiſters three* to aid him in the fray. Malone.

[5] *Are you not hurt* i'the groin?] Falſtaff had promiſed to marry Mrs. Quickly, who, on this occaſion, appears to have had the widow Wadman's ſolicitudes about her. Steevens.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

FAL. Have you turned him out of doors?

BARD. Yes, ſir. The raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, ſir, in the ſhoulder.

FAL. A raſcal! to brave me!

DOL. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreſon chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valourous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain![6]

FAL. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

DOL. Do, if thou dareſt for thy heart: if thou doſt, I'll canvas thee between a pair of ſheets,[7]

[6] ——Ah, *villain!*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads—*a* villain; which may be right. She may mean Piſtol.

Since this note was written, I have obſerved that *a* is frequently printed in the quarto copies for *ah*: the reading of the folio is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

[7] ——*I'll* canvas *thee between a pair of* ſheets.] This phraſe occurs in the 12th *Mery Ieſte of the Widow Edyth*, 1573:

"Hore, hore, by coks blood euen here,
"Sayd Cotes, and it were not for ſhame,
"I ſhould *canvas* thee, and make thee lame."

STEEVENS.

Doll's meaning here is ſufficiently clear. There is however an alluſion which might eaſily eſcape notice, to the material of which coarſe ſheets were formerly made. So, in the MS. Account-book of Mr. Philip Henſlow, which has been already quoted: "7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of *canvas ſheates*, for vs." MALONE.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, ſir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, ſirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A raſcal bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quickſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followedſt him like a church. Thou whoreſon little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,[8] when wilt thou leave fighting o'days,

[8] —— *little* tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,] For *tidy*, Sir T. Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paſte, ſold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. Johnson.

Tidy has two ſignifications, *timely*, and *neat*. In the firſt of theſe ſenſes, I believe, it is uſed in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"I myſelf have given good, *tidie* lambs." Steevens.

From Ben Jonſon's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, we learn, that it was the cuſtom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in which pigs were dreſſed and ſold, and to theſe it is probable the alluſion is here, and not to the pigs of paſte mentioned by Dr. Johnſon.

The practice of roaſting *pigs* at Bartholomew Fair continued until the beginning of the laſt century, if not later. It is mentioned in *Ned Ward's London Spy*, 1697. When about the year 1708 ſome attempts were made to limit the duration of the fair to three days, a poem was publiſhed entitled *The Pigs' Petition againſt Bartholomew Fair*, &c. See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, 1780, Vol. XII. p. 419.

Tidy, I apprehend, means only *fat*, and in that ſenſe it was certainly ſometimes uſed. See an old tranſlation of *Galateo of Manners and Behaviour*, bl. l. 1578, p. 77: "—and it is more proper and peculiar ſpeache to ſay, the ſhivering of an ague, than to call it the colde; *and fleſh that is* tidie, *to terme it rather* fat *than fulſome*." Reed.

Again, in Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of the 5th *Æneid*:

"And als mony ſwine and *tydy* qwyis." Steevens.

and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *diſguiſed like Drawers.*

FAL. Peace, good Doll! do not ſpeak like a death's head:[9] do not bid me remember mine end.

DOL. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

FAL. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

See alſo D'Avenant's burleſque *Verſes on a long Vacation*, written about 1630:

" Now London's chief on ſaddle new
" Rides into *fair* of *Barthol'mew*;
" He twirls his chain, and looking big
" As if to fright the head of *pig*,
" That gaping lies on *greaſy* ſtall,
" Till female with great belly call," &c. MALONE.

[9] ——*like a* death's head;] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the cuſtom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, ſpeaking of ſome of theſe, ſays: " —as for their death, how can it be bad, ſince their wickedneſs is always before their eyes, and a *death's head* moſt commonly on their middle finger."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law*: " —ſell ſome of my cloaths to buy thee a *death's head*, and put it upon thy middle finger: your leaſt conſidering *bawds* do ſo much."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: " —as if I were a *bawd*, no ring pleaſes me but a *death's head*."

On the Stationers' books, Feb. 21, 1582, is entered a ballad intitled *Remember thy End*. STEEVENS.

Falſtaff's alluſion, I ſhould have ſuppoſed, was to the death's head, and motto on hatchments, grave-ſtones, and the like.—Such a ring, however, as Mr. Steevens deſcribes, but without any inſcription, being only braſs, is in my poſſeſſion. RITSON.

Dol. They ſay, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkſbury muſtard;[1] there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.[2]

Dol. Why does the prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;[3] and rides the wild mare with the boys;[4]

[1] ——*Tewkſbury muſtard:*] Tewkſbury is a market town in the county of Glouceſter, formerly noted for muſtard-balls made there, and ſent into other parts. Grey.

[2] ——*in a* mallet.] So, in Milton's Proſe Works, 1738, Vol. I. p. 300: "Though the fancy of this doubt be as obtruſe and ſad as any *mallet*." Tollet.

[3] ——*eats* conger *and* fennel; *and drinks off* candles' ends *for* flap-dragons;] *Conger* with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in his *Bartholomew Fair*: "—like a long-laced *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll of it." And in *Philaſter*, one of the ladies adviſes the wanton Spaniſh prince to abſtain from this article of luxury.

Greene likewiſe, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, calls *fennel* "women's weeds,"—"fit generally, for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens they wiſh wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of ſwallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, ſeems to indicate no more than that the Prince loved him, becauſe he was always ready to do any thing for his amuſement, however abſurd or unnatural. Naſh, in his *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, adviſes hard drinkers "—to have ſome ſhooing horne to pull on their wine, as a rather on the coals, or a red herring; or to ſtir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taſte the better," &c.

And Ben Jonſon, in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a maſque, ſpeaks of thoſe who eat *candles' ends*, as an act of love and gallantry; and Beaumont and Fletcher, in *Monſieur Thomas*: "—carouſe her health in cans, and *candles' ends*."

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633, a captain ſays, that his "corporal was lately choaked at Delf by ſwallowing a *flap-dragon*."

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and jumps upon joint-ſtools; and ſwears with a good grace; and wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg;[5] and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories,[6] and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhow a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another; the weight

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605: "—have I not been drunk to your health, ſwallowed *flapdragons*, eat glaſſes, drank urine, ſtabbed arms, and done all the offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?"

Again, in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612: "—as familiarly as pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen ſwallow *flapdragons*." STEEVENS.

A *flap-dragon* is ſome ſmall combuſtible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glaſs of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toſs off the glaſs in ſuch a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing miſchief. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*and rides the wild* mare *with the boys*;] He probably means the *two-legged mare* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in p. 54, n. 8. MALONE.

If Poins had ever ridden the mare alluded to by Mr. Steevens, ſhe would have given him ſuch a fall as would effectually prevent him from mounting her a ſecond time. We muſt therefore ſuppoſe it was a leſs dangerous beaſt, that would not have diſabled him from afterwards jumping upon joint ſtools, &c. DOUCE.

[5] ——*wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg*;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves, that ſuch is part of the deſcription of a ſmart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century: "Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quaſi innatæ eſſent, ſine plicâ porrectas." *MS. Bod. James*, n. 6, p. 121. STEEVENS.

[6] ——diſcreet *ſtories*:] We ſhould read—*indiſcreet*. WARBURTON.

I ſuppoſe by *diſcreet ſtories* is meant what ſuſpicious maſters and miſtreſſes of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is diſgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that "he is *no tell-tale*, no breed-bate." STEEVENS.

of a hair will turn the ſcales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel[7] have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.[8]

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction![9] what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,[1] his

[7] ——nave *of a* wheel—] *Nave* and *knave* are eaſily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel?* I ſuppoſe from his roundneſs. He was called *round man*, in contempt, before. Johnson.

So, in the play repreſented before the king and queen in *Hamlet*:

"Break all the ſpokes and fellies of her wheel,
"And bowl the *round nave* down the ſteep of heaven."
Steevens.

[8] ——*his* poll clawed *like a parrot.*] This cuſtom we may ſuppoſe, was not peculiar to Falſtaff, eſpecially as it occurred among the French, to whom we were indebted for moſt of our artificial gratifications. So, in *La Venerie &c.* by Jaques de Fouilloux, &c. Paris, 4to. 1585: "Le ſeigneur doit auoir ſa petite charette, là où il ſera dedans, auec la fillette, nagée de ſeize a dix ſept ans, la quelle *lui frottera la teſte* par les chemins." A wooden cut annexed, repreſents this operation on an old man, who lies along in his carriage, with a girl ſitting at his head. Steevens.

[9] *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!*] This was, indeed, a prodigy. The aſtrologers, ſays Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. Johnson.

[1] ——*the* fiery Trigon, *&c.*] *Trigonum igneum* is the aſtronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery ſign.

man, be not liſping to his maſter's old tables;[2] his note-book, his counſel-keeper.

The *fiery Trigon*, I think, conſiſts of *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius*. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VI. chap. xxxi:

"Even at the *fierie Trigon* ſhall your chief aſcendant be."

Again, in Pierce's *Supererogation, or a new Praiſe of the old Aſſe*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 1593: "—now the warring planet was expected in perſon, and the *fiery Trigon* ſeemed to give the alarm." STEEVENS.

So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hotte, drie, bitter, and cholerike, governing hot and drie thinges, and this is called *the fierie triplicitie*." MALONE.

[2] ——liſping to *his maſter's old tables*; &c.] We ſhould read—claſping too *his maſter's old tables*; &c. i. e. embracing his maſter's caſt off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counſel-keeper.*] We have the ſame phraſe again in *Cymbeline*:

"You *claſp* young Cupid's tables." WARBURTON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *liſp* a little in his courtſhip; or might aſſume an affected ſoftneſs of ſpeech, like Chaucer's *Frere*: Tyrwhitt's edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somewhat he *liſped* for his wantonneſſe,
"To make his Engliſh ſwete upon his tonge."

Or, like the Page, in *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who

"*Liſps* when he liſt to catch a chambermaid."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"——He can carve too and *liſp*."

Again, in Marſton's 8th Satire:

"With voyce diſtinct, all fine, articulate,
"*Liſping*, 'Fayre ſaint, my woe compaſſionate:
"By heaven thine eye is my ſoule-guiding fate."

STEEVENS.

Certainly the word *claſping* better preſerves the *integrity of the metaphor*; or, perhaps, as the expreſſion is *old tables*, we might read *licking*: Bardolph was *kiſſing* the *Hoſteſs*; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by *licking* them. FARMER.

The old table-book was a *counſel-keeper*, or a regiſter of

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt have a kirtle of?[3] I ſhall

ſecrets; and ſo alſo was Dame Quickly. I have therefore not the leaſt ſuſpicion of any corruption in the text. *Liſping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or, in modern language, *ſaying ſoft things*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff apologiſes to Mrs. Ford for his conciſe addreſs to her, by ſaying, "I cannot cog, and *ſay this and that*, like a many of theſe *liſping* hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Buckler's-bury in ſimple-time; I cannot; but I love thee;" &c. Malone.

[3] —— *a* kirtle *of?*] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following paſſages may ſerve to ſhow that it was ſomething different from a *gown*: "How unkindly ſhe takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with leſs than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of ſilk." Greene's *Art of Legerdemain*, &c. 1612. Again, in one of Stanyhurſt's poems, 1582:

"This *gowne* your lovemate, that *kirtle* coſtlye ſhe craveth."

Bale, in his *Actes of Engliſh Votaries*, ſays, that Roger earl of Shrewſbury ſent "to Cluny-ake in France, for the *kyrtle* of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or ſattin *kirtles*." *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon.

Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not preciſe in his deſcription of them. Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes them to be the ſame as *ſafe-guards* or *riding-hoods*.

In *A lytell Treatyſe for to lerne Englyſhe and Frenſhe*, emprynted at Weſtminſter, by Wynken de Worde, we find "a kyrtell" explained by the word—"ung corſet." Steevens.

A *kirtle*, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minſheu deſcribes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or caſt over a garment to keep it from duſt, rain," &c. That

receive money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thoul't forget me, when I am gone.

writer, however, ſuppoſes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be ſynonymous; for he renders the word *vaſquine* thus: "A *kirtle* or *petticoat*;" and *ſurcot* he calls "an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over a kirtle."

When, therefore, a *kirtle* is mentioned ſimply, perhaps a petticoat is meant; when an upper kirtle is ſpoken of, a long cloak or mantle is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play, meant a *ſhort* cloak, half the length of the upper kirtle. The term *half-kirtle* ſeems inconſiſtent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's uſe of the word in his Maſque, "the flowery-*kirtled* Naiades."

Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, deſcribes a kirtle as diſtinct from both a gown and a petticoat. After having deſcribed the gowns uſually worn at that time, he proceeds thus: "—then have thei petticots of the beſt clothe, of ſcarlette, grograine, taffatie, or ſilke, &c. But of whatſoever their petticoats be, yet muſt they have *kirtles*, (for ſo they call them,) either of ſilke, velvet, grograine, taffatie, ſatten or ſcarlet, bordered with gardes, lace," &c. I ſuppoſe he means a mantle or long cloak.

So alſo, in *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, 1600: "Marry, he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall go with me, and take up theſe commodities following: *item*, a gown, a *kirtle*, a petticoat, and a ſmock."

My interpretation of *kirtle* is confirmed by Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580, who renders kirtle, by *ſubminia*, *cyclas*, *palla*, *pallula*, *χλαῖνα*, *ſurcot*.—*Subminia* Cole interprets in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1697, "A kirtle, a light red coat." *Cyclas*, "a kirtle, a cimarr."—*Palla*, "a woman's long gown; a veil that covers the head."—*Pallula*, "a ſhort kirtle."—*Læna*, "an Iriſh rugge, a freeze caſſock, a rough hairy gaberdine."

From hence it appears, that a *woman's* kirtle, or rather upper-kirtle, (as diſtinguiſhed from a petticoat, which was ſometimes called a kirtle,) was a long mantle which reached to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was, perhaps, uſually red. A half-kirtle was a ſimilar garment, reaching only ſomewhat lower than the waiſt. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "*Semicinto*. A garment coming lower than the belly; alſo half-girt, as we may ſay a *half-kirtle*." MALONE

Dol. By my troth thou'lt ſet me a weeping, an thou ſayeſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return.——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, ſir.[4] [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the king's?[5]—And art not thou Poins his brother?[6]

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, ſir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preſerve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bleſs that ſweet face of thine! O Jeſu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreſon mad compound of majeſty,—by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon* Doll.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.[7]

[4] *Anon, anon, ſir.*] The uſual anſwer of drawers at this period. So, in *The Diſcoverie of the Knights of the Poſte*, 1597: "wherefore hee calling, the drawer preſently anſwered with a ſhrill voyce, *anon, anon, ſir.*" Reed.

[5] *Ha! a baſtard* &c.] The improbability of this ſcene is ſcarcely balanced by the humour. Johnson.

[6] ——Poins *his brother?*] i. e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins; a vulgar corruption of the genitive caſe. Ritson.

[7] ——*if you take not* the heat.] Alluding, I ſuppoſe, to the proverb, "Strike while the iron is *hot.*" So again, in *King Lear*: "We muſt do ſomething, and i'the *heat.*" Steevens.

P. Hen. You whoreſon candle-mine,[8] you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Bleſſing o' your good heart! and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. Hen. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal, on mine honour; no abuſe.

P. Hen. Not! to diſpraiſe me;[9] and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſpraiſed him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks

[8] ——*candle-mine*,] Thou inexhauſtible magazine of tallow. Johnson.

[9] Not! *to diſpraiſe me*;] The Prince means to ſay, "What! is it not abuſe to diſpraiſe me," &c. Some of the modern editors read—*No!* &c. but, I think, without neceſſity. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"*Com.* He'll never hear him.

"*Sic.* *Not?*"

There alſo *Not* has been rejected by the modern editors, and *No* inſerted in its place. Malone.

for it. No abuſe, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? Is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.[1]

P. Hen. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them,—ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul![2] For the other,—I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe,[3] contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

[1] ——outbids *him too.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*blinds* him too; and perhaps it is right. Malone.

[2] ——*and burns, poor ſoul!*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had—*ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor ſouls.* The venereal diſeaſe was called, in thoſe times, the *brennynge*, or *burning*. Johnson.

[3] ——*for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten* &c.] By ſeveral ſtatutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and obſervance of fiſh-days, *victuallers* were expreſsly forbidden to utter *fleſh in Lent*, and to theſe Falſtaff alludes. I conceive

Host. All victuallers do ſo:[4] What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?[5]

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Host. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Weſtminſter;
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for ſir John Falſtaff.

that the Hoſteſs, by her anſwer, underſtands him literally, without the covert alluſion ſuſpected by Mr. Malone; [ſee n. 5] for ſhe muſt have been too well acquainted with the law to miſtake his meaning, and *with it* ſeems not to have been her talent. Douce.

[4] ——*all* victuallers *do ſo:*] The brothels were formerly ſcreened, under pretext of being *victualling houſes* and *taverns*. So, in Webſter and Rowley's *Cure for a Cuckold*: "This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling houſe*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.—Now, Sir, this fellow, in revenge, informs againſt the *bawd* that kept the houſe," &c.

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575: "—at a houſe with a *red lattice* you ſhall find an old *bawd* called Panderina, and a young *damſel* called Lamia."

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling houſe* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due ſeaſon*." Steevens.

[5] *What's a joint of* mutton *or two, in a whole Lent?*] Perhaps a covert alluſion is couched under theſe words. See Vol. IV. p. 185, n. 4. Malone.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak:—Falſtaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince* Henry, Poins, Peto, *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, ſir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah. [*To the* Page.]—Farewell, hoſteſs;—farewell, Doll.—You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak;—If my heart be not ready to burſt:—Well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peaſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet,——

Host. What's the matter?

BARD. [*Within.*] Bid miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.[6]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.[7]

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his Nightgown, with a* Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: Make good ſpeed.——
[*Exit* Page.
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep!—Sleep, gentle ſleep,[8]

[6] *O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*O run, Doll run; run: Good Doll, come: She comes blubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll?* STEEVENS.

[7] *Scene I.*] This firſt ſcene is not in my copy of the firſt edition. JOHNSON.

There are two copies of the ſame date, and in one of theſe the ſcene has been added. They are in all other reſpects, alike. It ſhould ſeem as if the defect in this quarto was undiſcovered till moſt of the copies of it were ſold, for only one that I have ſeen contains the addition. Signature E conſiſts of ſix leaves. Four of theſe, excluſive of the two additional ones, were reprinted to make room for the omiſſion. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Sleep, gentle ſleep,*] The old copy, in defiance of metre, reads:

——*O ſleep, O gentle ſleep.*

The repeated tragic *O* was probably a playhouſe intruſion. STEEVENS.

Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why lieſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common 'larum bell?[9]
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlippery clouds,[1]

[9] *A watch-caſe*, &c.] This alludes to the watchman ſet in garriſon-towns upon ſome eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which was to ring out in caſe of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a caſe or box to ſhelter him from the weather, but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of Shakſpeare. HANMER.

In an ancient inventory cited in Strutt's Joyba Angel-cynnan, Vol. III. p. 70, there is the following article: "Item, a *laume* or WATCHE of iron, *in an iron* CASE, with 2 leaden plumets." Strutt ſuppoſes, and no doubt rightly, that *laume* is an error for *larum*. Something of this kind, I believe, is here intended by *watch-caſe*, ſince this ſpeech does not afford any other expreſſions to induce the ſuppoſition that the King had a *ſentry-box* in his thoughts. HOLT WHITE.

[1] ——*ſlippery* clouds,] The modern editors read *ſhrowds*, meaning the *rope ladders* by which the maſts of ſhips are aſcended. The old copy—*in the ſlippery* clouds; but I know not what advantage is gained by the alteration, for *ſhrowds* had

That, with the hurly,[2] death itſelf awakes?

anciently the ſame meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many inſtances of this uſe of the word from Drayton. So, in his *Miracles of Moſes*:

" And the ſterne thunder from the airy *ſhrowds*,
" To the ſad world, in fear and horror ſpake."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poem on Inigo Jones*:

" And peering forth of Iris in the *ſhrowds*."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the twentieth *Iliad*:

" —— caſting all thicke mantles made of clouds,
" On their bright ſhoulders. Th' oppos'd gods ſat hid in other *ſhrouds*."

A moderate tempeſt would hang the waves in the *ſhrowds* of a ſhip; a great one might poetically be ſaid to ſuſpend them on the *clouds*, which were too *ſlippery* to retain them.

So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" ——I have ſeen
" Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage and foam
" To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

Again, in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, Book XI:

" The ſurges mounting up aloft did ſeeme to mate the ſkie,
" And with their ſprinkling for *to wet the clouds that hang on hie*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Queens*, 1609:

" —— when the boiſterous ſea,
" Without a breath of wind, hath *knock'd the sky*."

Again, Virg. *Æn.* Lib. III:

" —— ſpumam eliſam, & rorantia vidimus aſtra."

Drayton's *airy ſhrowds* are the airy covertures of heaven; which in plain language are the clouds.

A ſimilar image to that before us, occurs in Churchyard's *Praiſe of Poetrie*, 1595:

" The poets that can clime the cloudes,
" Like *ſhip-boy* to the top,
" When ſharpeſt ſtormes do ſhake the *ſhrowdes*," &c.

Lee, in his *Mithridates*, is the copier of Shakſpeare:

" So ſleeps the ſea-boy on the cloudy maſt,
" Safe as a drowſy Triton, rock'd by ſtorms,
" While tolling princes wake on beds of down."

STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were ſometimes called poetically airy *ſhrouds*, or ſhrouds ſuſ-

Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and moſt ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? [3] Then, happy low, lie down! [4]
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

pended in air; but they do not appear to me to prove that any writer, ſpeaking of a ſhip, ever called the *ſhrouds* of the ſhip by the name of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that *clouds* here is the true reading; and the paſſage produced from *Julius Cæſar*, while it fully ſupports it, ſhows that the word is to be underſtood in its ordinary ſenſe. So again, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—now the ſhip boring the *moon* with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallowed up with yeſt and froth." MALONE.

My poſition appears to have been miſunderſtood. I meant not to ſuggeſt that the *ſhrouds of a ſhip* were ever called *clouds*. What I deſigned to ſay was, that the *clouds* and the *ſhrouds of heaven* were anciently ſynonymous terms, ſo that by the exchange of the former word for the latter, no freſh idea would, in fact, be aſcertained; as the word *ſhrowds* might be received in the ſenſe of *clouds* as well as that of *ſhip-tackle*.
STEEVENS.

[2] *That, with the* hurly,] *Hurly* is noiſe, derived from the French *hurler* to howl, as *hurly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Deny* it to *a king?*] Surely, for the ſake of metre, we ſhould read—
Deny't a king? STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Then, happy low, lie down!*] Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. Theſe two lines making the juſt concluſion from what preceded. "If ſleep will fly a king and conſort itſelf with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneaſy the crowned head." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text: I am glad to do it the juſtice which its author has neglected.
JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be this: "You, who are happy in your humble ſituations, lay down your heads to reſt! the head that wears a crown lies too uneaſy to expect ſuch a bleſſing." Had not Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to ſubject

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

WAR. Many good morrows to your majeſty!

K. HEN. Is it good morrow, lords?

WAR. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

K. HEN. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.[5]
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?

WAR. We have, my liege.

himſelf to the tyranny of rhyme, he would probably have ſaid: "then happy low, ſleep on!"

So, in *The Miſfortunes of Arthur*, a tragedy, 1587:

"Behold the peaſant poore with tattered coate,
"Whoſe eyes a meaner fortune feeds with ſleepe,
"How ſafe and ſound the careleſſe ſnudge doth ſnore."

Sir W. D'Avenant has the ſame thought in his *Law againſt Lovers*:

"How ſoundly they ſleep, whoſe pillows lie low!"

STEEVENS.

[5] *Why then, good morrow to you* all, *my lords.*] In my regulation of this paſſage I have followed the late editors; but I am now perſuaded the firſt line ſhould be pointed thus:

Why then good morrow to you all, my lords.

This mode of phraſeology, where only two perſons are addreſſed, is not very correct, but there is no ground for reading—

Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, *my lords*, &c.

as Theobald and all the ſubſequent editors do; for Shakſpeare, in *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act II. ſc. ii. has put the ſame expreſſion into the mouth of York, when he addreſſes only his two friends, Salisbury and Warwick; though the author of the original play, printed in 1600, on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was founded, had, in the correſponding place, employed the word *both*:

"——Where as *all* you know,
"Harmleſs Richard was murder'd traiterouſly."

This is one of the numerous circumſtances that contribute to prove that Shakſpeare's *Henries* were formed on the work of a preceding writer. See the *Diſſertation* on that ſubject, in Vol. XIV. MALONE.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd;[6]
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:——
My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.[7]

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs,) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee[8]

[6] *It is but as a body, yet,* diſtemper'd;] *Diſtemper,* that is, according to the old phyſick, a diſproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is leſs than actual *diſeaſe*, being only the ſtate which foreruns or produces diſeaſes. The difference between *diſtemper* and *diſeaſe* ſeems to be much the ſame as between *diſpoſition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

[7] *My lord Northumberland will ſoon be* cool'd.] I believe Shakſpeare wrote *ſchool'd*; tutor'd, and brought to ſubmiſſion. WARBURTON.

Cool'd is certainly right. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "—my humour ſhall not *cool*." STEEVENS.

[8] *O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;*
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs,) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee &c.] So, in our author's 64th Sonnet:

"When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
"Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
"And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
"Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
"When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate," &c.
MALONE.

The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,[9]

[9] ——*O, if this were ſeen*, &c.] Theſe four lines are ſupplied from the edition of 1600. WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole ſcene, and therefore theſe lines. There is ſome difficulty in the line—

What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,—

becauſe it ſeems to make paſt perils equally terrible with enſuing croſſes. JOHNSON.

This happy youth, who is to foreſee the future progreſs of his life, cannot be ſuppoſed, at the time of his happineſs, to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the croſſes that the King alludes to were yet to come; and what the youth is to foreſee is, the many croſſes he would have to contend with, even after he has paſſed through many perils. M. MASON.

In anſwer to Dr. Johnſon's objection it may be obſerved, that paſt perils are not deſcribed as *equally* terrible with enſuing croſſes, but are merely mentioned as an aggravation of the ſum of human calamity. He who has already gone through ſome perils, might hope to have his *quietus*, and might naturally ſink in deſpondency, on being informed that "bad begins, and worſe remains behind." Even paſt perils are painful in retroſpect, as a man ſhrinks at the ſight of a precipice from which he once fell.—To one part of Mr. M. Maſon's obſervation it may be replied, that Shakſpeare does not ſay the *happy*, but the *happieſt*, youth; that is, *even* the happieſt of mortals, *all* of whom are deſtined to a certain portion of miſery.

Though what I have now ſtated may, I think, fairly be urged in ſupport of what ſeems to have been Dr. Johnſon's ſenſe of this paſſage, yet I own Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation is extremely ingenious, and probably is right. The perils here ſpoken of may not have been *actually* paſſed by the peruſer of the book of fate, though they have been paſſed by him in "viewing his progreſs through;" or, in other words, though the regiſter of them has been *peruſed* by him. They may be ſaid to be *paſt* in one ſenſe only; namely, with reſpect to thoſe which are to enſue; which are preſented to his *eye* ſubſequently to thoſe which precede. If the ſpirit and general tendency of the paſſage, rather than the grammatical expreſſion, be attended to, this may be ſaid to be the moſt obvious meaning. The con-

The happieſt youth,—viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,—
Would ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,[1]
(You, couſin Nevil,[2] as I may remember,)
[*To* WARWICK.
When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,

ſtruction is, "*What perils* having been *paſt, what croſſes* are *to enſue.*" MALONE.

[1] ——*But which of you was by*, &c.] He refers to *King Richard II.* Act IV. ſc. ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, ſo it was, that Warwick was not preſent at that converſation. JOHNSON.

Neither was the King himſelf preſent, ſo that he muſt have received information of what paſſed from Northumberland. His memory, indeed, is ſingularly treacherous, as, at the time of which he is now ſpeaking, he had actually aſcended the throne. RITSON.

[2] ——*couſin* Nevil,] Shakſpeare has miſtaken the name of the preſent nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it deſcended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced,) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, Earl of Saliſbury. STEEVENS.

Anne Beauchamp was the wife of that Richard Nevil, (in her right,) Earl of Warwick, and ſon to Richard Earl of Saliſbury, who makes ſo conſpicuous a figure in our author's *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry VI.* He ſucceeded to the latter title on his father's death, in 1460, but is never diſtinguiſhed by it. RITSON.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne;—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent;[3]
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:——
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the neceſſary form of this,[4]

[3] ——*I had no ſuch intent*;] He means, "*I ſhould have had* no ſuch intent, but that neceſſity" &c. or Shakſpeare has here alſo forgotten his former play, or has choſen to make Henry forget his ſituation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown. See *King Richard II.* Act IV. ſc. i:

"In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne."

MALONE.

[4] *And, by the neceſſary form of* this,] I think we might better read:

——*the neceſſary form of* things.

The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

And, by the neceſſary form of theſe,

i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

And, by the neceſſary form of this, is, I apprehend, to be underſtood *this* hiſtory of the times deceaſed. HENLEY.

King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would, of that ſeed, grow to a greater falſeneſs;
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. Hen. Are theſe things then neceſſities?[5]
Then let us meet them like neceſſities:[6]—
And that ſame word even now cries out on us;
They ſay, the biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance, that Glendower is dead.[7]

[5] *Are theſe* things then *neceſſities?*] I ſuſpect that—*things then* are interpolated words. They corrupt the meaſure, do not improve the ſenſe, and the anticipation of *then* diminiſhes the force of the ſame adverb in the following line. Steevens.

[6] *Then let us meet them like* neceſſities:] I am inclined to read:

Then let us meet them like neceſſity.

That is, with the reſiſtleſs violence of neceſſity; then comes more aptly the following line:

And that ſame word *even now cries out on us.*

That is, the word *neceſſity*. Johnson.

That is, let us meet them with that patience and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet thoſe events which they know to be inevitable.—I cannot approve of Johnſon's explanation. M. Mason.

[7] ——*that* Glendower *is dead.*] *Glendower* did not die till after King Henry IV.

Shakſpeare was led into this error by Holinſhed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign. See Vol. XI. p. 324, n. 5. Malone.

Your majeſty hath been this fortnight ill;
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours, perforce, muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. Hen. I will take your counſel:
And, were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.[8]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Court before Juſtice Shallow's *Houſe in* Glouceſterſhire.[9]

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *meeting*; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, ſir, give me your hand, ſir: an early

[8] ——*unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the firſt edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the diviſion of the Acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the ſame right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the preſent diſtribution, I ſhould propoſe that this ſcene may be added to the foregoing Act, and the remove from London to Glouceſterſhire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would ſhorten the next Act too much, which has not, even now, its due proportion to the reſt. Johnson.

[9] ——*Juſtice* Shallow's *Houſe in Glouceſterſhire.*] From the following paſſage in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, we may conclude that *Kempe* was the original *Juſtice Shallow.*—*Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced, inſtructing ſome Cambridge ſtudents to act. *Burbage* makes one of the ſtudents repeat ſome lines of *Hieronymo* and *King Richard III.* *Kempe* ſays to another, "Now for you,—methinks you belong to *my tuition*; and your face methinks would be good for a fooliſh

ſtirrer, by the rood.[1] And how doth my good couſin Silence?

Sil.[2] Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bedfellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, ſir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: He is at Oxford, ſtill, is he not?

Mayor, *or a fooliſh Juſtice of Peace.*"—And again: "Thou will do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by roysters, and ſuch *grave aldermen* of the play-houſe as I am." It appears from Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, that he likewiſe played the *Clown*: "What can be made of a rope-maker more than a *clowne*. *Will. Kempe*, I miſtruſt it will fall to *thy lot for a merriment* one of theſe dayes." Malone.

[1] ——*by the* rood.] i. e. the croſs. Pope.

Hearne, in his Gloſſary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544, under the word *croſs*, obſerves, that although the *croſs* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the ſame, yet the *rood* properly ſignified formerly the image of Chriſt on the croſs; ſo as to repreſent both the croſs and figure of our bleſſed Saviour, as he ſuffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in ſhrines that were called *rood lofts*. "*Roodloft*, (ſaith Blount,) is a ſhrine wherein was placed the croſs of Chriſt. *The rood* was an image of Chriſt on the croſs, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpoſe, juſt over the paſſage out of the church into the chancel." Reed.

Bullokar, however, is a better authority than any of theſe, being contemporary with Shakſpeare. In his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, he defines *roode* thus: "In land it ſignifies a quarter of an acre. It is ſometimes taken for the picture of our Saviour upon the croſs." Malone.

[2] *Sil.*] The oldeſt copy of this play was publiſhed in 1600. It muſt however have been acted ſomewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinſman to *Juſtice Silence*." Steevens.

Sil. Indeed, ſir; to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—luſty Shallow, then, couſin.

Shal. By the maſs, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotſwold man,[3]—you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers[4] in all the inns of court

[3] —— *Will Squele a Cotſwold man,*] The games at Cotſwold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of theſe I have ſeen accounts in ſeveral old pamphlets; and Shallow, by diſtinguiſhing Will Squele, as a Cotſwold man, meant to have him underſtood as one who was well verſed in manly exerciſes, and conſequently of a daring ſpirit, and an athletic conſtitution. Steevens.

The games of Cotſwold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never ſeen any pamphlet that mentions them as having exiſted in the time of Elizabeth. Randolph ſpeaks of their *revival* in the time of Charles I.; and from Dover's book they appear to have been revived in 1636. But this does not prove that they were exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They certainly were in that of King James, and were probably *diſcontinued* after his death. However, Cotſwold might have been long famous for meetings of tumultuous ſwinge-bucklers. See Vol. V. p. 16, n. 6. Malone.

[4] ——*ſwinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *ſwaſh-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakſpeare.

Naſh, addreſſing himſelf to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, ſays: "*Turpe ſenex miles*, 'tis time for ſuch an olde foole to leave playing the *ſwaſh-buckler*."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa ſays, "when I was a ſcholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *ſwinged a ſword and buckler*," &c. Steevens.

"Weſt Smithfield (ſays the Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*,

again: and, I may ſay to you, we knew where the bona-robas[5] were; and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.[6]

1631,) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reaſon it was the uſual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that *ſword and buckler* were in uſe; when every ſerving-man, from the baſe to the beſt, carried a buckler at his backe, which hung by the hilt or pummel of his ſword which hung before him.—Untill the 20th year of Queen Elizabeth, it was uſual to have frayes, fights, and quarrels upon the ſundayes and holydayes, ſometimes, twenty, thirty, and forty ſwords and bucklers, halfe againſt halfe, as well by quarrels of appointment as by chance.—And in the winter ſeaſon all the high ſtreets were much annoyed and troubled with hourly frayes, and *ſword and buckler men*, who took pleaſure in that *bragging* fight; and although they made great ſhew of much furie, and fought often, yet ſeldome any man was hurt, for thruſting was not then in uſe, neither would any one of twenty ſtrike beneath the waſte, by reaſon they held it cowardly and beaſtly." MALONE.

[5] ——*bona-robas*—] i. e. ladies of pleaſure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride*, by Nabbes, 1640:

"Some *bona-roba* they have been ſporting with."

STEEVENS.

See Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Buona roba*, as we ſay *good ſtuff*; a good wholeſome plump-cheeked wench."

MALONE.

[6] *Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.*] The following circumſtances, tending to prove that Shakſpeare altered the name of *Oldcaſtle* to that of *Falſtaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled, *The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and moſt godly Martyre* Sir John Oldcaſtle, *Knight, Lord Cobham*, 18mo. 1601. *Oldcaſtle*, relating the events of his life, ſays:

"Within the ſpring-time of my flow'ring youth,
"He [his father] ſtept into the winter of his age;
"Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
"That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais page.*"

Again, in a pamphlet, entitled, *The Wandring Jew telling Fortunes to Engliſhmen*, 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently

Sil. This ſir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

a republication about the middle of the laſt century) [1640] is the following paſſage in the *Glutton's* ſpeech: "I do not live by the ſweat of my brows, but am almoſt dead with ſweating. I eate much, but can talk little. *Sir John Oldcaſtle* was my great grandfather's father's uncle. I come of a *huge* kindred."

REED.

Different concluſions are ſometimes drawn from the ſame premiſes. Becauſe Shakſpeare borrowed a ſingle circumſtance from the life of the *real Oldcaſtle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falſtaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, becauſe *Falſtaff* was known to poſſeſs one feature in common with *Oldcaſtle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falſtaff* was only *Oldcaſtle* in diſguiſe? Hence too might have riſen the ſtory that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a ſtory ſufficiently ſpecious to have impoſed on the writer of *The Wandering Jew*, as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whoſe coincidence has been brought in ſupport of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

Having given my opinion very fully on this point in a former note, (ſee Vol. XI. p. 194, & *ſeq.* n. 3.) I ſhall here only add, that I entirely concur with Mr. Steevens. There is no doubt that the Sir John Oldcaſtle of the anonymous *King Henry V.* ſuggeſted the character of Falſtaff to Shakſpeare; and hence he very naturally adopted this circumſtance in the life of the real Oldcaſtle, and made his Falſtaff page to Mowbray Duke of Norfolk. The author of *The Wandering Jew* ſeems to have been miſunderſtood. He deſcribes the *Glutton* as related to *ſome* Sir John Oldcaſtle, and therefore as a man of *huge* kindred; but he means a *fat* man, not a man nobly allied. From a pamphlet already quoted, entitled, *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, it appears that the *Oldcaſtle* of the old *King Henry V.* was repreſented as a very fat man; (ſee alſo the prologue to a play entitled *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, in which the Oldcaſtle of the old *King Henry V.* is deſcribed as "a *pampered glutton*,") but we have no authority for ſuppoſing that Lord Cobham was fatter than other men. Is it not evident then that the Oldcaſtle of the play of *King Henry V.* was the perſon in the contemplation of the author of *The Wandering Jew*? and how does the proof that Shakſpeare changed the name of his character advance

Shal. The ſame ſir John, the very ſame. I ſaw him break Skogan's head[7] at the court gate, when

by this means one ſtep?—In addition to what I have ſuggeſted in a former note on this ſubject, I may add, that it appears from Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 146, that celebrated actors were ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the names of the perſons they repreſented on the ſtage:—"that I may ſay nothing of ſuch as for well acting on the ſtage have carried away the names of the perſonage which they have acted, and loſt their names *among the people*."—If actors, then, were ſometimes called by the names of the perſons they repreſented, what is more probable than that *Falſtaff* ſhould have been called by the multitude, and by the players, *Oldcaſtle*; not only becauſe there had been a popular character of that name in a former piece, whoſe immediate ſucceſſor Falſtaff was, and to whoſe clothes and fictitious belly he ſucceeded; but becauſe, as Shakſpeare himſelf intimates in his Epilogue to this play, a falſe idea had gone abroad, that his jolly knight was, like his predeceſſor, the theatrical repreſentative of Sir John Oldcaſtle, the good Lord Cobham?—See the note to the Epilogue at the end of this play. Malone.

[7] ——Skogan's *head*—] Who *Skogan* was, may be underſtood from the following paſſage in *The Fortunate Iſles*, a maſque, by Ben Jonſon, 1626:

"——Methinks you ſhould enquire now after *Skelton*,
"And maſter *Scogan*.
"——*Scogan*? what was he?
"Oh, a fine gentleman, and a maſter of arts
"Of *Henry the Fourth's times*, that made diſguiſes
"For the king's ſons, and writ in ballad royal
"Daintily well," &c.

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "*Scogan* unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's Houſe."

Steevens.

In the written copy, (ſays the editor of Chaucer's Works, 1598,) the title hereof is thus: "Here followethe a morall ballade to the Prince, now Prince Henry, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Glouceſter, the kinges ſons, by *Henry Scogan*, at a ſupper among the merchants in the vintrey at London, in the houſe of Lewis John." The purport of the ballad is to diſſuade them from ſpending their youth "ſolily."

John Skogan, who is ſaid to have taken the degree of maſter of arts at Oxford, "being (ſays Mr. Warton) an excellent

he was a crack,[8] not thus high: and the very ſame

mimick, and of great pleaſantry in converſation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of *King Edward IV.*" Bale and Tanner have confounded him with *Henry Scogan*, if indeed they were diſtinct perſons, which I doubt. The compoſitions which Bale has attributed to the writer whom he ſuppoſes to have lived in the time of Edward IV. were written by the poet of the reign of Henry IV. which induces me to think that there was no *poet* or maſter of arts of this name, in the time of Edward. There might then have been a jeſter of the ſame name. *Scogin's* JESTS were publiſhed by Andrew Borde, a phyſician in the reign of Henry VIII. Shakſpeare had probably met with this book; and as he was very little ſcrupulous about anachroniſms, this perſon, and not *Henry* Scogan, the poet of the time of Henry IV. may have been in his thoughts: I ſay *may*, for it is by no means certain, though the author of *Remarks* on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, &c. has aſſerted it with that confidence which diſtinguiſhes his obſervations.

Since this note was written, I have obſerved that Mr. Tyrwhitt agrees with me in thinking that there was no poet of the name of Scogan in the time of King Edward IV. nor any ancient poet of that name but *Henry Scogan*, Maſter of Arts, who lived in the time of King Henry IV. and he urges the ſame argument that I have done, namely, that the compoſitions which Bale aſcribes to the ſuppoſed *John* Scogan, were written by Henry. Bale and Tanner were, I believe, Mr. Warton's only authority.

"As to the two circumſtances (ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt,) of his being a *maſter of arts* of Oxford, and *jeſter* to the king, I can find no older authority for it than Dr. Borde's book. That he was contemporary with Chaucer, but ſo as to ſurvive him ſeveral years, perhaps till the reign of Henry V. is ſufficiently clear from this poem [the poem mentioned in the former part of my note.]

"Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the jeſt-book, in conſidering Scogan as a mere buffoon, when he mentions as one of Falſtaff's boyiſh exploits that he broke Scogan's head at the court-gate." Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*, Vol. V. Pref.

"Among a number of people of all ſorts who had letters of protection to attend Richard II. upon his expedition into Ireland in 1399, is *Henricus Scogan, Armiger.*" *Ibidem*, p. xv.

MALONE.

This was *John Scogan*, jeſter to King Edward IV. and not *Henry*, the poet, who lived long before, but is frequently con-

day did I fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruit-

founded with him. Our author, no doubt, was well read in John's *Jeſts*, "gathered by Andrew Boarde, doctor of phyſick," and printed in 4to. and black letter, but without date; and his exiſtence, which has been lately called in queſtion, (for what may not be called in queſtion?) is completely aſcertained by the following characteriſtic epitaph, accidentally retrieved from a contemporary manuſcript in the Harleian library (No. 1587):

Hic iacet in tumulo corpus SCOGAN *ecce* JOHANNIS;
Sit tibi pro ſpeculo, letus fuit eius in annis:
Leti tranſibunt, tranſitus vitare nequibunt;
Quo neſcimus ibunt, vinoſi cito peribunt.

Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the great men of Edward the Fourth's time, mentions "*Scogan*, a learned gentleman, and ſtudent for a time in Oxford, of a pleaſaunte witte, and bent to mery deuiſes, in reſpect whereof he was called into the courte, where giuing himſelfe to his naturall inclination of mirthe and pleaſaunt paſtime, he plaied many ſporting parts, althoughe not in ſuche vnciuill maner as hath bene of hym reported." Theſe *uncivil reports* evidently allude to the above jeſt-book, a circumſtance of which no one who conſults it will have the leaſt doubt. See alſo Bale's *Scriptores Britanniæ*, and Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, art. SKOGAN. After all, there is ſome reaſon to believe that John was actually a little bit of a poet. Drayton, in his preface to his *Eclogues*, ſays, that "the Colin Clout of *Scogan*, under *Henry the Seventh*, is pretty;" clearly meaning ſome *paſtoral* under that title, and of that age, which he muſt have read, and, conſequently, not *Skelton's* poem ſo called, nor any thing of *Spenſer's*. Langham, in his enumeration of Captain Cox's library, notices "the Seargeaunt that became a Fryar, *Skogan*, Collyn Cloout, the Fryar and the Boy, Elynor Rumming, and the Nutbrooun Maid;" and that, by *Skogan*, the writer does not mean his *Jeſts*, is evident, from the circumſtance of all the reſt being poetical tracts. He is elſewhere named in company with Skelton; and, in ſupport of this idea, one may refer to the facetious epigram he wrote on taking his degree, at Oxford, of Maſter of Arts. Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion will, on all occaſions, be intitled to attention and reſpect; but *no opinion* can have any weight whatever againſt a poſitive and incontrovertible *fact*. RITSON.

[8] —— *a* crack,] This is an old Iſlandic word, ſignifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was ſurnamed *Krake*. See the ſtory in *Edda*, Fable 63. TYRWHITT.

erer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very ſure, very ſure: death, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, is certain to all; all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, ſir.

Shal. Dead!—See, ſee!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he ſhot a fine ſhoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i'the clout[9] at twelve ſcore;[1] and carried you a forehand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half,[2] that it would

[9] ——*clapped i'the clout*—] i. e. hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Lear*: "O, well flown, bird!—*i'the clout, i'the clout.*" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*at twelve ſcore*;] i. e. of yards. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1612:

"At markes full fortie *ſcore* they us'd to prick and rove." MALONE.

This mode of expreſſion, certainly in this inſtance, and I believe in general, means *yards*; but the line from Drayton makes this opinion doubtful, or ſhows the extreme inaccuracy of the poet, for no man was ever capable of ſhooting an arrow forty ſcore *yards*. DOUCE.

[2] ——*fourteen, and fourteen and a half,*] That is, fourteen ſcore of yards. JOHNSON.

Twelve ſcore appears, however, from a paſſage in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595, to have been no ſhot of an extraordinary length:

have done a man's heart good to ſee.——How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter Bardolph, *and one with him.*

Sil. Here come two of ſir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen: I beſeech you, which is juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, ſir; a poor eſquire of this county, and one of the king's juſtices of the peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, ſir, commends him to you: my captain, ſir John Falſtaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a moſt gallant leader.

"They hit the white that never ſhot before,
"No marke-men ſure, nay bunglers in their kind,
"A ſort of ſwads *that ſcarce can ſhoot twelve ſcore.*"
Steevens.

The utmoſt diſtance that the archers of ancient times reached, is ſuppoſed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow. Malone.

Shakſpeare probably knew what he was about when he ſpoke of archery, which in his time was practiſed by every one. He is deſcribing Double as a very excellent archer, and there is no inconſiſtency in making ſuch a one ſhoot fourteen ſcore and a half; but it muſt be allowed that none but a moſt extraordinary archer would be able to *hit a mark* at twelve ſcore. Some allowance, however, ſhould be made when the ſpeaker is conſidered. Douce.

The long field (I believe at Finſbury) is 16 ſcore 10 yards. A Mr. Bates once ſhot an arrow near 30 yards beyond the bound of it, which was 18 ſcore. Mr. John Rowſton, of Manchester, has often ſhot 18 ſcore. Miss Banks.

Shal. He greets me well, ſir; I knew him a good backſword man: How doth the good knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, in faith, ſir; and it is well ſaid indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, it is: good phraſes are ſurely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo:* very good; a good phraſe.[3]

Bard. Pardon me, ſir; I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

[3] ——*very good; a good phraſe.* &c.] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as Ben Jonſon informs us: "You are not to caſt or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, ſpirit, &c. but uſe them properly in their places as others." *Diſcoveries.* Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated:* as in the inſtance before us. Warburton.

The ſame word occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour:*

"Hoſteſs, *accommodate* us with another bedſtaff:
"The woman does not underſtand *the words of action.*"

Steevens.

Enter FALSTAFF.

SHAL. It is very juſt:—Look, here comes good ſir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good ſir John.

FAL. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow:—Maſter Sure-card, as I think.[4]

SHAL. No, ſir John; it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

FAL. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

SIL. Your good worſhip is welcome.

FAL. Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen ſufficient men?

SHAL. Marry, have we, ſir. Will you ſit?

FAL. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

SHAL. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: Yea, marry, ſir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do ſo, let them do ſo.——Let me ſee; Where is Mouldy?

MOUL. Here, an't pleaſe you.

[4] ——*Maſter* Sure-card, *as I think.*] It is obſervable, that many of Shakſpeare's names are invented, and characteriſtical. Maſter *Forth-right*, the tilter; Maſter *Shoe-tie*, the traveller; Maſter *Smooth*, the ſilkman; Mrs. *Over-done*, the bawd; Kate *Keep-down*, Jane *Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was uſed as a term for *a boon companion*, ſo lately as the latter end of the laſt century, by one of the tranſlators of *Suetonius*. MALONE.

Shal. What think you, ſir John? a good limbed fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert uſed.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moſt excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: Very ſingular good!—In faith, well ſaid, ſir John; very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him. [*To* Shallow.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide; Know you where you are?—For the other, ſir John:—let me ſee;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, ſir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: It is often ſo, indeed; but not much of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer,—prick him; —for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book.[5]

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, ſir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, ſir John.

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, ſir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, ſir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, ſir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, ſir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

[5] ——*we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book.*] That is, we have in the muſter-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.

So, in Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wiſhe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 19: "One ſpeciall meane that a ſhifting captaine hath to deceive his prince, is in his number, to take pay for a whole company, when he hath not halfe." STEEVENS.

Fee. I will do my good will, ſir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor! well ſaid, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe.—Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter Shallow; deep, maſter Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, ſir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands: Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

Fee. It ſhall ſuffice, ſir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, ſir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord, ſir! I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bull. A whoreſon cold, ſir; a cough, ſir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take ſuch

order,[6] that thy friends ſhall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number;[7] you muſt have but four here, ſir;—and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter Shallow.

Shal. O, ſir John, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields.[8]

Fal. No more of that, good maſter Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.[9]

[6] ——*take ſuch order,*] i. e. take ſuch meaſures. So, in *Othello*:

"Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for't." Steevens.

[7] *Here is two more called than your number;*] *Five* only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name ſeems to have been omitted by the tranſcriber. The reſtoration of this ſixth man would ſolve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are ſet aſide, Falſtaff, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himſelf is anſwerable for this ſlight inaccuracy. Malone.

[8] ——*the* windmill *in Saint George's fields.*] It appears from the following paſſage in Churchyard's *Dreame*, a poem that makes part of the collection entitled his *Chippes*, 4to. 1578, that this *windmill* was a place of notoriety:

"And from the *windmill* this dreamd he,
"Where hakney horſes hired be." Steevens.

[9] *She never could away with me.*] This expreſſion of diſlike is uſed by Maurice Kyffin, in his tranſlation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love *can ill away* to have

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.[1] Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old; ſhe cannot chooſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old; and had 'Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that that this knight and I have ſeen!—Ha, ſir John, ſaid I well?[2]

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight,[3] maſter Shallow.

wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*ſuch a one cannot travel on the ſame road with me.*

Steevens.

So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioſo*, Book I:

"——ſcarce to look on him ſhe can *away*."

Malone.

This mode of expreſſion had not become obſolete even in the time of Mr. Locke, who himſelf uſes it in one of his popular works: "—with thoſe alone he converſes, and *can away* with no company whoſe diſcourſe goes beyond what claret or diſſoluteneſs inſpires." *On the Conduct of the Underſtanding.*

Reed.

[1] ——*bona-roba.*] A fine ſhowy wanton. Johnson.

Bona-roba was, in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is uſed in that ſenſe by Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. Steevens.

[2] ——*ſaid I well?*] This phraſe has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. See Vol. V. p. 36, n. 1.

Steevens.

[3] ——*the chimes at midnight,*] So, in the ſecond part of an ancient ſong entitled *A Bill of Fare*, &c. bl. l.:

"We roſe from our mirth with the *twelve o'clock chimes.*"

Steevens.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, ſir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have ſeen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff, Shallow, *and* Silence.

Bull. Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend; and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hanged, ſir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, ſir, I do not care; but, rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine own part, ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and ſhe is old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, ſir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a baſe mind:—an't be my deſtiny, ſo; an't be not, ſo: No man's too good to ſerve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no baſe mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, *and Juſtices.*

Fal. Come, ſir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound[4] to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, ſir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chooſe for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home ſtill; you are paſt ſervice:[5]—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, ſir John, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerved with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to

[4] ——*I have three pound*—] Here ſeems to be a wrong computation. He had forty ſhillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. Johnson.

[5] ——*For you, Mouldy,* ſtay *at home* ſtill; *you are paſt ſervice:*] The old copies read—*For you, Mouldy,* ſtay *at home* till *you are paſt ſervice.* Steevens.

This ſhould ſurely be: "For you, *Mouldy, you have ſtaied* at home," &c. *Falſtaff* has before a ſimilar alluſion: "'Tis the more time thou wert uſed."

There is ſome miſtake in the number of *recruits:* Shallow ſays, that Falſtaff ſhould have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three:* Wart, Shadow, and Feeble." Farmer.

See p. 137, n. 7. I believe, "*ſtay* at home *till* you are paſt ſervice," is right; the ſubſequent part of the ſentence being likewiſe imperative: "and, for your part, Bull-calf, *grow till* you come unto it." Malone.

Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be read and pointed thus: *For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home* ſtill; *you are paſt ſervice:*——

Tyrwhitt.

I have admitted Mr. Tyrwhitt's amendment, as it is the leaſt violent of the two propoſed, being effected by a ſlight change in punctuation, and the ſupplement of a ſingle letter. Steevens.

chooſe a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,[6] the ſtature, bulk, and big aſſemblance of a man![7] Give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.[8] And this ſame half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foeman[9] may with as great aim level at the edge of

[6] ——*the* thewes,] i. e. the muſcular ſtrength or appearance of manhood. So again:

"For nature creſcent, does not grow alone
"In *thewes* and bulk."

In ancient writers this term uſually implies manners, or behaviour only. Spenſer often employs it; and I find it likewiſe in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better *thewes*."

Shakſpeare is perhaps ſingular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. The following paſſage, however, in Turberville's tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtle from *Paris to Helen*, leaves the queſtion undecided:

"What dooſt thou thinke indeede
"that doltiſh ſilly man
"The *thewes* of Helen's paſſing forme
"may judge or throughly ſcan?" STEEVENS

[7] ——aſſemblance *of a man!*] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*reſemblage*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſwifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam croſſing his ſhoulders.

JOHNSON.

I do not think Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage juſt.—The carrying beer from the vat to the barrel, muſt be a matter that requires more labour than ſwiftneſs. Falſtaff ſeems to mean, "ſwifter than he that puts the buckets on the gibbet;" for as the buckets at each end of the gibbet muſt be put on at the ſame inſtant, it neceſſarily requires a quick motion. M. MASON.

[9] ——*foeman*—] This is an obſolete term for an *enemy in war*. STEEVENS.

a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how ſwiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver[1] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

So, in *Selimus*, 1594:

"For he that never ſaw his *foeman's* face,
"But alwaies ſlept upon a ladies lap" &c. HENDERSON.

[1] ——*caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Maſque of Flowers*, 1613: "The ſerjeant of Navarra carried on his ſhoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*."

It is ſingular that Shakſpeare, who has ſo often derived his ſources of merriment from recent cuſtoms or faſhionable follies, ſhould not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praiſe or its condemnation.

It is equally remarkable (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verſes on any living author, which was the conſtant practice of Jonſon, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the ſingular modeſty of Shakſpeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbade him to expreſs ſuch groſs and indiſcriminate praiſes as too often diſgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. Our author, indeed, ſeems to condemn this practice, through a ſentiment given to Roſaline, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, where, ſpeaking of the Princeſs, ſhe ſays:

"My lady (*to the manner of theſe days*)
"In courteſy, *gives undeſerving praiſe*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Groſe, in *A Treatiſe on ancient Armour and Weapons*, 4to. p. 67, ſays: "That a caliver was leſs and lighter than a muſquet, as is evident from its being fired without a reſt. This is ſhown in a Military Treatiſe, containing the *Exerciſe of the Muſket, Caliver, and Pike*, with figures finely engraved by J. de Gheyn." And, in a note in *loc.* Mr. Groſe alſo obſerves, "That this is confirmed by Shakſpeare, where Falſtaff, reviewing his recruits, ſays of Wart, a poor, weak, underſized fellow, 'put me a *caliver* into Wart's hands,'—meaning, that although Wart is unfit for a *muſquetteer*, yet, if armed with a lighter piece, he may do good ſervice." VAILLANT.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverſe;[2] thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald ſhot.[3] —Well ſaid, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,[4] (when

[2] ——*traverſe*—] An ancient term in military exerciſe. So, in *Othello*:

"*Traverſe*; go; provide thy money." Steevens.

[3] ——*bald* ſhot.] *Shot* is uſed for *ſhooter*, one who is to fight by ſhooting. Johnson.

So, in *The Exerciſe of Armes for Calivres, Muskettes, and Pykes*, 1619: "Firſt of all is in this figure ſhowed to every *ſhot* how he ſhall ſtand and marche, and carry his *caliver*," &c. With this inſtance I was furniſhed by Dr. Farmer. We ſtill ſay of a ſkilful ſportſman or game-keeper, that he is a good *ſhot*. Steevens.

Again, in Stowe's *Annales*, 1631: "—men with armour, enſignes, drums, fifes, and other furniture for the wars, the greater part whereof were *ſhot*, and other were pikes and halberts, in faire corſlets." Malone.

[4] ——*Mile-end green*,] We learn from Stowe's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702,) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exerciſed at *Mile-end*. It appears, however, that the pupils of this military ſchool were but ſlightly thought of; for, in Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wiſhe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, is the following paſſage: "*Skill*. God bleſſe me, my countrey, and frendes, from his direction that hath no 'better experience than what hee hath atteyned unto at the fetching home of a Maye-pole, at a Midſomer ſighte, or from *a trayning at Mile-end-greene*." Steevens.

From the ſame *Chronicle*, p. 789, edit. 1631, it appears that "thirty thouſand citizens—*ſhewed* on the 27th of Auguſt 1599, on the *Miles-end*, where they trained all that day, and other dayes, under their captaines, (alſo citizens,) until the 4th of September." Malone.

I lay at Clement's inn,[5]—I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow,)[6] there was a little quiver fellow,[7]

[5] *I remember at Mile-end green, (when I* lay *at Clement's-inn,*] "When I *lay*," here ſignifies, when I *lodged* or *lived*. So *Leland*: "An old manor place where in tymes paſte ſum of the Moulbrays *lay* for a ſtarte;" i. e. *lived for a time*, or *ſometimes*. *Itin.* Vol. I. fol. 119. T. WARTON.

Again, in Marſton's *What you will*, a comedy, 1607:

"Survey'd with wonder by me, when I *lay*
"Factor in London." MALONE.

[6] ——*I was then* ſir Dagonet *in* Arthur's ſhow,] The ſtory of *Sir Dagonet* is to be found in *La Morte d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papiſtry (ſays Aſcham, in his *Schoolmaſter*,) as a ſtanding pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, ſaving certaine books of chivalry, as they ſaid, for paſtime and pleaſure; which books, as ſome ſay, were made in monaſteries by idle monks. As one for example *La Mort d'Arthure*." In this romance Sir Dagonet is King Arthur's fool. Shakſpeare would not have ſhown his *juſtice* capable of repreſenting any higher character. JOHNSON.

Sir Dagonet is King Arthur's 'ſquire; but does he mean that he acted Sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-inn? By the application of a parentheſis only, the paſſage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the ſenſe I would aſſign will appear to be juſt.—*I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow) there was*, &c. That is: "I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any higher part than Sir Dagonet in the interludes which we uſed to play in the ſociety, that among the ſoldiers who were exerciſed at Mile-end Green, there was," &c. The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet was another of Shallow's feats at Clement's-inn, on which he delights to expatiate; a circumſtance, in the mean time, quite foreign to the purpoſe of what he is ſaying, but introduced, on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Juſt as he had told Silence, a little before, that he ſaw Scogan's head broke by Falſtaff at the court-gate, "and the *very ſame day*, I did fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn." Not to mention the ſatire implied in making Shallow act Sir Dagonet, who was King Arthur's fool. *Arthur's ſhow*, here ſuppoſed to have been preſented at Clement's-

and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and

inn, was probably an interlude, or maſque, which actually exiſted, and was very popular in Shakſpeare's age: and ſeems to have been compiled from Mallory's *Morte Arthur*, or the Hiſtory of King Arthur, then recently publiſhed, and the favourite and moſt faſhionable romance.

That *Mile-end Green* was the place for public ſports and exerciſes, we learn from Froiſſart.

Theobald remarks on this paſſage: "The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy knight (Sir Dagonet) is from Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*."

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle* have not obſerved that the deſign of that play is founded upon a comedy called *The Four Prentices of London, with the Conqueſt of Jeruſalem; as it hath been diverſe Times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majeſty's Servants.* Written by Thomas Heywood, 1613. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his 'ſquire, &c. ſo in Heywood's play, four apprentices accoutre themſelves as knights, and go to Jeruſalem in queſt of adventures. One of them, the moſt important character, is a goldſmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdaſher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many ſatirical ſtrokes againſt Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely loſt to thoſe who have not ſeen that comedy.

Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Prologue, or firſt ſcene, a citizen is introduced, declaring that, in the play, he "will have a grocer, and he ſhall do admirable things."

Again, Act I. ſc. i. Rafe ſays: "Amongſt all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the ſaid knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurniſhed of his 'ſquire and dwarf? My elder brother Tim ſhall be my truſty 'ſquire, and George my dwarf."

In the following paſſage the alluſion to Heywood's comedy is demonſtrably manifeſt, Act IV. ſc. i:

"*Boy.* It will ſhow ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter.

"*Cit.* Will it ſo, ſir? You are well read in hiſtories; I pray you who was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in

come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a ſay; *bounce,* would 'a ſay; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices,* where they toſs their pikes ſo."

In Heywood's comedy, Euſtace, the grocer's prentice, is introduced, courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontiſpiece the four prentices are repreſented in armour, tilting with javelins.

Immediately before the laſt quoted ſpeeches we have the following inſtances of alluſion:

"*Cit.* Let the Sophy of Perſia come, and chriſten him a child."

"*Boy.* Believe me, ſir, that will not do ſo well; 'tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull."

A circumſtance in Heywood's comedy, which, as has been already ſpecified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burleſque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and ſerious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning faſhion of reading romances. T. Warton.

This account of the matter was ſo reaſonable, that I believe every reader muſt have been ſatisfied with it; but a paſſage in a forgotten book, which has been obligingly communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. Bowle, induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been miſunderſtood; that *Arthur's Show* was not an *interlude,* but an Exhibition of Archery; and that Shallow repreſented *Sir Dagonet,* not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Inſtead therefore of placing the words "I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow," in a parentheſis, (as recommended very properly by Mr. Warton on his hypotheſis,) I have included in a parentheſis the words "when I lay at Clement's Inn." And thus the meaning is,—I remember, when I was ſtudent and reſided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c.

"A ſociety of men, (I now uſe the words of Mr. Bowle,) ſtyling themſelves Arthur's Knights, exiſted in our poet's time. Richard Mulcaſter, Maſter of St. Paul's School, in his *Poſitions concerning the training up of Children,* twice printed in London, 1581 and 1587, in 4to. (my copy wants the title,) ch. xxvi. in praiſing of *Archerie* as a principal exerciſe to the preſervation of health, ſays,—'how can I but prayſe them, who profeſſe it thoroughly, and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well, maſter Shallow.

frank *fellowſhip* of Prince Arthur's Knights, in and about the citie of London? which if I had ſacred to ſilence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maiſter *Hewgh Offly*, and the ſame my noble fellow in that order, Syr Launcelot, at our next meeting have given me a ſoure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famouſeſt *knight* of the *fellowſhip* which I am of? Nay, would not even Prince Arthur himſelfe, Maiſter *Thomas Smith*, and the whole *table* of thoſe well known knights, and moſt active archers, have laid in their challenge againſt their *fellow-knight*, if ſpeaking of their paſtime I ſhould have ſpared their names?' This quotation (adds Mr. Bowle) reſcues three of them from oblivion; and it is not to be preſumed that *the whole table of theſe well known knights*, moſt probably pretty numerous, could eſcape the knowledge of Shakſpeare.—Maiſter Hewgh Offly was ſheriff of London in 1588."

The paſſage above quoted places Shallow's words in ſo clear a light that they leave me little to add upon the ſubject. We ſee that though he is apt enough to introduce frivolous and foreign circumſtances, the mention of *Sir Dagonet* here, is not of that nature, Mile-end Green being probably the place where Arthur's Knights diſplayed their ſkill in archery, or, in other words, where Arthur's Show was exhibited.

Whether this fellowſhip exiſted in the reign of Henry IV. is very unneceſſary to enquire. We ſee in almoſt every one of his plays how little ſcrupulous Shakſpeare was in aſcribing the cuſtoms of his own time to preceding ages.

It may perhaps be objected, that the "little quiver fellow," afterwards mentioned, is not deſcribed as an *archer*, but as managing a *piece*; but various exerciſes might have been practiſed at the ſame time at Mile-end Green. If, however, this objection ſhould appear to the reader of any weight, by extending the parentheſis to the words—"Arthur's Show," it is obviated; for Shallow might have reſided at Clement's Inn, and diſplayed his feats of archery in *Arthur's ſhow* elſewhere, not on the day here alluded to. The meaning will then be, I remember when I reſided at Clement's Inn, and in the exhibition of archery made by Arthur's knights I uſed to repreſent Sir Dagonet, that among the ſoldiers exerciſed at Mile-end Green, there was, &c.

Malone.

[7] ——*a little* quiver *fellow*,] *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. "There is a maner fiſhe that hyght mugill, which is full *quiver* and ſwifte." *Bartholomeus*, 1535, bl. l. Henderson.

—God keep you, maſter Silence; I will not uſe many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I muſt a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have ſpoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Silence.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* Bardolph, *Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off theſe juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of juſtice Shallow. Lord, lord, how ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! This ſame ſtarved juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-ſtreet;[8] and every third word a lie, duer paid to the

[8] ——*about* Turnbull-ſtreet;] In an old comedy called *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, this ſtreet is mentioned again:

"You ſwaggering, cheating, *Turnbull-ſtreet* rogue."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: "Here has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din, ſuch diſmal drinking, ſwearing, &c. we have all lived in a perpetual *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Nath, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication*, commends the ſiſters of *Turnbull-ſtreet* to the patronage of the Devil.

Again, in *The Inner Temple Maſque*, by Middleton, 1619:

"'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houſes,

"————cauſe ſpoil in Shoreditch,

"And deface *Turnbull*."

Again, in Middleton's comedy, called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a French bawd ſays: "J'ay une fille qui parle un peu François; elle converſera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, en *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Turnbull or *Turnmill-ſtreet*, is near Cow-croſs, Weſt Smithfield.

hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife: he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible:[9] he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake:[1] he came ever in the rear-ward of the

The continuator of Stowe's *Annals* informs us that *Weſt Smithfield*, (at preſent the horſe-market,) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their ſkill at ſword and buckler. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 81, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] ——*were* inviſible:] The old copies read, by an apparent error of the preſs, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe introduced the neceſſary change. STEEVENS.

——*were* invincible:] That is, could not be *maſtered* by any thick ſight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think, without neceſſity, *inviſible*. MALONE.

Invincible cannot poſſibly be the true reading, invincible *to*, not being Engliſh; for who ever wrote or ſaid—not be conquered *to*?

Invincible *by* is the uſual phraſe; though Shakſpeare, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, makes Don Pedro ſay, "I would have thought her ſpirit had been *invincible againſt* all aſſaults of affection;" a ſufficient proof that he would not have written "*invincible to* a thick ſight." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*call'd him*—mandrake:] This appellation will be ſomewhat illuſtrated by the following paſſage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, compoſed by T. Cutwode, Eſquyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Biſhop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41ſt year of Queen Elizabeth:

"Upon the place and ground where Caltha grew,
"A mightie *mandrag* there did Venus plant;
"An object for faire Primula to view,
"Reſembling man from thighs unto the flank," &c.

The reſt of the deſcription might prove yet further explanatory;

faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutched[2]

but on ſome ſubjects ſilence is leſs reprehenſible than information.

In the age of Shakſpeare, however, (as I learn from Thomas Lupton's *Third Booke of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l.) it was cuſtomary "to make *counterfeat mandrag*, which is ſold by deceyuers for much money." Out of the great double root of briony (by means of a proceſs not worth tranſcribing) they produced the kind of priapic idol to which Shallow has been compared. STEEVENS.

Bullein, in his *Bullwark of Defence againſt all Sickneſſe*, &c. *fol. 1597*, p. 41, ſpeaking of *mandrake*, ſays: "—this hearbe *is called alſo anthropomorphos*, becauſe it beareth the image of a man; and that is falſe. For no herbe hath the ſhape of a man or woman; no truly, it is not naturall of his owne growing: but by the crafty invention of ſome falſe men it is done by arte."——"My friend Marcellus, the deſcription of this *mandrake*, as I have ſayd, was nothing but the impoſterous ſubtility of wicked people. Perhaps of fryers or ſuperſtitious monkes whych have wrytten thereof at length; but as for *Dioſcorides*, *Galen*, and *Plinie*, &c. they have not wrytten thereof ſo largely as for to have head, armes, fyngers," &c. REED.

See a former ſcene of this play, p. 25, n. 9; and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686. MALONE.

[2] ——*over*-ſcutched—] That is, whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *huſwives* agrees better with this ſenſe. Shallow crept into mean houſes, and boaſted his accompliſhments to *dirty* women. JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, ſays that *an over-ſwitched huſwife* is a ſtrumpet. *Over-ſcutched* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-ſcutched* is the ſame as *over-ſcotched*. A *ſcutch* or *ſcotch* is a cut or laſh with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in *Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes' Bay Horſe in a Traunce*, 4to. 1595, inclines me to believe that this word is uſed in a wanton ſenſe: "The leacherous landlord hath his wench at his commandment, and is content to take ware for his money; his private *ſcutcherie* hurts not the common-wealth farther than that his whoore ſhall have a houſe rent-free."

MALONE.

Now I bethink me, the pleaſant Eſquire aforeſaid may have

huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.[3] And now is this Vice's dagger[4] become a ſquire;

reaſon on the ſide of his enucleation; for is not the name of a procureſs—Mrs. *Overdone*, in *Meaſure for Meaſure?* and hath not that feſtive varlet Sir John Falſtaff talked of his "white doe with a black *ſcut?*" AMNER.

[3] ——fancies, *or his* good-nights.] *Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the titles of little poems. One of Gaſcoigne's *Good-nights* is publiſhed among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

[4] *And now is this* Vice's *dagger*—] By *Vice* here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have ſeveral times mentioned in the courſe of theſe notes) equipped with aſſes ears and a wooden dagger. It was very ſatirical in Falſtaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to ſuch a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon. THEOBALD.

See Vol. V. p. 391, n. [illegible]

Vice was the name given to a droll [illegible] heretofore much ſhown upon our ſtage, and [illegible] to play the fool and make ſport for the populace. [illegible] long jerkin, a fool's cap with aſs's ears, [illegible] dagger, ſuch as is ſtill retained in the modern [illegible] Scaramouch. Minſheu, and others of [illegible], ſtrain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need [illegible] than the old French word *Vis*, which [illegible] does now. From this in part came *Viſnage*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage ſays is but a corruption from *Vis d'aſne*, the face or head of an aſs. It may be imagined therefore that *Viſdaſe*, or *Vis d'aſne*, was the name firſt given to this fooliſh theatrical figure, and that by vulgar uſe it was ſhortened to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. HANMER.

The word *Vice* is an abbreviation of *Device*; for in our old dramatick ſhows, where he was firſt exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called a *Device* or *Vice*. In theſe repreſentations he was a conſtant and the moſt popular character, afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The ſmith's machine called a *vice*, is an abbreviation of the ſame ſort.——Hamlet calls his uncle "a *vice* of kings," a fantaſtick and *factitious*

and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burſt his head,[5] for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name:[6] for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hautboy was a manſion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it ſhall go hard, but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me:[7] If the young dace[8] be a bait for the old

image of majeſty, a mere *puppet* of royalty. See Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"And on your ſtall a *puppet* with a *vice*."

T. WARTON.

[5] —— *he burſt his head.*] [illegible] the folio and quarto. The modern ed[illegible] *break*. To *break* and to *burſt* were, in our poet's [illegible] Thus Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*, [illegible] in Horace:

—— [illegible] *Gallos.*

"T[illegible] ſlaughter'd forces."

So, in *The* [illegible] *of Hampton*:

"B[illegible] ſt, that his ſhoulder-bone [illegible]

Again, in [illegible] *laine*, 1590:

"W[illegible] *burſt* th' Aſſyrian's bones."

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 809: "that manie a ſpeare was *burſt*, and manie a great ſtripe given."

To *braſt* had the ſame meaning. Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, calls a houſebreaker "a breaker and *braſter* of doors." The ſame author conſtantly uſes *burſt* as ſynonymous to *broken*. See Vol. IX. p. 13, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *beat his own* name:] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow ſo ſlender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *philoſopher's* two *ſtones*—] One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſe metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this paſſage too much,

pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the law of nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

A philoſopher's two ſtones is only more than the philoſopher's ſtone. The univerſal medicine was never, ſo far as I know, conceived to be a ſtone before the time of Butler's ſtone.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this paſſage, but without reaſon. Gower has a chapter in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, "Of the *three* ſtones that philoſophres made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expreſsly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymiſt*, aſſures us, it is "*a ſtone, and not a ſtone.*" FARMER.

That the ingredients of which this *Elixir*, or *Univerſal Medicine*, was compoſed, were by no means difficult of acquiſition, may be proved by the following concluſion of a letter written by *Villiers Duke of Buckingham* to *King James I.* on the ſubject of the *Philoſopher's Stone*. See the ſecond Volume of *Royal Letters* in the Britiſh Muſeum.

"——I confeſs, ſo I [illegible] the meanes he wrought by, I diſpiſed all [illegible] me, that which he hath given your [illegible] from all ſickneſs ever hereafter, was [illegible] I admired the fellow; and for theis [illegible] to you, yett he had found out the [illegible] natural affections and apetis; and [illegible] given you natural ſificke, which is the [illegible] preſerve the radicall hmrs: and thus I conclude: My ſow is healthfull, my divill's luckie, myſelf is happie, and needs no more than your bleſſing, which is my trew *Feloſophers ſtone*, upon which I build as upon a rocke:

Your Majeſties moſt humble ſlave and doge
Stinie."

The following paſſage in Churchyard's *Commendation to them that can make Gold*, &c. 1593, will ſufficiently prove that the Elixir was ſuppoſed to be a ſtone before the time of Butler:

"——— much matter may you read
"Of this rich art that thouſands hold full deere:
"Remundus too, that long liud heere indeede,
"Wrate ſundry workes, as well doth yet appeare,
"Of *ſtone* for gold, and ſhewed plaine and cleere,
"A *ſtone* for health. Arnolde wrate of the ſame,
"And many more that were too long to name."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and Others.*

Arch. What is this foreſt call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree foreſt,[9] an't ſhall pleaſe your grace.

Arch. Here ſtand, my lords; and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have ſent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-daily letters from Northumberland;

Again, in the dedication of *The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalion's Image and certaine Satyres*, 1598:

"Or like that rare and rich *Elixar ſtone*,
"Can turne to gold leaden invention." STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is the true one: "I will make him of *twice* the value of the philoſopher's ſtone." MALONE

[8] ——*If the young dace*——] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the ſtronger may ſeize upon the weaker, Falſtaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

[9] *'Tis* Gualtree *foreſt*,] "The earle of Weſtmoreland, &c. made forward againſt the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* foreſt, cauſed their ſtandards to be pitched down in like ſort as the archbiſhop had pitched his, over againſt them."
Holinſhed, p. 529. STEEVENS.

Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance, thus:—
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on,[1] and face them in the field.

[1] *Let us* ſway *on,*] I know not that I have ever ſeen *ſway* in this ſenſe; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to expreſs the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a ſenſe of the noun in Milton kindred to this, where, ſpeaking of a weighty ſword, he ſays, "It deſcends with huge two-handed *ſway*." JOHNSON.

The word is uſed in Holinſhed, *Engliſh Hiſtory*, p. 986: "The left ſide of the enemy was compelled to *ſway* a good way back, and give ground," &c. Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act II. ſc. v:

"Now *ſways* it this way, like a mighty ſea,
"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
"Now *ſways* it that way," &c.

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"Rather *ſwaying* more upon our part," &c.
STEEVENS.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

ARCH. What well-appointed leader[2] fronts us here?

MOWB. I think, it is my lord of Weſtmoreland.

WEST. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaſter.

ARCH. Say on, my lord of Weſtmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

WEST. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth,[3] guarded with rage,[4]

[2] ——well-appointed *leader*—] *Well-appointed* is *completely accoutred*. So, in *The Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"Ten thouſand valiant, *well-appointed* men."

Again, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright:

"——Naked piety
"Dares more, than fury *well-appointed*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Led on by* bloody *youth*,] I believe Shakſpeare wrote—*heady* youth. WARBURTON.

Bloody youth is only ſanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of thoſe paſſions which blood is ſuppoſed to incite or nouriſh. JOHNSON.

So, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Luſt is but a *bloody* fire." MALONE.

[4] ——guarded *with rage*,] *Guarded* is an expreſſion taken from dreſs; it means the ſame as *faced*, *turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has been followed by ſucceeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in the former part of this play:

"Velvet *guards* and Sunday citizens," &c.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"————Give him a livery
"More *guarded* than his fellows." STEEVENS.

And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd commotion ſo appear'd,[5]
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here, to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbiſhop,—
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd;[6]
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,[7]
The dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves,[8] your ink to blood,

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the ſame alluſion in a former part of this play:

"To *face* the *garment* of *rebellion*
"With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
"Of fickle changelings," &c.

So again, in the ſpeech before us:

"——to *dreſs* the ugly form
"Of baſe and bloody inſurrection—." MALONE.

[5] ——*ſo* appear'd,] Old copies—ſo *appear*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] *Whoſe ſee is by a* civil *peace maintain'd*;] *Civil* is *grave, decent, ſolemn*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——Come *civil* night,
"Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black." STEEVENS.

[7] *Whoſe* white inveſtments *figure innocence*,] Formerly, (ſays Dr. Hody, *Hiſtory of Convocations*, p. 141,) all biſhops wore white, even when they travelled. GREY.

By comparing this paſſage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Grey's notes, we learn that the white inveſtment meant the epiſcopal rochet; and this ſhould be worn by the theatrick archbiſhop. TOLLET.

[8] ——*graves*,] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plauſibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

We might perhaps as plauſibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of *The Diſcourſes on the Art Military*, written by Sir John Smythe, Knight, 1586, *greaves* are mentioned as neceſſary to be worn; and Ben Jonſon employs the ſame word in his *Hymenæi*:

"——upon their legs they wore ſilver *greaves*."

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"Arm'd with their *greaves* and maces."

Again, in the ſecond Canto of *The Barons Wars*, by Drayton:

"Marching in *greaves*, a helmet on her head."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxix. ſpells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakſpeare:

"The taiſhes, cuſhes, and the *graves*, ſtaff, penſell, baiſes, all."

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the ideal metamorphoſis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, ſeems to be more appoſite than the converſion of them into inſtruments of war.

Mr. M. Maſon, however, adduces a quotation (from the next ſcene) which ſeems to ſupport Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

"Turning the word to *ſword*, and life to death."

STEEVENS.

The emendation, or rather interpretation, propoſed by Mr. Steevens, appears to me extremely probable; yet a following line, in which the Archbiſhop's again addreſſed, may be urged in favour of *glaives*, i. e. ſwords:

"Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
"*Turning* the *word* to SWORD, and life to death."

The latter part of the ſecond of theſe lines, however, may be adduced in ſupport of *graves* in its ordinary ſenſe. Mr. Steevens obſerves, that "the metamorphoſis of the *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, ſeems to be more appoſite than the converſion of them into ſuch inſtruments of war as *glaives*;" but ſurely Shakſpeare did not mean, if he wrote either *greaves* or *glaives*, that they actually made *boots* or *ſwords* of their books, any more than that they made *lances* of their *pens*. The paſſage already quoted, "turning the *word* to ſword," ſufficiently proves that he had no ſuch meaning. MALONE.

I am afraid that the expreſſion "turning the word to ſword," will be found but a feeble ſupport for "glaives," if it be conſidered as a mere *jeu de mots*. DOUCE.

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly to this end:—We are all diſeas'd;
And, with our ſurfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my moſt noble lord of Weſtmoreland,
I take not on me here as a phyſician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, ſhow a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge the obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our griefs[9] heavier than our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere[1]

[9] ——*our* griefs—] i. e. our grievances. See Vol. X. p. 248, n. 6. Malone.

[1] *And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet* ſphere—] In former editions:

And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there.

This is ſaid in anſwer to Weſtmoreland's upbraiding the Archbiſhop for engaging in a courſe which ſo ill became his profeſſion:

"————you, my lord archbiſhop,
"Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd;" &c.

So that the reply muſt be this:

And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere.

Warburton.

The alteration of Dr. Warburton deſtroys the ſenſe of the paſſage. *There* refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the ſtream of time would force itſelf into.

Henley.

By the rough torrent of occaſion:
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhow in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied acceſs [2] unto his perſon
Even by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance,[3] (preſent now,)
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace,[4] or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?

[2] *We are denied acceſs* —] The Archbiſhop ſays, in Holinſhed: "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free acceſſe, by reaſon of ſuch a multitude of flatterers, as were about him." STEEVENS.

[3] *Of every minute's* inſtance,] The *examples* of an *inſtance* does not convey, to me at leaſt, a very clear idea. The frequent corruptions that occur in the old copies in words of this kind, make me ſuſpect that our author wrote:

Of every minute's inſtants,——

i. e. the examples furniſhed not only every minute, but during the moſt minute diviſion of a minute.—*Inſtance*, however, is elſewhere uſed by Shakſpeare for *example*; and he has ſimilar pleonaſms in other places. MALONE.

Examples of every minute's inſtance are, I believe, examples which every minute ſupplies, which every minute preſſes on our notice. STEEVENS.

[4] *Not to break peace,*] "He took nothing in hand againſt the king's peace, but that whatſoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth." Archbiſhop's ſpeech in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine,
And conſecrate commotion's bitter edge?[5]

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.[6]

[5] *And conſecrate commotion's* bitter edge?] It was an old cuſtom, continued from the time of the firſt croiſades, for the Pope to conſecrate the general's ſword, which was employed in the ſervice of the church. To this cuſtom the line in queſtion alludes. WARBURTON.

——*commotion's* bitter edge?] i. e. the edge of *bitter* ſtrife and *commotion*; the ſword of rebellion. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"That the united veſſel of their blood,"

inſtead of—"the veſſel of their united blood." MALONE.

[6] *My brother general*, &c.——

I make my quarrel in particular.] The ſenſe is this—"My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to diſtribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to thoſe of his own houſe, to *brothers born*, by giving ſome to all, and others none; and this (ſays he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally diſtributed;" the conſtant birth of male-contents, and the ſource of civil commotions. WARBURTON.

In the firſt folio the ſecond line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly ſenſe can be drawn from the beſt reading, the explanation of Dr. Warburton may ſhow. I believe there is an error in the firſt line, which, perhaps, may be rectified thus:

My quarrel *general, the commonwealth,*
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my *general* cauſe of diſcontent is public miſmanagement; my *particular* cauſe, a domeſtick injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance is mentioned in the Firſt Part of the play:

"The archbiſhop——who bears hard
"His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop."

STEEVENS.

West. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times

The meaning of the paſſage appears to me to be this—"My brother-general (meaning Mowbray, the Lord Mariſchal) makes the miſconduct of publick affairs, and the welfare of the community, his cauſe of quarrel; but my particular cauſe of quarrel, is a family injury, the cruelty with which my real brother has been treated;" meaning Lord Scroop. M. Mason.

Perhaps the meaning is—"My brother general, *who is joined here with me in command, makes* the commonwealth *his quarrel*, i. e. has taken up arms on account of publick grievances; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel." I have, however, very little confidence in this interpretation. I have ſuppoſed the word *general* a ſubſtantive; but probably it is uſed as an adjective, and the meaning may be, I conſider the wrongs done to the commonwealth, the *common brother* of us all, and the particular and domeſtick cruelty exerciſed againſt my natural brother, as a ſufficient ground for taking up arms.—If the former be the true interpretation, perhaps a ſemicolon ſhould be placed after *commonwealth*. The word *born* in the ſubſequent line [To brother *born*] ſeems ſtrongly to countenance the ſuppoſition that *general* in the preſent line is an epithet applied to brother, and not a ſubſtantive.

In that which is apparently the firſt of the two quartos, the ſecond line is found; but is omitted in the other, and the folio. I ſuſpect that a line has been loſt following the word *commonwealth*; the ſenſe of which was—"is the general ground of our taking up arms."

This ſuppoſition renders the whole paſſage ſo clear, that I am now decidedly of opinion that a line has been loſt. "*My* general *brother, the commonwealth*, is the general ground of our taking up arms; *a wrong of a domeſtick nature, namely the cruelty ſhewn to my* natural *brother, is my particular ground for engaging in this war.*" Malone.

It is now become certain that there are *three* varieties of the quarto editions, 1600, of this play. They are all before me, and in *two* of them (only one of which contains the additional ſcene at the beginning of the third Act) the ſecond line, pointed out by Mr. Malone, is wanting. Steevens.

To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,[7]
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,[8]
And you ſhall ſay indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the preſent time,[9]
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on:[1] Were you not reſtor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's ſignories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force perforce,[2] compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, when[3] Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both rouſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,

[7] *O my good lord Mowbray,* &c.] The thirty-ſeven lines following are not in the quarto. MALONE.

[8] *Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,*] That is,—Judge of what is done in theſe times according to the exigencies, that over-rule us. JOHNSON.

[9] *Either from the king,* &c.] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*. JOHNSON.

[1] *To build a* grief *on:*] i. e. a grievance. MALONE.

[2] *Was,* force *perforce,*] Old copy—Was *forc'd*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In a ſubſequent ſcene we have the ſame words:

"As, *force perforce*, the age will put it in." MALONE.

[3] *And then,* when—] The old copies read—*And then,* that—. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe reads—*And* when *that*—. MALONE.

Their armed ſtaves in charge,[4] their beavers down,[5]
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,[6]
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw:
Then threw he down himſelf; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You ſpeak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
The earl of Hereford[7] was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were ſet on Hereford, whom they doted on,

[4] *Their armed ſtaves in charge*, &c.] An armed ſtaff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the reſt for the encounter. Johnson.

[5] ——*their* beavers *down*,] *Beaver*, it has been already obſerved in a former note, (ſee Vol. XI. p. 380, n. 5,) meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink; but is confounded both here and in *Hamlet* with *viſiere*, or uſed for *helmet* in general.

Shakſpeare, however, is not anſwerable for any confuſion on this ſubject. He uſed the word *beaver* in the ſame ſenſe in which it was uſed by all his contemporaries. Malone.

[6] ——ſights *of ſteel*,] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could ſee to direct their aim. *Viſiere*, Fr. Steevens.

[7] *The* earl *of Hereford*—] This is a miſtake of our author's. He was *Duke* of Hereford. See *King Richard II.* Malone.

And bleſs'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.[8]
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it ſo;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills,[9] our hearts ſhould be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

[8] *And bleſs'd, and grac'd* indeed, *more than the king.*] The two oldeſt folios, (which firſt gave us this ſpeech of Weſtmoreland,) read this line thus:

And bleſs'd and grac'd and did *more than the king.*

Dr. Thirlby reformed the text very near to the traces of the corrupted reading. THEOBALD.

[9] *Then reaſon* wills,] The old copy has *will.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. Perhaps we ought rather to read—*Then reaſon* well—. The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened in *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* MALONE.

The ſenſe is clear without alteration. *Reaſon wills*—is, reaſon determines, directs. STEEVENS.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:[1]
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Weſtmoreland, this ſchedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd;
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are infinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;[2]
And preſent execution of our wills
To us, and to our purpoſes, conſign'd;[3]

[1] *That is* intended *in the general's name:*] That is, this power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can aſk a queſtion ſo trifling. Johnson.

Intended is—*underſtood*, i. e. meant without expreſſing, like *entendu*, Fr. *ſubauditur*, Lat. Steevens.

[2] ——*ſubſtantial form;*] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. Johnson.

[3] *To us, and to our* purpoſes, conſign'd;] The old copies—*conſin'd*. Steevens.

This ſchedule we ſee conſiſts of three parts: 1. A redreſs of general grievances. 2. A pardon for thoſe in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very ſtrangely expreſſed.

And preſent execution of our wills
To us, and to our purpoſes, *conſin'd.*

The firſt line ſhows they had ſomething to demand, and the ſecond expreſſes the modeſty of that demand. The demand, ſays the ſpeaker, *is confined to us and to our purpoſes.* A very modeſt kind of reſtriction truly! only as extenſive as their appetites and paſſions. Without queſtion Shakſpeare wrote—

To us and to our properties *confin'd;*

i. e. we deſire no more than ſecurity for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreaſonable demand. Warburton.

We come within our awful banks again,[4]
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

This paſſage is ſo obſcure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *conſign'd* for *confin'd*. That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands, according to our declared purpoſes. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*confirm'd*. This would obviate every difficulty. STEEVENS.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

For this contains our general grievances,
And preſent execution of our wills;
To us and to our purpoſes confin'd. FARMER.

The preſent reading appears to me to be right; and what they demand is, a ſpeedy execution of their wills, ſo far as they relate to themſelves, and to the grievances which they *propoſed* to redreſs. M. MASON.

The quarto has *confin'd*. In my copy of the firſt folio, the word appears to be *confin'd*. The types uſed in that edition were ſo worn, that *f* and *ſ* are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. But however it may have been printed, I am perſuaded that the true reading is *conſign'd*; that is, *ſealed, ratified, confirmed*; a Latin ſenſe; "*auctoritate* conſignatæ *literæ*—". *Cicero* pro *Cluentio*." It has this ſignification again in this play:

"And (God *conſigning to* my good *intents*)
"No prince nor peer" &c.

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"And take with you free power to ratify,
"Augment or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
"Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
"Any thing in or out of our demands;
"And we'll *conſign* thereto."

Again, *ibid*: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *conſign to*—." *Confin'd*, in my apprehenſion, is unintelligible.

Suppoſing theſe copies to have been made by the ear, and one to have tranſcribed while another read, the miſtake might eaſily have happened, for *conſign'd* and *confin'd* are, in ſound, undiſtinguiſhable; and when the compoſitor found the latter word in the manuſcript, he would naturally print *confin'd*, inſtead of a word that has no exiſtence.

Dr. Johnſon propoſed the reading that I have adopted, but

West. This will I ſhow the general. Pleaſe you, lords,
In ſight of both our battles we may meet:
And either[5] end in peace, which heaven ſo frame!
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords
Which muſt decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* West.

Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms, and ſo abſolute,

explains the word differently. The examples above quoted ſhow, I think, that the explication of this word already given is the true one. Malone.

Though I have followed Mr. Malone's example by admitting Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, the notes of various commentators are left before the reader, to whoſe judgment they are ſubmitted. Steevens.

[4] *We come within our* awful *banks again,*] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. Johnson.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"From the ſociety of *awful* men." Steevens.

It is alſo uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Pericles:*

"A better prince and benign lord——
"Prove *awful* both in deed and word." M. Mason.

Dr. Warburton reads *lawful.* We have *awful* in the laſt Act of this play:

"To pluck down juſtice from her *awful* bench."

Here it certainly means *inſpiring awe.* If *awful banks* be right, the words muſt mean *due and orderly limits.* Malone.

[5] And *either*—] The old copies read—At *either* &c. That eaſy, but certain, change in the text, I owe to Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

As our conditions ſhall conſiſt upon,[6]
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice,[7] and wanton reaſon,
Shall, to the king, taſte of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,[8]
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That even our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary

[6] ——conſiſt *upon*,] Thus the old copies. Modern editors—*inſiſt*. Steevens.

Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions ſhall *ſtand upon*, ſhall make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin ſenſe. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Then welcome peace, if he *on* peace *conſiſt*."

See alſo p. 106:

"Of what *conditions* we ſhall *ſtand upon*." Malone.

[7] ——*nice*,] i. e. trivial. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge."

Steevens.

[8] *That, were our* royal *faiths martyrs in love*,] If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with Sir T. Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and ſuitable to the intention or the ſpeaker. Johnson.

Royal faith, the original reading, is undoubtedly right. *Royal faith* means, *the faith* due to a *king*. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"The citizens have ſhown at full their *royal* minds;"

i. e. their minds well affected to the king. Wolſey, in the ſame play, when he diſcovers the king in maſquerade, ſays, "here I'll make my *royal* choice," i. e. not ſuch a choice as a king would make, but ſuch a choice as has a king for its object. So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king; which has the ſovereign for its object. Malone.

This reading is judiciouſly reſtored, and well ſupported by Mr. Malone. Steevens.

Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:[9]
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;[1]
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unſaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes;
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Beſides, the king hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of Weſtmoreland.

[9] *Of dainty and ſuch* picking *grievances:*] I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we ſhould read:
Of picking out *ſuch dainty grievances.* Johnson.
Picking means piddling, inſignificant. Steevens.

[1] —— *wipe his tables clean;*] Alluding to a table-book of ſlate, ivory, &c. Warburton.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your lordſhip,
To meet his grace juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then ſet forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Foreſt.

Enter, from one ſide, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbiſhop, HASTINGS, *and Others: from the other ſide, Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my couſin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbiſhop;—
And ſo to you, lord Haſtings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better ſhow'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,[2]
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

[2] ——*an* iron *man*,] Holinſhed ſays of the Archbiſhop, that "coming foorth amongſt them *clad in armour*, he incouraged and pricked them foorth to take the enterpriſe in hand."
STEEVENS.

Turning the word to ſword,[3] and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſunſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the king,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs! With you, lord biſhop,
It is even ſo:—Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himſelf;[4]
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heaven,[5]
And our dull workings:[6] O, who ſhall believe,
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth his prince's name,

[3] *Turning the word to ſword,* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis,* 1554:

"Into the *ſworde* the churche kaye
"*Is turned,* and the holy bede," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the* imagin'd *voice of God himſelf;*] The old copies, by an apparent error of the preſs, have—*the* imagine *voice.* Mr. Pope introduced the reading of the text. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—

To us, the image *and voice* &c.

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"And he, the noble *image* of my youth." MALONE.

I cannot perſuade myſelf to reject a harmonious reading, that another eminently harſh may ſupply its place. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the ſanctities of heaven,*] This expreſſion Milton has copied:

"Around him all the *ſanctities of heaven*
"Stood thick as ſtars." JOHNSON.

[6] ——*workings:*] i. e. labours of thought. So, in *King Henry V:*

"——the forge and *working-houſe* of thought."
STEEVENS.

In deeds diſhonourable? You have taken up,[7]
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And, both againſt the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Weſtmoreland,
The time miſorder'd doth, in common ſenſe,[8]
Croud us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra ſon of war is born:
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,[9]
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſires;
And true obedience of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt;
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them:

[7] *You have* taken up,] To *take up* is to levy, to raiſe in arms. Johnson.

[8] —— *in* common ſenſe,] I believe Shakſpeare wrote *commo fence*, i. e. drove by ſelf-defence. Warburton.

Common ſenſe is the general ſenſe of general danger. Johnson

May not *common ſenſe* here mean, *according to the dictates reaſon?* M. Mason.

[9] *Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,*] Allu ing to the dragon charmed to reſt by the ſpells of Medea. Steeven

And ſo, ſucceſs of miſchief[1] ſhall be born;
And heir from heir ſhall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England ſhall have generation.

P. John. You are too ſhallow, Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaſeth your grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow[2] them well:
And ſwear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſs'd;
Upon my ſoul, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers[3] unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love, and amity.

[1] *And ſo,* ſucceſs *of miſchief*—] *Succeſs* for ſucceſſion. WARBURTON.

[2] ——*and do* allow—] i. e. approve. So, in *King Lear,* Act II. ſc. iv:

" ——if your ſweet ſway
" *Allow* obedience." MALONE.

[3] *Diſcharge your powers*—] It was Weſtmoreland who made this deceitful propoſal, as appears from Holinſhed: "The earl of Weſtmoreland uſing more policie than the reſt, ſaid, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their woonted trades: in the meane time let us drink togither in ſigne of agreement, that the people on both ſides may ſee it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point." STEEVENS.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an* Officer.] and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;[4]
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz;[5] since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

[4] *Against ill chances, men are ever merry;*] Thus the poet describes Romeo, as feeling an *unaccustomed* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. Stevens.

[5] *Therefore be merry, coz;*] That is—Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forbode good. Johnson.

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they ſhout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party loſer.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too.—
[*Exit* Westmoreland.
And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains[6]
March by us; that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Haſtings,
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* Hastings.

P. John. I truſt, my lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.

P. John. They know their duties.

[6] ——*let our trains* &c.] That is, our army on each part, that we may both ſee thoſe that were to have oppoſed us. Johnson.

We ought, perhaps, to read—*your* trains. The Prince knew his own ſtrength ſufficiently, and only wanted to be acquainted with that of the enemy. The plural, *trains*, however, ſeems in favour of the old reading. Malone.

The Prince was deſirous to ſee their train, and therefore, under pretext of affording them a ſimilar gratification, propoſed that both trains ſhould paſs in review. Steevens.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful ſteers unyok'd, they take their courſes
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; or, like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and ſporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Haſtings; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:—
And you, lord archbiſhop,—and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?

West. Is your aſſembly ſo?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,[7]
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion, and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here,[8] and fooliſhly ſent hence.—
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray;
Heaven, and not we, hath ſafely fought to-day.—

[7] *I promis'd you redreſs of* theſe ſame *grievances,*] Surely the two redundant words—*theſe ſame*, ſhould be omitted, for the ſake of metre. They are undoubted interpolations.
STEEVENS.

[8] Fondly *brought here*, &c.] *Fondly* is fooliſhly. So, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:
"What wight ſo *fond* ſuch offer to refuſe?"
STEEVENS.

Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death;
Treaſon's true bed, and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*[9]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Foreſt.

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

FAL. What's your name, ſir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

COLE. I am a knight, ſir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.[1]

FAL. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name; a traitor your de-

[9] *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raiſe ſome indignation to find this horrid violation of faith paſſed over thus ſlightly by the poet, without any note of cenſure or deteſtation. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the hiſtorians who related this perfidious act without animadverſion, and who ſeem to have adopted the ungenerous ſentiment of Chorœbus:

"——dolus an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat?"

But this is certainly no excuſe; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the ſide of virtue. MALONE.

[1] ——*Colevile of the dale.*] "At the king's coming to Durham, the Lord Haſtings, *ſir John Colevile of the dale*, &c. being convicted of the conſpiracy, were there beheaded." Holinſhed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

But it is not clear that Haſtings or Colevile was taken priſoner in this battle. See *Rot. Parl.* 7 and 8 Henry IV. p. 604. RITSON.

gree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; ſo ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the dale.[2]

Cole. Are not you ſir John Falſtaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, ſir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, ſir? or ſhall I ſweat for you? If I do ſweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouſe up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are ſir John Falſtaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaster, Westmoreland, *and Others.*

P. John. The heat is paſt,[3] follow no further now;—

[2] —— *and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; ſo ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the dale.*] But where is the wit, or the logick of this concluſion? I am almoſt perſuaded that we ought to read thus:

—— *Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a* dale *deep enough.*——

He may then juſtly infer,

——*ſo ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the dale.*

Tyrwhitt.

The ſenſe of *dale* is included in *deep*; a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore ſaid to be in a *dale*. Johnson.

[3] *The* heat *is paſt,*] That is, the violence of reſentment, the eagerneſs of revenge. Johnson.

Call in the powers, good couſin Weſtmoreland.—
[*Exit* WEST.
Now, Falſtaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallows' back.

FAL. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility; I have foundered nine-ſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir John Colevile of the dale, a moſt furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he ſaw me, and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-noſed fellow of Rome,[4] ——I came, ſaw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beſeech your grace, let it be booked with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: To the which courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhow like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,[5]

[4] ——*the hook-noſed fellow of Rome,*] The quarto reads—*the hook-noſed fellow of Rome*, their couſin. I have followed the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority—*the hook-noſed fellow of Rome*, there, Cæſar. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*cinders of the element,*] A ludicrous term for the ſtars. STEEVENS.

which ſhow like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?[6]

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gaveſt thyſelf away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. Now, have you left purſuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to preſent execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Exeunt ſome with* Colevile.

[6] ——*Colevile?*] From the preſent ſeeming deficiency in the ſtructure of this and the two ſubſequent lines containing Colevile's name, and from the manner in which it is repeatedly ſpelt in the old copies, viz. *Collevile*, I ſuſpect it was deſigned to be pronounced as a triſyllable. Steevens.

And now deſpatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his majeſty,—
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through Gloſterſhire: and, when you come to court, ſtand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.[7]

[7] ——*ſtand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.*] We muſt either read, *pray* let me *ſtand*, or, by a conſtruction ſomewhat harſh, underſtand it thus: *Give me leave to go——and——ſtand—*. To *ſtand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to perſiſt; and Falſtaff did not aſk the prince to perſiſt in his preſent opinion. Johnson.

Stand my good lord, I believe, means only *ſtand my good friend*, (an expreſſion ſtill in common uſe,) in your favourable report of me. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"I pray you, *ſtand* good father to me now."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"——conjuring the moon
"To *ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs*."

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that the ſame phraſe occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is altered*, where Onion ſays to Chamont:

"Monſieur Chamont, *ſtand you* my honour'd Sir."

Steevens.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. In a former ſcene of this play, the Hoſteſs ſays to the Chief Juſtice, "*good my lord*, be good unto me; I beſeech you, *ſtand* to me." Though an equivoque may have been there intended, yet one of the ſenſes conveyed by this expreſſion in that place is the ſame as here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"Be my *good lady*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Coriolanus*:

"——his gracious nature
"Would think upon you for your voices,—
"*Standing your friendly lord*."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"——What would he with us?——
"He writes us here——
"To *ſtand good lord*, and help him in diſtreſs."

Malone.

P. John. Fare you well, Falſtaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve.[8] [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.[9]—Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;[1]—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phraſe uſed by a perſon who aſked a favour of a man of high rank. So, in a Letter to the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the Appendix to *The Northumberland Houſhold Book*,) he deſires that Cardinal Wolſey would ſo far "*be his good lord*," as to empower him to impriſon a perſon who had defrauded him. Percy.

[8] ——*I, in my* condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve.] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the ſame with temper of mind: I ſhall, in my good nature, ſpeak better of you than you merit. Johnson.

I believe it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as commanding officer, who ought to repreſent things merely as they are, ſhall ſpeak of you better than you deſerve.

So, in *The Tempeſt*, Ferdinand ſays:

"——I am, *in my condition*,
"A prince, Miranda——."

Dr. Johnſon's explanation, however, ſeems to be countenanced by Gower's addreſs to Piſtol, in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. i: "—let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh *condition*."
Steevens.

[9] ——*your* dukedom] He had no *dukedom*. See Vol. XI. p. 178. Ritson.

[1] ——*this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh*;] Falſtaff here ſpeaks like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he deſpaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleaſures. He who cannot be ſoftened into gaiety, cannot eaſily be melted into kindneſs. Johnson.

demure boys come to any proof:[2] for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good ſherris-ſack[3] hath a two-fold opera-

[2] ——*to any* proof:] i. e. any confirmed ſtate of manhood. The alluſion is to armour hardened till it abides a certain trial. So, in *King Richard II*:

"Add *proof* unto my armour with thy prayers."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſherris-ſack*—] This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

The epithet *ſherry* or *ſherris*, when added to ſack, merely denoted the particular part of Spain from whence it came. See Minſheu's *Spaniſh Dictionary*, 1617: "Xéres, or Xeres, oppidum Bæticæ, i. e. Andaluſiæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres. A. [*Anglice*] *Xeres ſacke*." Sherris-Sack was therefore what we now denominate Sherry. The ſack to which this epithet was not annexed, came chiefly from Malaga. Cole, who in 1679 renders ſack, *vinum Hiſpanicum*, renders *Sherry-Sack*, by *Vinum Xeritanum*; and Ainſworth, by *Vinum Andaluſianum*. See a former note, Vol. XI. p. 205. MALONE.

What is ludicrouſly advanced by Falſtaff, was the ſerious doctrine of the *School of Salernum*: "Heere obſerve that the witte of a man that hath a ſtrong braine, is clarified and ſharpened more, if hee drinke good wine, then if he dranke none, as *Auicen* ſayth. And the cauſe why, is by reaſon that *of good wine* (more than of any other drinkes) *are engendered and multiplyed ſubtile ſpirits, cleane and pure*. And this is the cauſe alſo why the divines, that imagine and ſtudy upon high and ſubtile matters, love to drinke good wines: and after the opinion of *Auicen*, *Theſe wines are good for men of cold and flegmatiche complexion; for ſuch wines redreſſe and amend the coldneſſe of complexion*, and they open the opilations and ſtoppings that are wont to be ingendred in ſuch perſons, and they digeſt phlegme, and they help nature to convert and turne them into blood, they lightly digeſt, and convert quickly, they increaſe and greatly quicken the ſpirits." *The School of Salernes' Regiment of Health*, p. 33, 1634. HOLT WHITE.

Of this work there were ſeveral earlier tranſlations, &c. one of theſe was printed by Bertheler, in 1541. STEEVENS.

tion in it. It aſcends me into the brain; dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapours[4] which environ it: makes it apprehenſive,[5] quick, forgetive,[6] full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puſſed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of ſherris: So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing, without ſack; for that ſets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil;[7] till ſack commences it,[8] and ſets it in

[4] *It aſcends* me *into the brain; dries* me *there all the—— crudy vapours*—] This uſe of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So Latimer, p. 91: "Here cometh *me* now theſe holy fathers from their counſels."—"There was one wiſer than the reſt, and he comes *me* to the biſhop." Edit. 1575, p. 75. Bowle.

[5] ——*apprehenſive*,] i. e. quick to underſtand. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"Thou'rt a mad *apprehenſive* knave."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "You are too quick, too *apprehenſive*." In this ſenſe it is now almoſt diſuſed. Steevens.

[6] ——*forgetive*,] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. Johnson.

[7] ——*kept by a devil*;] It was anciently ſuppoſed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil ſpirits. So, in *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, &c. bl. l. by Edward

act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be,—to forſwear thin potations,[9] and addict themſelves to ſack.

Fenton, 1569: "There appeare at this day many ſtrange viſions and *wicked ſpirites* in the *metal-mines* of the Greate Turke—." "In the mine at Anneburg was a *mettal ſprite* which killed twelve workemen; the fame cauſing the reſt to forſake the myne, albeit it was very riche." P. 91. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*till ſack* commences *it*,] I believe, till ſack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. Mr. Heath would read *commences* it. STEEVENS.

It ſeems probable to me, that Shakſpeare, in theſe words, alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by thoſe different names our two univerſities have long diſtinguiſhed the ſeaſon, at which each of them gives to her reſpective ſtudents a complete authority *to uſe* thoſe *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their ſeveral degrees in arts, law, phyſick, and divinity. TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Then he is held a freſhman and a ſot,
"And never ſhall *commence*."

Again, in *Paſquil's Jeſts, or Mother Bunch's Merriment*, 1604: "A doctor that was newly *commenſt* at Cambridge," &c.

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: "*Commence, commence*, I admoniſh thee; thy merits are ripe for it, and there have been doctors of thy facultie." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to forſwear thin potations*,] In the preference given by Falſtaff to ſack, our author ſeems to have ſpoken the ſentiments of his own time. In the *Ordinances of the Houſehold of King James I.* dated in 1604, (the ſecond year of his reign,) is the following article: "And whereas in times paſt Spaniſh wines called *ſacke*, were little or no whit uſed in our court, and

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

BARD. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

FAL. Let them go. I'll through Gloſterſhire; and there will I viſit maſter Robert Shallow, eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,[1] and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

that in late yeares, though not of ordinary allowance, &c.—we underſtanding that it is uſed as comon drinke and ſerved at meales, as an ordinary to every meane officer, contrary to all order, uſing it rather for wantoneſſe and ſurfeiting, than for neceſſity, to a great waſtefull expence," &c.

Till the above mentioned period, the "thin potations" complained of by Falſtaff, had been the common beverage. See the *Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Houſehold*, &c. publiſhed by the Antiquary Society, 4to. 1790.

The ancient and genuine Sherry was a dry wine, and therefore fit to be drank with ſugar. What we now uſe is in ſome degree ſweetened by art, and therefore affords no adequate idea of the liquor that was Falſtaff's favourite. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*I have him already* tempering *&c.*] A very pleaſant alluſion to the old uſe of ſealing with ſoft wax. WARBURTON.

This cuſtom is likewiſe alluded to in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, 1662, a comedy, by Middleton:

"You muſt *temper* him like wax, or he'll not ſeal."

Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton, no date:

"Fetch a pennyworth of *ſoft wax* to ſeal letters."

Again, in Chaucer's *Marchante's Tale*, v. 9304:

"Right as men may warm *wax with handes plie*."

STEEVENS.

In our poet's *Venus and Adonis*, there is an alluſion to the ſame cuſtom:

"What wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with *tempering*,
"And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?"

MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Weſtminſter. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and Others.*

K. HEN. Now, lords, if heaven doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctified.
Our navy is addreſs'd,[2] our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only, we want a little perſonal ſtrength;
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR. Both which, we doubt not but your majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. HEN. Humphrey, my ſon of Gloſter,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. HUMPH. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windſor.

K. HEN. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

[2] *Our navy is* addreſs'd,] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So, in *King Henry V:*

" ——for our march we are *addreſs'd.*" STEEVENS.

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren:—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;[3]
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand[4]
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter,[5] and as ſudden

[3] ——*if he be* obſerv'd;] i. e. if he has reſpectful attention ſhown to him. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"Follow'd her with doting *obſervance*." Steevens.

[4] *He hath a tear for pity, and a hand* &c.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
"For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
"Yet, *if men mov'd him*, was he ſuch a *ſtorm*
"As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
"When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be."
Malone.

[5] ——humorous *as winter*,] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden ſays of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind. Johnson.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1607:

"You know that women oft are *humourous*."

As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.[6]
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and ſcope;
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: "—a nymph of a moſt wandering and giddy diſpoſition, *humourous as the air*," &c.

Again, in *The Silent Woman*: "—as proud as May, and as *humourous* as April." STEEVENS.

"As humorous as *April*" is ſufficiently clear. So, in Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636: "I am as full of *humours* as an *April* day of variety;" but a *winter's* day has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, without ſome licence: a licence which yet our author has perhaps taken. He may, however, have uſed the word *humorous* equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moiſture. MALONE.

[6] ——*congealed in the ſpring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of ſome philoſophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is moſt intenſe towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let looſe by the warmth of the ſun, occaſion thoſe ſudden and impetuous guſts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON.

So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd*:

"Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
"Than any northern guſt, or ſouthern *flaw*."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"And ſaw a dreadful ſouthern *flaw* at hand."

Chapman uſes the word in his tranſlation of Homer; and, I believe, Milton has it in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently uſe the word *flaw* for a ſudden guſt of wind; but a guſt of wind *congealed* is, I confeſs, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards ſays, that "*flaws* are ſmall blades of ice which are ſtruck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *ſpring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy: "—whereby the *day-ſpring* from on high hath viſited us." MALONE.

And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,[7]
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As aconitum,[8] or raſh gunpowder.[9]

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,

[7] *Mingled with venom of* ſuggeſtion,] Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly ſubject. See Vol. IV. p. 232, n. 5. Malone.

[8] *As* aconitum,] The old writers employ the Latin word inſtead of the Engliſh one, which we now uſe.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——till from the foam
"The dog beleh'd forth, ſtrong *aconitum* ſprung."

Again:

"With *aconitum* that in Tartar ſprings." Steevens.

[9] ——raſh *gunpowder*,] *Raſh* is quick, violent, ſudden. This repreſentation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man, whoſe paſſions are yet too ſtrong for his virtues. Johnson.

And rotten times, that you ſhall look upon
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
O, with what wings ſhall his affections[1] fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no further uſe,
But to be known, and hated.[2] So, like groſs terms,
The prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis ſeldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.[3]—Who's here? Weſtmoreland?

[1] ——*his affections*——] His paſſions; his inordinate deſires. Johnson.

[2] *But to be known, and hated.*] A parallel paſſage occurs in Terence:

" ——— quo modo adoleſcentulus
" Meretricum ingenia et mores poſſet noſcere,
" Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit."

Anonymous.

[3] *'Tis ſeldom, when the bee* &c.] As the bee having once placed her comb in a carcaſe, ſtays by her honey, ſo he that has once taken pleaſure in bad company, will continue to aſſociate with thoſe that have the art of pleaſing him. Johnson.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my ſovereign! and new happineſs
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the biſhop Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your highneſs read;
With every courſe, in his particular.[4]

K. Hen. O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majeſty;
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall

[4] ——*in* his *particular*.] We ſhould read, I think—*in* this *particular*; that is, in this detail, in this account, which is minute and diſtinct. JOHNSON.

His is uſed for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change; but it ſhould be remembered, (as Dr. Johnſon has elſewhere obſerved,) that by ſuch trivial changes the hiſtory of a language will be loſt. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been uſed ſo here, as in almoſt every other page of our author. Mr. Henley, however, obſerves, that *his particular* may mean the detail contained in the letter of Prince John. *A Particular* is yet uſed as a ſubſtantive, by legal conveyancers, *for a minute detail of things ſingly enumerated*. MALONE.

As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of Engliſh, and of Scots,
Are by the ſheriff of Yorkſhire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach,—ſuch are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.
[*Swoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your majeſty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My ſovereign lord, cheer up yourſelf, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll ſtraight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
The inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[5] that ſhould confine it in,

[5] *Hath* wrought *the* mure, &c.] i. e. the wall. Pope.

Wrought it thin, is made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought* is the preterite of *work*.

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Mure is a word uſed by Heywood, in his *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Till I have ſeal'd theſe *mures*, invaded Troy."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:

"Girt with a triple *mure* of ſhining braſs."

Again, in his *Iron Age*, 2d Part, 1632:

"Through *mures* and counter-*mures* of men and ſteel."

Again, in Dyoneſe Settle's *Laſt Voyage of Capteine Frobiſher*, 12mo. bl. l. 1577: "— the ſtreightes ſeemed to be ſhutt up with a long *mure* of yce—."

The ſame thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. Book IV. Daniel is likewiſe ſpeaking of the ſickneſs of King Henry IV:

"As that the *walls worn thin*, permit the mind
"*To look out thorow*, and his frailtie find."

The firſt edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakſpeare.

Waller has the ſame thought:

"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
"Lets in the light thro' chinks that time has made."

STEEVENS.

On this paſſage the elegant and learned Biſhop of Worceſter has the following criticiſm: "At times we find him (the imitator) practiſing a different art; not merely ſpreading as it were and laying open the ſame ſentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and ſtudied device improving upon it. In this caſe we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and ſimple thought had not preceded and given riſe to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakſpeare had ſaid of Henry the Fourth:

'The inceſſant care and labour of his mind
'Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
'So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.'

"You have here the thought in its firſt ſimplicity. It was not unnatural, after ſpeaking of the body as a caſe or tenement of the ſoul, *the mure that confines* it, to ſay, that as that caſe wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out."

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is obſerved,) "by refining on this ſentiment, if by nothing elſe, ſhews himſelf to be the copyiſt," the very learned writer adds,—"here we ſee, not ſimply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it diſcovers that life will ſoon make his

P. Humph. The people fear me;[6] for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs,[7] and loathly birds of nature:
The ſeaſons change their manners,[8] as the year[9]

eſcape.—Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his maſter. Though he fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a falſe thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building* it inhabits." Hurd's *Diſſertation on the Marks of Imitation.*

This ingenious criticiſm, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, ſhows, however, how dangerous it is to ſuffer the mind to be led too far by an hypotheſis:—for after all, there is very good reaſon to believe that Shakſpeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator. "*The Diſſention betweene the Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, in verſe, penned by Samuel Daniel," was entered on the Stationers' books, by Simon Waterſon, in October, 1594, and four books of his work were printed in 1595. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition of *The Civil Wars*, in 1609. Daniel made many changes in his poems in every new edition. In the original edition in 1595, the verſes run thus; Book III. ſt. 116:

"Wearing the wall ſo thin, that now the mind
"Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

His is uſed for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is ſuppoſed above,) but to *wall*.—There is no reaſon to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakſpeare had read Daniel's poem before he ſat down to compoſe theſe hiſtorical dramas. Malone.

[6] *The people* fear *me*;] i. e. make me afraid. Warburton.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——this aſpect of mine
"Hath *fear'd* the valiant." Steevens.

[7] *Unfather'd heirs*,] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the ſtated laws of generation. Johnson.

[8] *The ſeaſons change their manners*,] This is finely expreſſed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harſh*, *mild* and *ſoft*, applied to weather. Warburton.

[9] ——*as the year*—] i. e. as *if* the year, &c. So, in *Cymbeline*:

Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd,[1] no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did ſo, a little time before
That our great grandſire, Edward, ſick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King into an inner part of the room, and place him on a Bed.*

Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends;
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.[2]

" He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
" And ſhe alone were cold."

In the ſubſequent line our author ſeems to have been thinking of *leap-year*. Malone.

[1] *The river hath thrice flow'd.*] This is hiſtorically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. Steevens.

[2] *Unleſs ſome* dull *and favourable hand*
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.] So, in the old anonymous *King Henry V:*

"————Depart my chamber,
" And cauſe ſome muſick to rock me aſleep."

Steevens.

Unleſs ſome dull *and favourable hand*—] *Dull* ſignifies melancholy, gentle, ſoothing. Johnson.

I believe it rather means *producing* dullneſs or heavineſs; and conſequently ſleep. It appears from various parts of our author's works, that he thought muſick contributed to produce ſleep. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— *muſick* call, and ſtrike more *dead*
" Than common *ſleep*, of all theſe five the ſenſe."

War. Call for the muſick in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.[3]

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
"Makes heaven *drowſy* with the *harmony*."

So alſo in *The Tempeſt*, Act I. when Alonzo, Gonzalo, &c. are to be overpowered by ſleep, Ariel, to produce this effect, enters, "playing ſolemn *muſick*." Malone.

[3] *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is ſtill the cuſtom in France to place the crown on the King's pillow, when he is dying.

Holinſhed, p. 541, ſpeaking of the death of King Henry IV. ſays: "During this his laſt ſickneſs, he cauſed his crowne, (as ſome write,) to be ſet on a pillow at his bed's head, and ſuddenlie his pangs ſo ſore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall ſpirits had beene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linnen cloth.

"The prince his ſonne being hereof advertiſed, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne and departed. The father being ſuddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lacke of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his ſonne had taken it awaie, cauſed him to come before his preſence, requiring of him what he meant ſo to miſuſe himſelfe. The prince with a good audacitie anſwered; Sir, to mine and all men's judgements you ſeemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparant tooke that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire ſonne, (ſaid the kinge with a great ſigh,) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (ſaid the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and truſt to keepe it with the ſword againſt all mine enemies, as you have doone." &c. Steevens.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.[4]

P. Hen. If he be ſick
With joy, he will recover without phyſick.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords:—ſweet prince, ſpeak low;
The king your father is diſpos'd to ſleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will ſit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber[5] open wide
To many a watchful night!—ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,

[4] *Tell it him.*
He alter'd much upon the *hearing it.*] For the ſake of metre, I would read—
Tell't him.
He alter'd much on hearing it. Steevens.

[5] ——*the* ports *of ſlumber*—] Are the *gates* of ſlumber. So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—Our uncharged *ports*." Again, in Ben Jonſon's 80th Epigram: "—The *ports* of death are ſins—." *Ports* is the ancient military term for gates.
Steevens.
The word is yet uſed in this ſenſe in Scotland. Malone.

As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggin bound,[6]
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden rigol[7] hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven ſhall guard: And put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

[6] ——*homely* biggin *bound,*] A kind of cap, at preſent worn only by children; but ſo called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

So, in *Monſieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1639:

" ——were the devil ſick now,
" His horns ſaw'd off, and his head bound with a *biggin*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" Get you a *biggin* more, your brain breaks looſe."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*this golden* rigol—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is uſed by any author but Shakſpeare, who introduces it likewiſe in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" About the mourning and congealed face
" Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes." STEEVENS.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloſter! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, *and the reſt.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majeſty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me ſee him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death?——
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* Warwick.
This part of his conjoins with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me.—See, ſons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the fooliſh over-careful fathers

Have broke their ſleep with thoughts,[8] their brains
with care,
Their bones with induſtry;
For this they have engroſſed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts, and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower[9]
The virtuous ſweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taſte
Yield his engroſſments[1] to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not ſtay ſo long
Till his friend ſickneſs hath determin'd[2] me?

[8] ——*with* thoughts,] Concerning the education and promotion of their children. So, afterwards:

"For this they have been *thoughtful* to inveſt
"Their ſons with arts," &c.

Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—with *thought*; but the change does not appear to me neceſſary. MALONE.

[9] ——tolling *from every flower*—] This ſpeech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admiſſion of hemiſtichs. I have reſtored it without alteration, but with thoſe breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

[1] *Yield his engroſſments*——] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*determin'd*—] i. e. ended; it is ſtill uſed in this ſenſe in legal conveyances. REED.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——as it [the hailſtone] *determines*, ſo
"Diſſolves my life." STEEVENS.

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Cl. Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Hen. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:[3]
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſured of it.

[3] ——*ſeal'd up my expectation:*] Thou haſt confirmed my opinion. Johnson.

Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my life.[4]
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyſelf;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,[5]
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm, to ſanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down royal ſtate! all you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs!
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum:
Have you a ruffian, that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit

[4] ——*half an* hour *of my life.*] It ſhould be remembered that Shakſpeare uſes a few words alternately as monoſyllables and diſſyllables. Mr. Rowe, whoſe ear was accuſtomed to the utmoſt harmony of numbers, and who, at the ſame time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, firſt added the word *frail* to ſupply the ſyllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word *hower*, as it was anciently pronounced.

So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

"By twice ſo many *howers* as would fill
"The circle of a year."

The reader will find many more inſtances in the ſoliloquy of *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act II. ſc. v. The other editors have followed Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[5] *And bid the* merry bells ring *to thine ear,*] Copied by Milton:

"When *the merry bells ring* round,
"And the jocund rebecks ſound." MALONE.

The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt;[6]
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!

[6] *England ſhall double* gild *his treble* guilt;] Evidently the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh player: for we muſt make a difference between what Shakſpeare might be ſuppoſed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. Theſe ſcenes are of the latter kind; therefore ſuch lines are by no means to be eſteemed his. But, except Mr. Pope, (who judiciouſly threw out this line,) not one of Shakſpeare's editors ſeem ever to have had ſo reaſonable and neceſſary a rule in their heads, when they ſet upon correcting this author. WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator ſhould ſpeak with ſo much confidence what he cannot know, or determine ſo poſitively what ſo capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is, indeed, ſuch as diſgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it ſuits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on thy ſtony heart*; and the anſwer which the Prince makes, and which is applauded [by the King] for wiſdom, is not of a ſtrain much higher than this ejected line. JOHNSON.

How much this play on words, faulty as it is, was admired in the age of Shakſpeare, appears from the moſt ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themſelves in it. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1617:

"And as amidſt the enamour'd waves he ſwims,
"The god of gold a purpoſe *guilt* his limbs;
"That, this word *guilt* including double ſenſe,
"The double *guilt* of his incontinence
"Might be expreſs'd."

Again, in *Acolaſtus his Afterwit*, a poem, by S. Nicholſon, 1600:

"O ſacred thirſt of golde, what canſt thou not?—
"Some terms thee *gylt*, that every ſoule might reade,
"Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede."

See alſo Vol. X. p. 115, n. 5. MALONE.

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?[7]
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
(Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth,)[8] this proſtrate and exterior bending!

[7] ——*when riot is thy* care?] i. e. *Curator.* A bold figure. So Eumæus is ſtyled by Ovid, Epiſt. I:
" —— immundæ *curæ* fidelis harræ." Tyrwhitt.

One cannot help wiſhing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to ſay more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular buſineſs and occupation?* Malone.

[8] *Which my moſt true* &c.] *True* is loyal.—This paſſage is obſcure in the conſtruction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous ſpirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous ſpirit.* I know not which is right. Johnson.

The former conſtruction appears to me the leaſt exceptionable of the two; but both are extremely harſh, and neither of them, I think, the true conſtruction. Malone.

The latter words—" this proſtrate and exterior bending"—appear to me to be merely explanatory of the former words—*this obedience.* Suppoſe the intermediate ſentence—" which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit teacheth"—to be included in a parentheſis, and the meaning I contend for will be evident. M. Mason.

Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my preſent wildneſs die;
And never live to ſhow the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were,)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, beſt of gold, art worſt of gold.
Other, leſs fine in carat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:[9]
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, my moſt royal liege,

I have adopted Mr. M. Maſon's regulation. STEEVENS.

Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth,] i. e. which my loyalty and inward ſenſe of duty prompt me to. The words, "this proſtrate and exterior bending," are, I apprehend, put in appoſition with "obedience," which is uſed for *obeiſance*. MALONE.

[9] ——*in med'cine* potable:] There has long prevailed an opinion that a ſolution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practiſed on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Phyſicke*, by Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 440:

"For *gold in phiſike* is a cordial." STEEVENS.

That *gold* may be made potable is certain, notwithſtanding Dr. Johnſon's incredulity. The proceſs is inſerted in the Abbé Guenee's incomparable work, intitled, *Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Voltaire*, 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every perſon unacquainted with it will be glad to be referred to. HENLEY.

See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII. p. 484, edit. 1780. REED.

Accuſing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did, with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ſoil[1] of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace:[2] all theſe bold fears,[3]

[1] ——*ſoil*—] Is ſpot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. Johnson.

[2] —— ſuppoſed *peace*:] Counterfeited, imagined, not real. Johnson.

[3] —— *all theſe bold* fears,] *Fear* is here uſed in the active ſenſe, for that which cauſes *fear*. Johnson.

Thou ſee'ſt, with peril I have anſwered:
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode:[4] for what in me was purchas'd,[5]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer ſort;
So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.[6]
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends,[7] which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a fear
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid,

Theſe bold fears are *theſe audacious terrors.* To *fear* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for to *fright.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Changes the* mode:] *Mode* is the form or ſtate of things. JOHNSON.

[5] —*for what in me was* purchas'd,] *Purchaſed* ſeems to be here uſed in its legal ſenſe, *acquired by a man's own act* (*perquiſita*) as oppoſed to an acquiſition by *deſcent.* MALONE.

Purchaſed in this place, does not merely ſignify *acquired,* but acquired by unjuſt and indirect methods. *Purchaſe,* in Shakſpeare, frequently means *ſtolen goods,* or goods diſhoneſtly obtained. M. MASON.

[6] —*ſucceſſively.*] By order of ſucceſſion. Every uſurper hastens to claim of hereditary right as ſoon as he can. JOHNSON.

See *The Speech of his Highneſs* [Richard Cromwell] *the Lord Protector, made to both Houſes of Parliament, at their firſt Meeting, on Thurſday the 27th of January,* 1658: "—for my own part, being by the providence of God, and the diſpoſition of the law, my father's SUCCESSOR, and bearing the place in the government that I do," &c. *Harl. Miſc.* Vol. I. p. 21. MALONE.

[7] *And all* thy *friends,*] Should not we read?—
And all my *friends,*— TYRWHITT.

I cut them off;[8] and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;[9]
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look
Too near unto my ſtate.[1] Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe, to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly denied me.

[8] ——*which to avoid*
I cut them *off*;] As this paſſage ſtands, the King is adviſing the Prince to make thoſe perſons his friends, whom he has already cut off. We ſhould ſurely therefore read, "I cut *ſome* off," inſtead of *them*. M. Mason.

[9] *To lead* out *many to the Holy Land*;] The ſenſe is: *Of thoſe who aſſiſted my uſurpation,* ſome *I have cut off, and* many *I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the King very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durſt not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedneſs ſucceſsful. Johnson.

I confeſs, I have no diſtinct comprehenſion of the foregoing paſſage, which is ungrammatical as well as obſcure. Dr. Johnſon's explanation pre-ſuppoſes the exiſtence of ſuch a reading as is ſince offered by Mr. M. Maſon, viz. *ſome* inſtead of *them*. Stevens.

[1] *Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look*
Too near unto my ſtate.] The expedition that Cæſar meditated againſt the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been aſcribed to the ſame apprehenſion which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

"Invidiæ ſtimulos ergo ut lenire furentis,
"*Et capite inſidias, quas maturare quietem*
"*Non neſcit*, Cæſar factis avertere poſſit,
"Nec non *externo* maculas abſtergere *bello*
"Civiles; cum jam Craſſi vindicta periſſet,
"Debita jamdudum Latio; juſſu ille Senatûs,
"(Ne patrum imminui videatur *ſacra* poteſtas)
"Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella
"Suppliciter petiit." *Supplm. Lucani. Lib. VII.*

Malone.

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive![2]
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, muſt my poſſeſſion be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

P. John. Health, peace, and happineſs, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs, and peace, ſon John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy ſight,
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.——
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jeruſalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life muſt end.[3]

[2] *How I came* &c.] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the proſperity of guilt while he deprecates its puniſhment. Johnson.

[3] *Laud be to God!—even there my life muſt end.*] "At length he recovered his ſpeech, and underſtanding and perceiving himſelfe in a ſtrange place, which he knew not, he willed to know

It hath been propheſied to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem;
Which vainly I ſuppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto anſwer was made, that it was called Jeruſalem. Then ſaid the king; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I know that I ſhall die here in this chamber, according to the propheſie of me declared, that I ſhould depart this life in Jeruſalem." Holinſhed, p. 541.

The ſame equivocal prediction occurs alſo in the *Orygynale Cronykil of Androw of Wyntown*, B. VI. ch. xii. v. 47. Pope Sylveſter, having ſold himſelf to the devil for the ſake of worldly advancement, was deſirous of knowing how long he ſhould live and enjoy it:

"The dewil anſweryd hym agayne,
"That in all eſe wythowtyn payne
"He ſuld lyve in proſperytè,
"*Jeruſalem* quhill he ſuld ſe."

Our Pope ſoon afterwards was conducted, by the duties of his office, into a church he had never viſited before:

"Then ſperyd he, quhat thai oyſyd to call
"That kyrk. Than thai anſweryd all,
"*Jeruſalem* in Vy Laterane." &c. &c.

And then the prophecy was completed by his death.

STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Gloſterſhire. *A Hall in* Shallow's *Houſe.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

SHAL. By cock and pye,[4] ſir, you ſhall not away to-night.——What, Davy, I ſay!

[4] *By* cock and pye.] This adjuration, which ſeems to have been very popular, is uſed in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599: "By *cock and pie* and mouſefoot."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606: "Now by *cock and pie*, you never ſpake a truer word in your life."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Merry go ſorry, *cock and pie*, my hearts."

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many paſſages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-wounds*, by *cock's-mother*, and ſome others.

Cock's body, *cock's paſſion*, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*, and in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. Ophelia likewiſe ſays:

"——By *cock* they are to blame."

The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, ſhowing, in a technical way, how to find out the ſervice which is to be read upon each day.

Among ſome "Ordinances, however, made at Eltham, in the reign of *King Henry VIII.*" we have—"Item that the *Pye* of coals be abridged to the one halfe that theretofore had been ſerved."

A printing letter of a particular ſize, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πιναξ, or the Index. Though the word Πιναξ ſignifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical ſenſe it ſignifies *σανις ἐζωγραφημένη*, a painted table

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuſe you;[5] you ſhall not be excuſed; excuſes ſhall not be admitted; there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve; you ſhall not be excuſed.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, ſir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me ſee, Davy; let me ſee:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.[6]—Sir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

or picture: and becauſe indexes or tables of books were formed into ſquare figures, reſembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, theſe likewiſe were called Πίνακες, or, being marked only with the firſt letter of the word, Π's or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifeſtly erroneous.

In the ſecond preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the *Common Prayer*, this table is mentioned as follows: "Moreover the number and hardneſs of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c. Ridley.

[5] *I will not excuſe you*; &c.] The ſterility of Juſtice Shallow's wit is admirably deſcribed, in thus making him, by one of the fineſt ſtrokes of nature, ſo often vary his phraſe, to expreſs one and the ſame thing, and that the commoneſt.

Warburton.

[6] ——William cook, *bid him come hither.*] It appears from this inſtance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no ſurnames, or, if they had, were only called by the titles of their ſeveral profeſſions. The *cook* of *William Canynge*, the *royal merchant of Briſtol*, lies buried there under a flat ſtone, near the monument of his maſter, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. On this ſtone are repreſented the enſigns of his trade, a ſkimmer and a knife. His epitaph is as follows: "*Hic jacet* Willm' Cokk *quondam ſerviens* Willm' Canynges *mercatoris villæ Briſtoll; cujus animæ propitietur Deus.*" Lazarillo, in *The Woman-Hater* of Beaumont and Fletcher, expreſſes a wiſh to have his tomb ornamented in a like manner:

Davy. Marry, ſir, thus;—thoſe precepts cannot be ſerved:[7] and, again, ſir,—Shall we ſow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;——Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, ſir.——Here is now the ſmith's note, for ſhoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt,[8] and paid:—ſir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Now, ſir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had:—And, ſir, do you mean to ſtop any of William's wages, about the ſack he loſt the other day at Hinckley fair?[9]

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:——Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of ſhort-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, ſir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will uſe him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purſe.[1] Uſe

"——for others' glorious ſhields,
"Give me a voider; and above my hearſe,
"For a trutch ſword, my *naked knife* ſtuck up."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*thoſe* precepts *cannot be ſerved*:] *Precept* is a juſtice's warrant. To the offices which Falſtaff gives Davy in the following ſcene, may be added that of juſtice's clerk. Davy has almoſt as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*.
JOHNSON.

[8] *Let it be* caſt,] That is, caſt up, computed. M. MASON.

[9] ——Hinckley *fair*?] Hinckley is a town in Leiceſterſhire.
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*A friend i'the court* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 5540:
"Friendſhip is more than cattell
"For *frende in courte aie better is*,
"*Than peny is in purſe*, certis." STEEVENS.

his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, ſir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy buſineſs, Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Wincot againſt Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, againſt that Viſor; that Viſor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worſhip, that he is a knave, ſir: but yet, God forbid, ſir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, ſir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerved your worſhip truly, ſir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but a very little credit with your worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, ſir; therefore, I beſeech your worſhip, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* Davy.] Where are you, ſir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, maſter Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter

"A friend in court is worth a penny in purſe," is one of Camden's proverbial ſentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. Malone.

Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow.[2] [*To the* Page.] Come, ſir John. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

FAL. I'll follow you, good maſter Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horſes. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page.] If I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded hermit's-ſtaves[3] as maſter Shallow.[4] It is a wonderful thing, to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his men's ſpirits and his: They, by obſerving him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turned into a juſtice-like ſerving-man; their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent,[5] like

[2] ——*my* tall *fellow.*] Whether the epithet *tall*, in the preſent inſtance, is uſed with reference to the diminutive ſize of the page, or has the ancient ſignification—*gallant*, let the reader determine. Thus, in Chapman's verſion of the eleventh *Iliad*:

" ————as little ſuffer I

" In this ſame *tall* exploit of thine." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*bearded hermit's-ſtaves*—] He had before called him the ſtarved juſtice. His want of fleſh is a ſtanding jeſt. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*maſter Shallow.*] Shallow's folly ſeems to have been almoſt proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "—We muſt have falſe fires to amaze theſe ſpangle babies, theſe true heirs of maſter *Juſtice Shallow*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*they flock together in* conſent,] i. e. *in concentu*, or in one mind, one party. So, *Macbeth*:

" If you ſhall cleave to my *conſent*."

See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 3, and note on *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. ſc. i. line 5, Vol. XIII. The word, however, may be derived from *conſentio*, *conſenſus*, Lat. STEEVENS.

——*in* concent,] i. e. in union, in accord. In our author's time the word in this ſenſe was written *conſent*, (as it here is in the old copy,) and that ſpelling continued to Cowley's time. See *Davideis*, Book III:

" Learning *conſent* and concord from his lyre."

MALONE.

ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their maſter:[6] if to his men, I would curry with maſter Shallow, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of ſix faſhions, (which is four terms, or two actions,)[7] and he ſhall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt, with a ſad brow,[8] will do with a fellow that never had the ache[9] in his ſhoulders! O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

SHAL. [*Within.*] Sir John!

FAL. I come, maſter Shallow; I come, maſter Shallow. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

[6] ——near *their maſter:*] i. e. admitted to their maſter's confidence. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*two actions,*] There is ſomething humorous in making a ſpendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*a* ſad *brow,*] i. e. a ſerious face. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"My father and the gentlemen are in *ſad* talk."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*fellow that never had the ache*—] That is, a young fellow, one whoſe diſpoſition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Weſtminſter. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, *and the* Lord Chief Juſtice.

WAR. How now, my lord chief juſtice? whither away?

CH. JUST. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

CH. JUST. I hope, not dead.

WAR. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

CH. JUST. I would, his majeſty had call'd me with him:
The ſervice that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Prince JOHN, *Prince* HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

WAR. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!

How many nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, couſin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have loſt a friend, indeed:
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation:
I am the ſorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak ſir John Falſtaff fair;
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct[1] of my ſoul;

[1] ——impartial *conduct*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*imperial*. Stevens.

Impartial is confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech addreſſed by the King to the Chief Juſtice:

"————That you uſe the ſame
"With the like bold, juſt, and *impartial* ſpirit,
"As you have done 'gainſt me." Malone.

And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.[2]—

[2] *A* ragged *and* foreſtall'd *remiſſion.*] *Ragged* has no ſenſe here. We ſhould read:

A rated *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.*

i. e. a remiſſion that muſt be ſought for, and bought with ſupplication. WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *foreſtall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may eaſily ſignify beggarly, mean, baſe, ignominious; but *foreſtall'd* I know not how to apply to *remiſſion* in any ſenſe primitive or figurative. I ſhould be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps, by *foreſtall'd* remiſſion, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confeſſion of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in two different paſſages in Maſſinger. In *The Duke of Milan*, Sforza ſays to the Emperor:

"Nor come I as a ſlave—
"Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling
"For a *foreſtall'd remiſſion.*"

And, in *The Bondman*, Piſander ſays:

"————————And ſell
"Ourſelves to moſt advantage, than to truſt
"To a *foreſtall'd remiſſion.*"

In all theſe paſſages a *foreſtall'd remiſſion* ſeems to mean, a remiſſion that it is predetermined ſhall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory. Shakſpeare uſes, in more places than one, the word *foreſtall* in the ſenſe of to *prevent*. Horatio ſays to Hamlet, "If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will *foreſtall* their repair hither." In this very play, the Prince ſays to the King:

"But for my tears, &c.
"I had *foreſtall'd* this dear and deep rebuke."

In *Hamlet*, the King ſays:

"And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
"To be *foreſtall'd*, ere we come to fall,
"Or pardon'd, being down?" M. MASON.

I believe, *foreſtall'd* only means *asked* before *it is granted*. If he will grant me pardon unaſked, ſo; if not, I will not condeſcend to ſolicit it. In ſupport of the interpretation of *foreſtall'd remiſſion*, i. e. a remiſſion obtained by a *previous* ſupplication, the following paſſage in *Cymbeline* may be urged:

If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven ſave your majeſty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear;
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court;[3]
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceeds,
But Harry Harry:[4] Yet be ſad, good brothers,

"——————may
"This night *foreſtall* him of the coming day!"
Malone.

[3] ——*not the Turkiſh court*;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death.
Johnson.

[4] *Not* Amurath *an* Amurath *ſucceeds*,
But Harry Harry:] Amurath the Third (the ſixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally diſaffected to Mahomet, his eldeſt ſon, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amaſia to Conſtantinople. On his arrival he was ſaluted Emperor, by the great Baſſas, and others his favourers; "which done, (ſays Knolles,) he preſently after cauſed all his brethren to be invited to a ſolemn feaſt in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came chearfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, *were there all moſt miſerably ſtrangled.*" It is highly probable that Shakſpeare here alludes to this tranſaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

This circumſtance, therefore, may fix the date of this play ſubſequently to the beginning of the year 1596; and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. Malone.

For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be aſſûr'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and ſo will I:
But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears,
By number, into hours of happineſs.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majeſty.

King. You all look ſtrangely on me:—and you moſt; [*To the* Chief Juſtice.
You are, I think, aſſûr'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am aſſûr'd, if I be meaſûr'd rightly,
Your majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
The immediate heir of England! Was this eaſy?[5]
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:

[5] —— *Was this* eaſy?] That is, was this not grievous? Shakſpeare has *eaſy* in this ſenſe elſewhere. Johnson.

Thus, perhaps, in *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act III. ſc. i:
"—— theſe faults are *eaſy*, quickly anſwer'd."
Was this *eaſy*?—may mean,—was this a *ſlight* offence?
Thus, Lord Surrey:
"And *eaſy* ſighes, ſuch as folkes draw in love."
Steevens.

And, in the adminiſtration of his law,
Whiles I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and power of law and juſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment;[6]

[6] *And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment*;] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable paſſage worthy of a note. The Chief Juſtice, in this play, was Sir William Gaſcoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as neceſſary:

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the deceaſe of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in baniſhment, he was appointed his attorney, to ſue in the Court of Wards the livery of the eſtates deſcended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpoſe, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furniſhed a ground for the invaſion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gaſcoigne Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench in the firſt year of his reign. In that ſtation Gaſcoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wiſe, and an intrepid judge. The ſtory ſo frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an inſult on his perſon, and the court wherein he preſided, is thus related by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour*: "The moſte renouned prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, durynge the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his ſeruauntes, whom he ſauoured well, was for felony by him committed, arrained at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertiſed, and incenſed by lyghte perſones aboute him, in furious rage came haſtily to the barre where his ſeruaunte ſtode as a priſoner, and commaunded him to be vnpynned and ſet at libertie: whereat all men were abaſhed, reſerved the chiefe Juſtice, who humbly exhorted the prince, to be contented, that his ſeruaunt mought be ordred, accordynge to the auncient lawes of this realme: or if he wolde haue hym ſaued from the rigour of the lawes, that he ſhulde obteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gratious pardon, wherby no lawe or juſtyce ſhulde be derogate. With whiche anſwere the prince nothynge appeaſed, but rather more inflamed, endeuored hym ſelfe to take away his ſeruant. The iuge conſidering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby enſue, with a valyant ſpirite and courage,

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

commanded the prince vpon his alegeance, to leave the priſoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince [illegible] in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came [illegible] place of iugement, men thynking that he wold haue [illegible]ge, or haue done to hym ſome damage: but the [illegible]yll without mouing, declaring the maieſtie of the [illegible]f iugement, and with an aſſured and bolde coun- [illegible] to the prince, theſe wordes followyng,

"[illegible]nbre yourſelfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng [illegible]lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obe- [illegible]re eſtſoones in his name, I charge you deſyſte of [illegible]nd vnlaufull enterpriſe, & from hensforth giue [illegible] thoſe, whyche hereafter ſhall be your propre [illegible] nowe, for your contempte and diſobedience, go [illegible] of the kynges benche, wherevnto I committe [illegible]e ye there pryſoner vntyll the pleaſure of the kynge your [illegible] be further knowen."

With [illegible] wordes being abaſhed, and alſo wondrynge at [illegible]avitie of that worthypfulle juſtyce, the noble [illegible] weapon aparte, doying reuerence, departed, [illegible] kynges benche, as he was commanded. Wherat [illegible] diſmaynynge, came and ſhewed to the kynge all the hole affaire. Whereat he awhyles ſtudyenge, after as a man all rauyſhed with gladnes, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraided, ſaying with a loude voice, 'O merciſull God, howe moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes, ſpecially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who feareth nat to miniſter iuſtyce, and alſo a ſonne, who can ſuffre femblably, and obeye iuſtyce!"

And here it may be noted, that Shakſpeare has deviated from hiſtory in bringing the Chief Juſtice and Henry V. together, for it is expreſsly ſaid by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshire*, and that on the beſt authority, that Gaſcoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the firſt day of November, 14 Henry IV. See *Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series*, fol. 54, 56. Neither is it to be preſumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may juſtly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whoſe name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had ſpirit and reſolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the puniſhment of the prince, he diſdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. Hawkins.

I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought;
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law,[7] and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay, more; to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,

In the foregoing account of this tranſaction, there is no mention of the Prince's having *ſtruck* Gaſcoigne, the Chief Juſtice. Holinſhed, however, whom our author copied, ſpeaking of the "wanton paſtime" in which Prince Henry paſſed his youth, ſays, that "where on a time *hee ſtroke the chiefe juſtice on the face with his fiſte*, for empriſoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to ſtraighte priſon himſelfe by the ſayde chief juſtice, but alſo of his father put out of the privie counſell and baniſhed the courte." Holinſhed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has obſerved) [Mr. Ritſon] might have found the ſame circumſtance in the old play of *King Henry V.*

With reſpect to the anachroniſm, Sir William Gaſcoigne certainly died before the acceſſion of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inſcription which was once legible on his tomb-ſtone, in Harwood church, in Yorkſhire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gaſcoigne, nuper capit. juſtic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17.a die Decembris, an dom. 1412, 14.to Henrici quarti. factus index, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 624.

Shakſpeare, however, might have been miſled on the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, 1 Henry V. erroneouſly aſſerts that "William Gaſcoigne was chief juſtice of the Kings Bench from the *firſt* of Henry IV. to the *third* of Henry the Fift:" or, (which is full as probable,) Shakſpeare might have been careleſs about the matter. MALONE.

[7] *To trip the courſe of law,*] To defeat the proceſs of juſtice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"Then *trip* him, that his heels may kick at heaven." STEEVENS.

And mock your workings in a ſecond body.[8]
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon:[9]
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd,
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted,
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, ſoft ſilencing your ſon:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a king, ſpeak in your ſtate,[1]—
What I have done, that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liege's ſovereignty.

King. You are right, juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance, and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;—
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon:
And not leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hands of juſtice.—You did commit me:[2]

[8] *And mock your workings in a ſecond body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a repreſentative. Johnson.

[9] ——*and* propoſe *a ſon:*] i. e. image to yourſelf a ſon, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"——a thouſand deaths I could *propoſe.*" Steevens.

[1] ——*in your* ſtate,] In your regal character and office, not with the paſſion of a man intereſted, but with the impartiality of a legiſlator. Johnson.

[2] ——*You did commit me:* &c.] So, in the play on this ſubject, antecedent to that of Shakſpeare:

For which, I do commit into your hand
The unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance,[3]—That you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand;
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wiſe directions.——
And, princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;—
My father is gone wild[4] into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,[5]

" You ſent me to the Fleet, and for my engagement,
" I have choſen you to be my protector
" Over my realm." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*remembrance,*] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

[4] *My father is gone wild*——] Mr. Pope, by ſubſtituting *wail'd* for *wild*, without ſufficient conſideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of oſtentation and triumph. JOHNSON.

The meaning is—My wild affections having ceaſed on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildneſs are interred in the ſame grave.

A paſſage in *King Henry V.* Act I. ſc. i. very ſtrongly confirms this interpretation:

" The courſes of his youth promis'd it not:
" The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
" But that his *wildneſs*, mortified in him,
" Seem'd to *die* too."

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
" *Goodneſs, and he,* fill up one monument."

A kindred thought is found in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave
" Aſſure thyſelf my love is buried." MALONE.

[5] ——*with his* ſpirit ſadly *I ſurvive,*] *Sadly* is the ſame as ſoberly, ſeriouſly, gravely. *Sad* is oppoſed to wild. JOHNSON.

The quarto and firſt folio have *ſpirits.* The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,[6]
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be

[6] ——*the* state *of floods*,] i. e. the assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following:

"Now call we our high court of parliament."

But the Oxford editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of state*. WARBURTON.

The objection to Warburton's explanation is, that the word *state*, in the singular, does not imply the sense he contends for: we say an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*. I believe we must either adopt Hanmer's amendment, or suppose that *state* means *dignity*; and that, "to mingle with the state of floods," is to partake of the dignity of floods. I should prefer the amendment to this interpretation. M. MASON.

I prefer the interpretation to the amendment. *State* most evidently means *dignity*. So, in *The Tempest*:

"——Highest queen of *state*,
"Great Juno comes." STEEVENS.

——*with the* state *of floods*,] With the majestick dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this scene:

"And, as you are a king, speak in your *state*,——."

State and *estate*, however, were used in our author's time for a *person* of high dignity, and may in that sense be applied to the sea, supposing it to be personified. MALONE.

As things acquainted and familiar to us;——
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.—
[*To the* Lord Chief Juſtice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our ſtate:
And (God conſigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,—
Heaven ſhorten Harry's happy life one day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Gloſterſhire. *The Garden of* Shallow's *Houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

SHAL. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth;[7]—come, couſin Silence;—and then to bed.

[7] ——*a diſh of* caraways, *&c.*] A comfit or confection ſo called in our author's time. A paſſage in *De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d' Hiſtoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat: "Dans le dernier ſiecle ou l'on avoit le gout delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre ſans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut ſon Dragier: et il eſt reporté dans l'hiſtoire du duc de Guiſe, que quand il fut tué à Blois, il avoit ſon Dragier à la main." WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himſelf with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illuſtration of the paſſage. The diſh of *caraways* here mentioned was a diſh of apples of that name. GOLDSMITH.

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldſmith, is in the right, the following paſſage in Decker's *Satiromaſtix* has left undecided:

FAL. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

SHAL. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beg-

"By this handful of *carraways* I could never abide to ſay grace."

"——by theſe *comfits* we'll let all ſlide."

"*By theſe comfits and theſe carraways*; I warrant it does him good to ſwear."——

"——I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they pleaſe you."

That *apples*, *comfits*, and *carawavs*, at leaſt were diſtinct things, may be inferred from the following paſſage in the old black letter interlude of *The diſobedient Child*, no date:

"What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,

"What callying for biſkettes, *cumfettes*, and *carowaies*."

Again, in *How to chuſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"For apples, *carrawaies*, and cheeſe."

There is a *pear*, however, called a *caraway*, which may be corrupted from *caillouel*, Fr. So, in the French *Roman de la Roſe*:

"Ou la poire de *caillouel*."

Chaucer, in his verſion of this paſſage, ſays:

"With *caleweis*," &c. STEEVENS.

It would be eaſy to prove, by ſeveral inſtances, that *caraways* were generally part of the deſert in Shakſpeare's time. See particularly *Murrel's Cookery*, &c. A late writer however aſſerts that *caraways* is the name of an apple as well known to the *natural* inhabitants of Bath, as nonpareil is in London, and as generally aſſociated with golden pippins. He obſerves alſo that if Shakſpeare had meant *comfits* he would have ſaid, "a diſh of laſt year's pippins with carraways."—With a diſh, &c. clearly means ſomething diſtinct from the pippins. *Jackſon's Thirty Letters*, 8vo. Vol. II. p. 42. REED.

The following paſſage in Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 4to. bl. l. 1595, will at once ſettle this important queſtion: "This is a confirmation of our uſe in England, for the ſerving of apples and other fruites laſt after meales. Howbeit we are wont to eate *carawaies* or biſkets, or ſome other kind of comfits or *ſeedes* together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them: and ſurely it is a very good way for ſtudents."

STEEVENS.

gars all, ſir John:—marry, good air.[8]—Spread, Davy; ſpread, Davy; well ſaid, Davy.

Fal. This Davy ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſerving-man, and your huſbandman.[9]

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, ſir John.—By the maſs,[1] I have drunk too much ſack at ſupper:——A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down:—come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah! quoth-a,—we ſhall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[Singing.
And praiſe heaven for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,[2]
And luſty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among ſo merrily.[3]

[8] ——*barren, barren; beggars all,*——*good air.*] Juſtice Shallow alludes to a witticiſm frequent among ruſticks, who, when talking of a healthy country, pleaſantly obſerve: "Yes, it is a good air, more run away than die." Holt White.

[9] ——*and your husbandman.*] Old copy—*husband.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary. "He was a wiſe *man*, and a *good*," was the language of our author's time. See alſo Falſtaff's preceding ſpeech. Malone.

[1] *By the maſs,*] So, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 221:

"In elders' time, as ancient cuſtom was,
"Men ſwore in weighty cauſes *by the maſſe*;
"But when the *maſſe* went down, (as others note,)
"Their oathes were, by the croſſe of this ſame groat," &c.
Steevens.

[2] ——*and females dear,* &c.] This very natural character of Juſtice Silence is not ſufficiently obſerved. He would ſcarcely ſpeak a word before, and now there is no poſſibility of ſtopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occaſion:

When fleſh is cheap *and females* dear,

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good maſter Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give maſter Bardolph ſome wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet ſir, ſit; [*Seating* Bardolph *and the* Page *at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—moſt ſweet ſir, ſit.——Maſter page, good maſter page, ſit: proface![4] What you want in meat, we'll

Here the double ſenſe of the word *dear* muſt be remembered.—*Ever among* is uſed by Chaucer in *The Romaunt of the Roſe:*

"*Ever among* (ſothly to ſaine)
"I ſuffre nqie and mochil paine." Farmer.

[3] *And* ever among *ſo merrily.*] Of the phraſe—*ever among*, I find an example in the old MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne:*

"Thai eten and dronken right inowe,
"And made myrth *ever among:*
"But of the Sowdon ſpeke we nowe
"Howe of ſorowe was his ſonge."

It is obſervable that this phraſe, in both inſtances, is applied to the purpoſe of feſtivity. Steevens.

[4] ——*proface!*] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. Hanmer.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (ſays Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatiſt, addreſſed his readers long before:

"Readers, reade this thus: for preface, *proface*,
"Much good may it do you," &c.

So, Taylor, the Water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to his *Praiſe of Hempſeed:* "A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface; and *proface*, my maſters, if your ſtomach ſerve."

Decker, in his comedy of *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, makes Shackle-ſoule, in the character of Friar Ruſh, tempt his brethren "with choice of diſhes:"

"To which *proface*; with blythe lookes ſit yee."

I am ſtill much in doubt whether there be ſuch an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial

have in drink. But you muſt bear; The heart's all.[4] [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter Bardolph;—and my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;*[5] [Singing.
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,[6]
And welcome merry ſhrove-tide.[7]
Be merry, be merry, &c.

abbreviation of the phraſe.—*Bon prou leur face*, i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*.

To the inſtances produced by Dr. Farmer, I may add one more from *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 110:

"*Preface*, quoth Fulvius, fill us t'other quart."

And another from Heywood's *Epigrams*:

"I came to be merry, wherewith merrily
"*Preface*: Have among you," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 528: "—the cardinall came in booted and ſpurred, all ſodainly amongſt them, and bade them *preface*." Steevens.

So, in Naſhe's *Apologie for Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593: "A preface to courteous minds,—as much as to ſay *preface*, much good may it do you! would it were better for you!"

Sir T. Hanmer, (as an ingenious friend obſerves to me,) was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *profaccia* a *regular* Italian word; the proper expreſſion being *buon pro vi faccia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is, however, as I am informed, a *cant* term uſed by the common people in Italy, though it is not inſerted in the beſt Italian dictionaries. Malone.

[4] ——*The heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour conſiſts in making Davy act as maſter of the houſe. Johnson.

[5] ——*my wife's as all*;] Old copy—*has* all. Dr. Farmer very acutely obſerves, that we ſhould read—my wife's *as* all, i. e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows. Steevens.

[6] *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*] Mr. Warton,

FAL. I did not think, maſter Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SIL. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

in his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, obſerves, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called *The Life of Alexander*:

"Merry ſwithe it is in halle,
"When *the berdes waveth alle*." STEEVENS.

This ſong is mentioned by a contemporary author: "—which done, grace ſaid, and the table taken up, the plate preſently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall ſummons this conſort of companions (upon payne to dyne with duke Humphfrie, or to kiſſe the hare's foot) to appear at the firſt call: where a ſong is to be ſung, the under ſong or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all*." *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 1598, ſign. C.

Again: "It is a common proverbe *It is merry in hall, when beardes wag all*." *Briefe Conceipte of Engliſh Pollicye*, by William Stafford, 1581. Reprinted 1751, as a work of Shakſpeare's. REED.

7 *And welcome merry* ſhrove-tide.] *Shrove-tide* was formerly a ſeaſon of extraordinary ſport and feaſting. In the Romiſh church there was anciently a feaſt immediately preceding Lent, which laſted many days, called CARNISCAPIUM. See Carpentier in v. *Supp. Lat. Gloſſ. Du Cange*, Tom. I. p. 381. In ſome cities of France, an officer was annually choſen, called LE PRINCE D'AMOREUX, who preſided over the ſports of the youth for ſix days before Aſh-Wedneſday. Ibid. v. *Amoratus*, p. 195; and v. *Cardinalis*, p. 818. Alſo, v. *Spinetum*, Tom. III. 848. Some traces of theſe feſtivities ſtill remain in our univerſities. In *The Percy Houſhold-Book*, 1512, it appears, "that the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his lordſhip upon Shrowſteweſday at night." P. 345.

T. WARTON.

See alſo Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 403, laſt edition. REED.

Re-enter DAVY.

DAVY. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.[8]

[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

SHAL. Davy,—

DAVY. Your worſhip?—I'll be with you ſtraight. [*To* BARD.]—A cup of wine, ſir?

SIL. *A cup of wine, that's briſk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine; [Singing.
And a merry heart lives long-a.[9]

FAL. Well ſaid, maſter Silence.

SIL. And we ſhall be merry;—now comes in the ſweet of the night.[1]

FAL. Health and long life to you, maſter Silence.

SIL. *Fill the cup, and let it come;*[2]
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

[8] ——*leather-coats*—] The apple commonly denominated ruſſetine, in Devonſhire, is called the *buff-coat*. HENLEY.

[9] ——*a merry heart lives long-a.*] "A merry heart is the life of the fleſh." *Proverbs* xiv. 30.

"Gladneſs prolongs his days." *Eccleſ.* xxx. 22. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*now comes in the ſweet of the night.*] So Falſtaff, in a former ſcene of this play: "Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night——." STEEVENS.

I believe the latter words [thoſe in the ſpeech of Silence] make part of ſome old ballad. In one of Autolycus's ſongs we find—

"Why then *comes in the ſweet of the year.*"

The words, *And we ſhall be merry*, have a reference to a ſong, of which Silence has already ſung a ſtanza. His ſpeeches in this ſcene are, for the moſt part, fragments of ballads. Though his imagination did not furniſh him with any thing original to ſay, he could repeat the verſes of others. MALONE.

[2] *Fill the cup*, &c.] This paſſage has hitherto been printed as proſe, but I am told that it makes a part of an old ſong, and have therefore reſtored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome: If thou wanteſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the* Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to maſter Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes[3] about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London once ere I die.[4]

Bard. An I might ſee you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the maſs, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, ſir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, ſir.

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit* Davy.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* Silence, *who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. *Do me right,*[5] [Singing.
And dub me knight:[6]
Samingo.[7]
Is't not ſo?

[3] ——*cavaleroes*—] This was the term by which an airy, ſplendid, irregular fellow was diſtinguiſhed. The ſoldiers of King Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in oppoſition to the ſour faction of the parliament. Johnson.

[4] *I hope to ſee London* once *ere I die.*] *Once*, I believe, here ſignifies *ſome time*, or—*one time or another*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Fenton ſays: "I pray thee, *once* to-night give my ſweet Nan this ring." Steevens.

[5] *Do me right.*] To *do a man right*, and *to do him reaſon*, were formerly the uſual expreſſions in pledging healths. He

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

who drank a bumper, expected a bumper ſhould be drank to his toaſt.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Captain Otter ſays in the drinking ſcene: "Ha' you *done me right*, gentlemen?"

Again, in *The Bondman*, by Maſſinger:

"Theſe glaſſes contain nothing;—*do me right*,
"As ere you hope for liberty." Steevens.

[6] *And dub me knight:*] It was the cuſtom of the good fellows of Shakſpeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and ſometimes a leſs palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their miſtreſs. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening.

So, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608: "They call it knighting in London, when they *drink upon their knees*.——Come follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order." Malone.

[7] *Samingo.*] He means to ſay, *San Domingo*. Hanmer.

In one of Naſhe's plays, entitled *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600, Bacchus ſings the following catch:

"Monſieur Mingo for quaffing doth ſurpaſs
"In cup, in can, or glaſs;
"God Bacchus, do me right,
"And dub me knight,
"Domingo."

Domingo is only the burthen of the ſong.

Again, in *The letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Moriſco, daunced by ſeaven Satyres, upon the Bottome of Diogenes Tubbe*, 1600:

Epigram I.

"Monſieur *Domingo* is a ſkilful man,
"For muche experience he hath lately got,
"Proving more phiſicke in an alehouſe can
"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;
"Beere he proteſtes is ſodden and refin'd,
"And this he ſpeakes, being ſingle-penny lind.

"For when his purſe is ſwolne but ſixpence bigge,
"Why then he ſweares,—Now by the Lorde I thinke,
"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;
"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.
"And thus his praiſe from beer to wine doth goe,
"Even as his purſe in pence dothe ebbe and flowe."

Steevens.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An it pleaſe your worſhip, there's one Piſtol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Piſtol?

Pist. God ſave you, ſir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Piſtol?

Samingo, that is, *San Domingo*, as ſome of the commentators have rightly obſerved. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been ſhown. Juſtice Silence is here introduced as in the midſt of his cups: and I remember a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *ſignior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his feſtivity, touches upon ſome old ſong, in which this convivial *ſaint* or *ſignior* was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here ſuited to the character. T. Warton.

That is, to the preſent ſituation of Silence; who has drunk ſo deeply at ſupper, that Falſtaff afterwards orders him to be *carried* to bed. Malone.

Of the gluttony and drunkenneſs of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order ſays thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi: "Sanctus *Dominicus* ſit nobis ſemper amicus, cui canimus—ſiccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant niſi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burden of a drinking ſong. Tollet.

In Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, we meet with—

"Do me right, and dub me knight, *Ballardo*."

Farmer.

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.[8]—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barſon.[9]

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!—

[8] ——*no man to good.*] I once thought that we ſhould read—which blows *to no man good.* But a more attentive review of ancient Piſtol's language has convinced me that it is very dangerous to correct it. He who in quoting from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, introduces *hollow-pamper'd* jades, inſtead of "*Holla*, ye pamper'd jades," may be allowed to change the order of the words in this common proverbial ſaying.

Since this note was written, I have found that I ſuſpected Piſtol of inaccuracy without reaſon. He quotes the proverb as it was uſed by our old Engliſh writers, though the words are now differently arranged. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyne, 1564, fig. F 5:

"No winde but it doth turn ſome man *to good.*"

MALONE.

[9] ——*but goodman* Puff *of* Barſon.] A little before, William Viſor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (ſays Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I ſuppoſe are theſe two places, and are repreſented to be in the neighbourhood of Juſtice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Gloſterſhire. This, I imagine, was done to diſguiſe the ſatire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, muſt be the real Juſtice Shallow, lived at Charlecot, near Stratford, in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

Barſon is a village in Warwickſhire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull. PERCY.

Mr. Tollet has the ſame obſervation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Owencote*, in the ſame county. Shakſpeare might be unwilling to diſguiſe the ſatire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the juriſdiction of Sir Thomas Lucy. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in a note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, ſays, that *Wincote*, (or *Wincot*,) is a village in Warwickſhire, near Stratford. I ſuppoſe, therefore, in a former ſcene, we ſhould read *Wincot* inſtead of *Woncot*. MALONE.

Sir John, I am thy Piſtol, and thy friend,
And helter-ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.[1]

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*[2] [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then, Piſtol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.[3]

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.[4]

[1] *Let king* Cophetua *&c.*] Lines taken from an old bombaſt play of *King Cophetua*; of whom we learn from Shakſpeare, there were ballads too. Warburton.

This is mere conjecture, for no ſuch play is extant. From a paſſage in *King Richard II.* it may indeed be ſurmiſed that there was ſuch a piece. See Vol. XI. p. 155, n. 6. The *ballad* of *The King* (Cophetua) *and the Beggar*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. Malone.

See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 76, n. 8. Johnson.

[2] —— *Scarlet, and John.*] This ſcrap (as Dr. Percy has obſerved in the firſt Volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*,) is taken from a ſtanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield*. Stevens.

[3] ——*in* Furies' *lap.*] Should not we read '—*in* Fury's *lap*. Ritson.

[4] *Why then, lament therefore.*] This was perhaps intended to be ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*, 1602:

Shal. Give me pardon, ſir;—If, ſir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, ſir, under the king, in ſome authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?[5] ſpeak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth:
When Piſtol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.[6]

" *Why then, lament therefore.* Damn'd be thy guts
" Unto king Pluto's hell."
He might, however, have meant nothing more than to quote a popular play. Malone.

[5] ——Bezonian?] So again, Suffolk ſays, in *The Second Part of Henry VI*:
" Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*."
It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Biſognoſo*, a needy perſon; thence metaphorically, a baſe ſcoundrel. Theobald.

Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication* &c. 1595, ſays: " Proud lordes do tumble from the towers of their high deſcents and be trod under feet of every inferior *Beſonian*."
In *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is uſed:
" ——ſpurn'd out by grooms, like a baſe *Beſogno!*"
And again, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, a comedy, 1606: " —If he come like to your *Beſogno*, your boor, ſo he be rich, they care not." Steevens.

[6] ——— fig *me, like,*
The bragging Spaniard.] To *fig*, in Spaniſh, *higas dar*, is to inſult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spaniſh cuſtom we yet ſay in contempt, " a fig for you." Johnson.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door:[7] the things I ſpeak, are juſt.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; ſaddle my horſe.—Maſter Robert Shallow, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Piſtol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter Silence to bed.—Maſter Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride

So, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"With ſcowling browes their follies checke,
"And ſo give them the *fig*;" &c.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon has properly explained this phraſe; but it ſhould be added that it is of Italian origin. When the Milaneſe revolted againſt the Emperor Frederick Barbaroſſa, they placed the empreſs his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiouſly expelled her their city. Frederick afterwards beſieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his priſoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a fig from the poſteriors of a mule. The party was at the ſame time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words "ecco la fica." From this circumſtance "far la fica" became a term of deriſion, and was adopted by other nations. The French ſay likewiſe "faire la figue."

Douce.

[7] Fal. *What! is the old king dead?*

Piſt. *As* nail in door:] This proverbial expreſſion is oftener uſed than underſtood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient *doors* the knocker ſtrikes. It is therefore uſed as a compariſon to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil ſays) *multâ morte*, i. e. with abundant death, ſuch as reiteration of ſtrokes on the head would naturally produce.

Steevens.

all night:—O, ſweet Piſtol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* BARD.]—Come, Piſtol, utter more to me; and, withal, deviſe ſomething, to do thyſelf good.—Boot, boot, maſter Shallow; I know, the young king is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief juſtice!

Pist. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they:[8]
Why, here it is; Welcome theſe pleaſant days.[9]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in Hoſteſs* Quickly, *and* Doll Tear-ſheet.[1]

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

[8] *Where is the life that late I led*, &c.] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The ſame has been already introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Welcome* theſe *pleaſant* days.] Perhaps, (as Sir Thomas Hanmer ſuggeſts,) the poet concluded this ſcene with a rhyming couplet, and therefore wrote:

—— *Welcome* this *pleaſant* day. STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter* Beadles, &c.] This ſtage-direction, in the quarto edit. of 1600, ſtands thus: "*Enter* Sincklo, *and three or four Officers*." And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to thoſe ſpeeches,

1 *Bead.* The conſtables have delivered her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping-cheer[2] enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,[3] you lie. Come on;

which in the later editions are given to the *Beadle*. This is an additional proof that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players. See the note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. ſc. i. [Vol. IX. p. 23, n. 7.] Tyrwhitt.

[2] ——*whipping-cheer*—] So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "—in wedlocke all penſive ſullenes and *lowring-cheer* ought to be utterly excluded," &c. Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, intitled, *O, yes*, &c.

"And if he chance to ſcape the rope,
"He ſhall have *whipping-cheere*." Steevens.

[3] *Nut-hook*, &c.] It has been already obſerved, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, that *nut-hook* ſeems to have been in thoſe times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. Johnson.

A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a perſon who ſtole linen, &c. out at windows, by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Coney-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; ſo that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at preſent. In an old comedy intitled *Match me in London*, 1631, I find the following paſſage: "She's the king's *nut-hook*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the braveſt boughs to his hand."

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "To go a fiſhing with a *cranke* through a window, or to ſet lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or diſh."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——picking of locks and *hooking* cloaths out of window."

Again, in *The Jew of Malta*, by Marlowe, 1633:

"I ſaw ſome bags of money, and in the night
"I clamber'd up with my *hooks*."

Hence perhaps the phraſe *By hook or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tuſſer and Spenſer. The firſt uſes it in his *Husbandry* for the month of March, the ſecond in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*. In the firſt Volume of Holinſhed's Chronicle, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles beſtowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are

I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-viſaged raſcal; an the child I now go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that ſir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to ſomebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miſcarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions[4] again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Piſtol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cenſer![5] I will have you as ſoundly ſwinged for

hookers, or anglers; and Decker, in *The Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, deſcribes this ſpecies of robbery in particular. Steevens.

See a former ſcene of this play, p. 89, n. 7. Malone.

[4] ——*a dozen of cuſhions*——] That is, to ſtuff her out that ſhe might counterfeit pregnancy. So, in Maſſinger's *Old Law*: "I ſaid I was with child, &c. Thou ſaid'ſt it was a *cuſhion*," &c.

Again, in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher*, &c. 1592: "—to wear a *cuſhion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herſelf with child." Steevens.

[5] ——*thou thin man in a* cenſer!] Theſe old cenſers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of ſome ſaint raiſed up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imboſſed or chaſed work. The hunger-ſtarved beadle is compared, in ſubſtance, to one of theſe thin raiſed figures, by the ſame kind of humour that Piſtol, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, calls Slender a *latten biſbo*. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is erroneous. The imboſſed figure to which Doll refers, was in the middle of the pierced convex lid of the *cenſer*; and not at the bottom, where it muſt have been out of ſight.

That Doll Tear-ſheet, however, may not be ſuſpected of acquaintance with the *cenſers* mentioned in Scripture, and confined

this, you blue-bottle rogue![6] you filthy famiſhed correctioner! if you be not ſwinged, I'll forſwear half-kirtles.[7]

to ſacred uſe, it ſhould be remarked, that the conſummate ſluttery of ancient houſes rendered ceilers or fire-pans, in which coarſe perfumes were burnt, moſt neceſſary utenſils. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. ſc. iii. Borachio ſays he had been "entertained for a perfumer to ſmoke a *muſty room* at Leonato's:" and in a Letter from the Lords of the Council, in the reign of King Edward VI. (ſee Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Britiſh Hiſtory*, &c. Vol. I. p. 141,) we are told that Lord Paget's houſe was ſo ſmall, that "after one month it would wax *unſavery* for hym to contynue in," &c. Again, from the Correſpondence of the Earl of Shrewſbury with Lord Burleigh, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Sheffield-caſtle, in 1572, (ſee Vol. II. p. 68.) we learn that her Majeſty was to be removed for five or ſix days "to kleanſe her chambar, *being kept very unklenly*."

Again, in a Memoir written by Anne, Counteſs of Dorſet, Pembroke, and Montgomery, 1603: "—we all went to Tibbals to ſee the Kinge, who uſed my mother and my aunt very gratiouſlie; but we all ſaw a great chaunge betweene the faſhion of the Court as it was now, and of yt in ye Queene's, *for we were all lowzy by ſittinge in S.r Thomas Erskin's chamber*." See Mr. Seward's *Anecdotes*, &c. Vol. IV. p. 305. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*blue-bottle-rogue!*] A name, I ſuppoſe, given to the beadle, from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right with reſpect to the *livery*, but the alluſion ſeems to be to the great *fleſh fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*. FARMER.

The ſame alluſion is in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"Now *blue-bottle!* what flutter you for, ſea-pie?"

The ſerving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is ſpoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an averſion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dreſs in which a ſtrumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Laſſe*, 1633: "—let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnſon's remark on the dreſs of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy officers, he moſt politickly lodges her in a conſtable's houſe." STEEVENS.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you ſhe knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right ſhould thus overcome might! Well; of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.

Host. Ay; come, you ſtarved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou![8]

[7] ——*half-kirtles.*] Probably the dreſs of the proſtitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half kirtle* was perhaps the ſame kind of thing as we call at preſent a ſhort-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expreſſion now in uſe which may ſerve to confirm it. When a perſon is looſely dreſſed, the vulgar ſay—Such a one looks like a w—— in a bed-gown. See *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "—forty ſhillings I lent her to redeem two *half-ſilk kirtles.*" STEEVENS.

The dreſs of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's obſervation. So, in *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." Again, in *Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth in certain Epigrammes and Satires*, 1598:

"To women's *looſe gowns* ſuiting her looſe rhimes."

Yet, from the deſcription of a *kirtle* already given, (ſee p. 105, n. 3,) a half-kirtle ſhould ſeem to be a *ſhort cloak*, rather than a ſhort gown. Perhaps ſuch a cloak, without ſleeves, was here meant. MALONE.

[8] *Thou* atomy *thou!*] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is ſometimes uſed by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is deſigned. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"For thee, for thee, thou art *otamie* of honour,
"Thou worm of majeſty—." STEEVENS.

The preceding expreſſion ſeems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. But whether the *otamies* of Surgeons' Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be queſtioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the ſun beams, as the poet himſelf calls them, ſpeaking of Queen Mab's chariot:

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you raſcal![9]

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

"Drawn with a team of little *atomies*." *Romeo and Juliet.*

And *otamie* of honour, may very eaſily be ſo underſtood.

WHALLEY.

Shakſpeare himſelf furniſhes us with a proof that the word, in his time, bore the ſenſe which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in *The Comedy of Errors* preciſely with the ſignification in which the Hoſteſs here uſes *atomy*:

"They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
"A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank,—
"A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
"*A living dead man*."

Again, in *King John*:

"And rouſe from ſleep that fell *anatomy*." MALONE.

[9] ——*you* raſcal!] In the language of the foreſt, *lean deer* were called *raſcal* deer. See p. 79, n. 4. STEEVENS.

On this note the following obſervation has been made: "Doll could not ſpeak but in the language of the foreſt. *Raſcal*, does not ſignify *raſcal*, but *lean deer*. See what it is to be on the watch to ſhow a little muſty reading and *unknown* knowledge."

Who, except this ſuperficial writer, is ſo little acquainted with our author's manner, as not to know that he often introduces alluſions to cuſtoms and practices with which he was himſelf converſant, without being ſolicitous whether it was probable that the ſpeaker ſhould have known any thing of the matter. Thus, to give one inſtance out of a thouſand, he puts into the mouth of kings the language of his own ſtage, and makes them talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never had been in a tiring-room, and probably had never heard of either the one or the other. Of the language of the foreſt he was extremely fond; and the particular term *raſcal* he has introduced in at leaſt a dozen places. MALONE.

SCENE V.

A public Place near Weſtminſter Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, *ſtrewing Ruſhes.*

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes.[1]

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Deſpatch, deſpatch.

[*Exeunt* Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bleſs thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Piſtol; ſtand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. [*To* Shallow.] But 'tis no matter; this

[1] *More ruſhes, &c.*] It has been already obſerved, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the cuſtom to ſtrew the floor with ruſhes. *Caius de Ephemera.* Johnson.

Chambers, and indeed all apartments uſually inhabited, were formerly ſtrewed in this manner. As our anceſtors rarely waſhed their floors, diſguiſes of uncleanlineſs became neceſſary things. See note on *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. ii.—In the preſent inſtance, however, the ruſhes are ſuppoſed to be ſcattered on the pavement of a ſtreet, or on a platform. Steevens.

poor ſhow doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhows my earneſtneſs of affection.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.[2]

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel,[3] and ſweating with deſire to ſee him: thinking of nothing elſe; putting all affairs elſe in oblivion; as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.

Pist. 'Tis *ſemper idem*, for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*: 'Tis all in every part.[4]

[2] *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little anſwers which are given to Piſtol in the old copy, are transferred by Sir Thomas Hanmer to Shallow. The repetition of *it doth* ſuits Shallow beſt. Johnson.

In the quarto, Shallow's *firſt* ſpeech in this ſcene, as well as theſe two, is erroneouſly given to *Piſtol*. The editors of the folio corrected the former, but overlooked theſe. They likewiſe, in my apprehenſion, overlooked an error in the end of Falſtaff's ſpeech, below, though they corrected one in the beginning of it. See note 4. Malone.

[3] ——*to ſtand* ſtained with travel,] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"*Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil,*
"Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours."

Malone.

[4] ——*'Tis all in every part.*] The ſentence alluded to is:

"'Tis all in all, and all in every part."

And ſo doubtleſs it ſhould be read. 'Tis a common way of expreſſing one's approbation of a right meaſure to ſay, *'tis all*

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither
By moſt mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's ſnake,
For Doll is in; Piſtol ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the Trumpets ſound.*

Pist. There roar'd the ſea, and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

in all. To which this fantaſtick character adds, with ſome humour, *and all in every part*: which, both together, make up the philoſophick ſentence, and complete the abſurdity of Piſtol's phraſeology. Warburton.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect that theſe words belong to Falſtaff's ſpeech. They have nothing of Piſtol's manner. In the original copy in quarto, the ſpeeches in this ſcene are all in confuſion. The two ſpeeches preceding this, which are jumbled together, are given to Shallow, and ſtand thus: "*Sh.* It is *beſt* certain: but to ſtand ſtained with travel," &c.

The alluſion, if any alluſion there be, is to the deſcription of the ſoul. So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, by Sir John Davies, 4to. 1599:

"Some ſay, *She's all in all, and all in every part.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"And as his ſoul poſſeſſeth head and heart,
"*She's all in all, and all in every part.*" Malone.

In *The Phœnix Neſt*, &c. 4to. 1593, we find, p. 20: "*Tota in toto, et tota in qualibet parte.*" Ritson.

In my opinion, this ſpeech accords but little with the phraſeology of Falſtaff; and, on the contrary, agrees well with that of Piſtol, who (as Moth in *Love's Labour's Loſt* ſays of Holofernes) appears to "have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps." See his concluding words in the ſcene before us. Steevens.

Enter the King *and his Train, the* Chief Juſtice *among them.*

Fal. God ſave thy grace, king Hal![5] my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame![6]

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My lord chief juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

[5] *God ſave thy grace, king Hal!*] A ſimilar ſcene occurs in the anonymous *Henry V.* Falſtaff and his companions addreſs the King in the ſame manner, and are diſmiſſed as in this play of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[6] ——*moſt royal* imp *of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually uſed by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny:

"And were it not thy royal *impe*
"Did mitigate our pain—."

Here Fulwell addreſſes Anne Boleyn, and ſpeaks of the young Elizabeth. Churchyard alſo calls Edward VI. "*impe of grace.*"

Again, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"——Amurath, mighty emperor of the eaſt,
"That ſhall receive the *imp* of royal race."

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"——From hence I bring
"A pair of martial *imps*—."

Imp-yn is a Welſh word, and primitively ſignifies a ſprout, a ſucker. So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603:

"Like th' ancient trunk of ſome diſbranched tree
"Which Æol's rage hath to confuſion brought,
"Diſarm'd of all thoſe *imps* that ſprung from me,
"Unprofitable ſtock, I ſerve for nought."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, there is a chapter on "ſhrubs, ſhootes, ſlippes, graffes, ſets, ſprigges, boughs, branches, twigs, yoong *imps*, ſprayes, and buds." Steevens.

Fal. My king! my Jove! [7] I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane; [8]
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, hence, [9] and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt; [1]

[7] *My king! my Jove!*] It appears, from many paſſages both in our author's plays and poems, that he had diligently read the earlier pieces of Daniel. When he wrote the ſpeech before us, he perhaps remembered theſe lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

"Doo'ſt thou not ſee, how that *thy king, thy Jove*,
"Lightens forth glory on thy dark eſtate?" Malone.

[8] —— *profane;*] In our author it often ſignifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given it. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a *profane* and very liberal counſellor?" Johnson.

[9] —— *hence,*] i. e. henceforward, from this time, in the future. Steevens.

[1] —— *know, the grave doth gape*
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;] Nature is highly touched in this paſſage. The King having ſhaken off his vanities, ſchools his old companion for his follies with great ſeverity: he aſſumes the air of a preacher, bids him fall to his prayers, ſeek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily preſenting him with a pleaſant idea, he cannot forbear purſuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider* &c. and is juſt falling back into Hal, by an humorous alluſion to Falſtaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John ſhould take the advantage of it, checks both himſelf and the knight, with—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;

and ſo reſumes the thread of his diſcourſe, and goes moralizing

Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf;
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the reſt of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our perſon by ten mile.[2]

on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great ſkill, and ſhows us how apt men are to fall back into their old cuſtoms, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once, on the motives of honour, intereſt, or reaſon. WARBURTON.

[2] *Not to come near our perſon by ten mile.*] Mr. Rowe obſerves, that many readers lament to ſee Falſtaff ſo hardly uſed by his old friend. But if it be conſidered, that the fat knight has never uttered one ſentiment of generoſity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be eſteemed, no great pain will be ſuffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honeſtly, and maintained by the King, with a promiſe of advancement when he ſhall deſerve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always repreſented as joining ſome virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the Prince with apparent diſtinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the buſtle is over he is again a favourite, at laſt vaniſhes without notice. Shakſpeare certainly loſt him by heedleſſneſs, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerneſs to end the play. JOHNSON.

The diſmiſſion of Falſtaff was founded on an hiſtorical fact. Stowe ſays, that "King Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all thoſe young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, ſhould abide with him in his court; and to all that would perſevere in their former like converſation, he gave expreſs commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his preſence." STEEVENS.

For competence of life, I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will,—according to your ſtrength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* King, *and his Train.*

Fal. Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, ſir John; which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

This circumſtance was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Holinſhed, who was certainly Shakſpeare's hiſtorian: "Immediately after that he was inveſted kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he determined with himſelfe to putte upon him the ſhape of a new man, turning inſolence and wildneſs into gravitie and ſoberneſſe: and whereas he had paſſed his youth in wanton paſtime and riotous miſorder, with a ſorte of miſgoverned mates, and unthriftie playfeers, he now baniſhed them from his preſence, (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inhibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge or ſojourne within ten miles of his courte or manſion*: and in their places he eleſted and choſe men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whoſe wiſe counſell he might at all times rule to his honoure;—whereas if he ſhould have reteined the other luſtie companions aboute him, he doubted leaſt they might have allured him into ſuch lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully uſed."—Our author might have found the ſame circumſtance in the anonymous play of *King Henry V*:

"————your former life grieves me,
"And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever:
"And therefore not upon pain of death to approche my preſence,
"By ten miles' ſpace; then, if I heare well of you,
"It may be I will doe ſomewhat for you;
"Otherwiſe looke for no more favour at my hands,
"Than at any other man's." Malone.

Fal. That can hardly be, maſter Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good ſir John, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, ſir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Piſtol;—come, Bardolph:—I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, *the* Chief Juſtice, Officers, *&c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry ſir John Falſtaff to the Fleet;[3] Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Just. I cannot now ſpeak: I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.

[3] ——*to the Fleet*;] I do not ſee why Falſtaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never loſt ſight of him ſince his diſmiſſion from the King; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no puniſhment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and ſurprize in him and his company, made a good ſcene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the ſtage, was glad to find this method of ſweeping them away. Johnson.

PIST. *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero me contenta.*
[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, *and* Officers.

P. JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

CH. JUST. And ſo they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird ſo ſing,[4]
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*[5]

[4] —— *I heard a bird ſo ſing,*] This phraſe, which I ſuppoſe to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The Riſing in the North*:

"*I heare a bird ſing* in mine eare,
"That I muſt either fight or flee." STEEVENS.

[5] I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Deſdemona, "O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into Acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth:

"In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die."

Theſe ſcenes, which now make the fifth Act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the firſt of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiouſly to either play. When theſe plays were repreſented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakſpeare ſeems to have deſigned that the whole ſeries of action, from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, ſhould

be conſidered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the neceſſity of exhibition.

None of Shakſpeare's plays are more read than the *Firſt and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded ſo much delight. The great events are intereſting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the lighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, ſufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diverſified with the utmoſt nicety of diſcernment, and the profoundeſt ſkill in the nature of man.

The Prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent paſſions, whoſe ſentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whoſe virtues are obſcured by negligence, and whoſe underſtanding is diſſipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather looſe than wicked; and when the occaſion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roufed into a hero, and the hero again repoſes in the trifler. The character is great, original, and juſt.

Percy is a rugged ſoldier, choleriek and quarrelſome, and has only the ſoldier's virtues, generoſity and courage.

But Falſtaff unimitated, unimitable Falſtaff, how ſhall I deſcribe thee? thou compound of ſenſe and vice; of ſenſe which may be admired, but not eſteemed; of vice which may be deſpiſed, but hardly deteſted. Falſtaff is a character loaded with faults, and with thoſe faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaſter, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and inſult the defenceleſs. At once obſequious and malignant, he ſatirizes in their abſence thoſe whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is ſo proud, as not only to be ſupercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his intereſt of importance to the Duke of Lancaſter. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus deſpicable, makes himſelf neceſſary to the prince that deſpiſes him, by the moſt pleaſing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the ſplendid or ambitious kind, but conſiſts in eaſy ſcapes and ſallies of levity, which make ſport, but raiſe no envy. It muſt be obſerved, that he is ſtained with no enormous or ſanguinary crimes, ſo that his licentiouſneſs is not ſo offenſive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this repreſentation is, that no

man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to pleaſe; and that neither wit nor honeſty ought to think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a companion, when they ſee Henry ſeduced by Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon objects, with good reaſon, I think, to the "lame and impotent concluſion" of this play. Our author ſeems to have been as careleſs in the concluſion of the following plays as in that before us.

In *The Tempeſt* the concluding words are:

"——pleaſe you draw near."

In *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"——Strike up pipers."

In *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"——You that way; we this way."

In *The Winter's Tale*:

"——Haſtily lead away."

In *Timon of Athens*:

"Let our drums ſtrike."

In *Hamlet*:

"Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot." MALONE.

That there is no apparent full and energetic cloſe to any of the plays enumerated by Mr. Malone, is undeniable; but perhaps the epilogue ſpoken in the character of *Proſpero*, the dance which terminates *Much Ado about Nothing*, a final and picturesque ſeparation and proceſſion of the perſonages in *Love's Labour's Loſt* and *The Winter's Tale*, the ſymphony of warlike inſtruments at the end of *Timon*, and the peal of ordnance ſhot off while the ſurvivors in *Hamlet* are quitting the ſtage, might have proved as ſatisfactory to our anceſtors as the moral applications and poliſhed couplets with which ſo many of our modern dramatick pieces conclude. STEEVENS.

EPILOGUE.[6]

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſy: laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is, your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me: for what I have to ſay, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me;[7] *if the gentlemen will not, then*

[6] This epilogue was merely occaſional, and alludes to ſome theatrical tranſaction. JOHNSON.

[7] *All the* gentlewomen &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it*. JOHNSON.

the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France:[8] *where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcaſtle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*[9] *My tongue is weary; when my legs*

[8] —— *and make you merry with fair* Katharine *of* France:] I think this is a proof that the French ſcenes in *King Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this paſſage that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was *fair Katharine to make the audience merry*, but by ſpeaking broken Engliſh? The converſation and courtſhip of a great princeſs, in the uſual ſtyle of the drama, was not likely to afford any *merriment*.

TYRWHITT.

[9] —— *where, for any thing I know,* Falſtaff *ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be killed with your* hard opinions; *for* Oldcaſtle *died a* martyr, *and* this *is not the man.*] "This (ſays Mr. Pope) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcaſtle was put for Falſtaff;" and "the word *martyr*," (ſays another commentator,) "hints at this miſerable performance, and its fate, which was damnation." The play which theſe commentators ſuppoſe to be alluded to, is entitled *The Hiſtory of the famous Victories of King Henry V.* printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called *Oldcaſtle*. I have already ſhown, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatſoever for ſuppoſing that Falſtaff was ever called Oldcaſtle. See Vol. XI. p. 194, n. 3. The aſſertion that the anonymous *King Henry V.* was *damned*, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died in 1588, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Juſtice* in that play.

The alluſion in the paſſage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcaſtle. In 1559 Bale publiſhed an account of his trial

are too, I will bid you good night: and ſo kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.[1]

and condemnation, under the title of *A brief Chronycle concernyng the Examination and Death of the bleſſed* Martyr *of Chriſt, Syr Johan Oldcaſtell*, &c. a book that was probably much read in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was publiſhed *The Mirror of* Martyrs, *or, the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Captaine and moſt goodly* Martyr, *Sir John Oldcaſtle, Lord Cobham.*

Shakſpeare, I think, meant only to ſay, that "Falſtaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France,"—(having mentioned Falſtaff's *death*, he then, with his uſual licence, uſes the word in a metaphorical ſenſe, adding,)—"unleſs he be already *killed* by *the hard* and unjuſt *opinions*" of thoſe who imagined that the knight's character (like his predeceſſor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcaſtle, the *good* Lord Cobham. This our author diſclaims, reminding the audience that there can be no ground for ſuch a ſuppoſition. I call them (ſays he) *hard* and unjuſt *opinions*, "for Sir John *Oldcaſtle* was no debauchee, but a proteſtant *martyr*, and our Falſtaff *is not the man*;" i. e. is no repreſentation of him, has no alluſion whatſoever to him.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have been pained by ſome report that his inimitable character, like the deſpicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whoſe dreſs and figure reſembled that of Falſtaff, (ſee a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. Vol. XI. p. 194,) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of ſo zealous a friend to the Proteſtant cauſe as Elizabeth, would not have been eaſily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been ſo inclined, (which we have no ground for ſuppoſing,) was much too wiſe to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cauſe, which was ſo warmly eſpouſed by his queen and patroneſs. The former ridiculous repreſentations of Sir John Oldcaſtle on the ſtage were undoubtedly produced by papiſts, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crouded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE.

[1] ——*to pray for the queen.*] I wonder no one has remarked, at the concluſion of the epilogue, that it was the cuſtom of the old players, at the end of the performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus, at the end of *New Cuſtom*:

"Preſerve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her councell all."

And in *Locrine*:

"So let us pray for that renowned maid," &c.

And in Middleton's *Mad World my Maſters*: "This ſhows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Owemuch* and his good counteſs, our honourable lady and miſtreſs."

FARMER.

Thus, at the end of Preſton's *Cambyſes*:

"As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,
"And for her honourable councel, the truth that they may uſe,
"To practiſe juſtice, and defend her grace eche day;
"To maintaine God's word they may not refuſe,
"To correct all thoſe that would her grace and grace's laws abuſe:
"Beſeeching God over us ſhe may reign long,
"To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong."
"Amen, q. Thomas Preſton."

So, at the end of *All for Money*, a morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Let us pray for the queen's majeſty, our ſovereign governour,
"That ſhe may raign quietly according to God's will," &c.

Again, at the end of *Luſty Juventus*, a morality, 1561:

"Now let us make ſupplications together,
"For the proſperous eſtate of our noble and virtuous king," &c.

Again, at the end of *The Diſobedient Child*, an interlude, by Thomas Ingeland, bl. l. no date:

"Here the reſt of the players come in, and kneel down all togyther, eche of them ſayinge one of theſe verſes:
"And laſt of all, to make an end,
"O God to the we moſt humblye praye
"That to Queen Elizabeth thou do ſende
"Thy lyvely pathe and perfect waye," &c. &c.

Again, at the concluſion of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"Which God preſerve our noble queen,
"From perilous chance which hath been ſeene;
"And ſend her ſubjects grace, ſay I,
"To ſerve her highneſs patiently!"

Again, at the concluſion of a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"And may her dayes of bliſſe never have an end,
"Upon whoſe lyfe ſo many lyves depend."

Again, at the end of *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

"Beſeeching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to ſave,
"The nobles and the commons elſe, with proſperous life I crave."

Laſtly, Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, finiſhes with theſe words: "But I will neither end with ſermon nor prayer, leſt ſome wags liken me to my L. ( ) players, who when they have ended a baudie comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneele down ſolemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maiſter."

Almoſt all the ancient interludes I have met with conclude with ſome ſolemn prayer for the king or queen, houſe of commons, &c. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY V.*

* KING HENRY V.] This play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the Earl of Eſſex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and not till after *Henry the Sixth* had been played, as may be ſeen by the concluſion of this play. POPE.

The tranſactions compriſed in this hiſtorical play commence about the latter end of the firſt, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine princeſs of France, and cloſed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

This play, in the quarto edition, 1608, is ſtyled *The Chronicle Hiſtory of Henry* &c. which ſeems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakſpeare's hiſtorical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy, by R. Brome, 1638:

"Theſe lads can act the emperors' lives all over,
"And Shakſpeare's *Chronicled Hiſtories* to boot."

The players likewiſe, in the folio edition, 1623, rank theſe pieces under the title of *Hiſtories*.

It is evident that a play on this ſubject had been performed before the year 1592. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1592, ſays: "—what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fift* repreſented on the ſtage, leading the French king priſoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to ſweare fealtie."

Perhaps this is the ſame play as was thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company: "[Tho. Strode] May 2, 1594. A booke entituled *The famous Victories of Henry the Fift, containing the honorable Battle of Agincourt.*" There are two more entries of a play of *Henry V.* viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one Auguſt 14th, 1600. I have two copies of it in my poſſeſſion; one without date, (which ſeems much the elder of the two,) and another, (apparently printed from it,) dated 1617, though printed by Bernard Alſop, (who was printer of the other edition,) and ſold by the ſame perſon, and at the ſame place. Alſop appears to have been a printer before the year 1600, and was afterwards one of the twenty appointed by decree of the Star-chamber to print for this kingdom. I believe, however, this piece to have been prior to that of Shakſpeare, for ſeveral reaſons. Firſt, becauſe it is highly probable that it is the very "diſpleaſing play" alluded to in the epilogue to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.—for Oldcaſtle died a martyr.* Oldcaſtle is the Falſtaff of the piece, which is deſpicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety from the firſt ſcene to the laſt.—Secondly, becauſe Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends, in ſome meaſure,

the ſtory of the two Parts of *Henry IV.* as well as of *Henry V.* and no ignorance, I think, could debaſe the gold of Shakſpeare into ſuch droſs; though no chemiſtry but that of Shakſpeare could exalt ſuch baſe metal into gold.—When the Prince of Wales, in *Henry IV.* calls Falſtaff *my old lad of the Caſtle*, it is probably but a ſneering alluſion to the deſerved fate which this performance met with; for there is no proof that our poet was ever obliged to change the name of Oldcaſtle into that of Falſtaff, though there is an abſolute certainty that this piece muſt have been condemned by any audience before whom it was ever repreſented.—Laſtly, becauſe it appears (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved) from the *Jeſts* of the famous comedian, Tarlton, 4to. 1611, that he had been particularly celebrated in the part of the Clown,* in *Henry V.* and though this character does not exiſt in our play, we find it in the other, which, for the reaſons already enumerated, I ſuppoſe to have been prior to this.

This anonymous play of *Henry V.* is neither divided into Acts or ſcenes, is uncommonly ſhort, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the repreſentation. As much of it appears to have been omitted, we may ſuppoſe that the author did not think it convenient for his reputation to publiſh a more ample copy.

There is, indeed, a play, called *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, publiſhed in 1600, with the name of *William Shakſpeare* prefixed to it. The prologue being very ſhort, I ſhall quote it, as it ſerves to prove that a former piece, in which the character of *Oldcaſtle* was introduced, had given great offence:

" The doubtful title (gentlemen) prefixt
" Upon the argument we have in hand,
" May breed ſuſpenſe, and wrongfully diſturbe
" The peaceful quiet of your ſettled thoughts.
" To ſtop which ſcruple, let this breefe ſuffice:
" It is no *pamper'd glutton* we preſent,
" Nor *aged councellour to youthful ſinne*;
" But one, whoſe vertue ſhone above the reſt,
" A valiant martyr, and a vertuous peere;
" In whoſe true faith and loyalty expreſt

* Mr. Oldys, in a manuſcript note in his copy of Langbaine, ſays, that Tarleton appeared in the character of the Judge who receives the box on the ear. This Judge is likewiſe a character in the old play. I may add, on the authority of the books at Stationers' Hall, that Tarleton publiſhed what he called his *Farewell*, a ballad, in Sept. 1588. In Oct. 1589, was entered, "Tarleton's *Repentance, and his Farewell to his Friends in his Sickneſs a little before his Death*;" in 1590, "Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*;" and in the ſame year, "*A pleaſaunt Dilly Dialogue-wiſe, betweene Tarlton's Ghoſt and Robyn Good-fellowe.*" STEEVENS.

" Unto his ſoveraigne, and his countries weale,
" We ſtrive to pay that tribute of our love
" Your favours merit: let faire truth be grac'd,
" Since forg'd invention former time defac'd."

STEEVENS.

The piece to which Naſh alludes is the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* which had been exhibited before the year 1589. Tarlton, the comedian, who performed in it both the parts of the Chief Juſtice and the Clown, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and, I believe, printed in that year, though I have not met with a copy of that date. An edition of it, printed in 1598, was in the valuable collection of Dr. Wright. See alſo Vol. XI. p. 194, n. 3, and the preſent Vol. p. 125, n. 6.

The play before us appears to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

The old *King Henry V.* may be found among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. printed by S. Leacroft, 1778. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fifth.*
Duke of Gloſter, *Duke of* Bedford, } *Brothers to the King.*
Duke of Exeter, *Uncle to the King.*
Duke of York, *Couſin to the King.*
Earls of Saliſbury, Weſtmoreland, *and* Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge, *Lord* Scroop, *Sir* Thomas Grey, } *Conſpirators againſt the King.*
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*
Bates, Court, Williams, *Soldiers in the ſame.*
Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, *formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the ſame.*
Boy, *Servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.*

Charles *the Sixth, King of* France.
Lewis, *the Dauphin.*
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, *and* Bourbon.
The Conſtable *of* France.
Rambures, *and* Grandpree, *French Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur. Montjoy, *a French Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of France.*
Katharine, *Daughter of* Charles *and* Iſabel.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Katharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Hoſteſs.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, Meſſengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention![1]
A kingdom for a ſtage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold[2] the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.[3] But pardon, gentles all,

[1] *O, for a muſe of fire,* &c.] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic ſyſtem, which imagines ſeveral heavens one above another; the laſt and higheſt of which was one of fire. WARBURTON.

It alludes likewiſe to the aſpiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the ſeparation of the chaos, took the higheſt ſeat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *princes to act,*
And monarchs to behold—] Shakſpeare does not ſeem to ſet diſtance enough between the performers and ſpectators. JOHNSON.

[3] *Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould* famine, ſword, *and* fire,
Crouch for employment.] In *King Henry VI.* "Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire," are called the three attendants on the Engliſh General, Lord Talbot; and, as I ſuppoſe, are the *dogs of war* mentioned in *Julius Cæſar.*

This image of the warlike Henry very much reſembles Montfaucon's deſcription of the Mars diſcovered at Breſſe, who leads a lion and a lioneſs in couples, and crouching as for employment. TOLLET.

Warner, in his *Albion's England,* 1602, ſpeaking of King Henry V. ſays:

"He led good fortune in *a line,* and did but war and win."

Holinſhed, (p. 567,) when the people of Roan petitioned King Henry V. has put this ſentiment into his mouth: "He declared that the goddeſſe of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of neceſſitie attending upon her, as *blood, fire,* and *famine.*" STEEVENS.

The flat unraiſed ſpirit,[4] that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vaſty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O,[5] the very caſques,[6]

[4] ——*ſpirit,*] Old copy—*ſpirits*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] *Within this wooden* O,] Nothing ſhows more evidently the power of cuſtom over language, than that the frequent uſe of calling a circle an *O* could ſo much hide the meanneſs of the metaphor from Shakſpeare, that he has uſed it many times where he makes his moſt eager attempts at dignity of ſtyle. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's criticiſm on Shakſpeare's calling a circle an O, is rather injudiciouſly introduced in this place, where it was evidently the poet's intention to repreſent the circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. M. MASON.

Within this wooden O,] An alluſion to the theatre where this hiſtory was exhibited, being, from its *circular* form, called *The Globe*. The ſame expreſſion is applied, for the like reaſon, to the *world*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" A ſun and moon which kept their courſe, and lighted
" The little *o*, the earth."

I know not whether Shakſpeare calls the Globe playhouſe *a cock-pit*, from its being a *round* building, or elſe from its ſerving that purpoſe alſo: the latter appears probable, from his ſtyling the floor an *unworthy ſcaffold*, which ſuggeſts the idea of its being temporary, and that the edifice anſwered both turns, by means of a ſlight alteration. HENLEY.

This theatre, like all our ancient ones, was denominated from its ſign, viz. *The Globe*, and not from its ſhape. Had playhouſes been named with reference to their form of conſtruction, what ſort of building could have correſponded with the title of a *Red Bull*, a *Curtain*, a *Fortune*, *Croſs Keys*, a *Phœnix*, &c.?"

Shakſpeare, meaning to degrade the ſtage he was deſcribing, may call it a *cock-pit*, becauſe a *cock-pit* was the moſt diminutive encloſure preſent to his mind; or, perhaps, becauſe there was a playhouſe called *The Cock-pit*, at which *King Henry V.* might firſt have been acted. *N. B.* From Mr. Henley's own drawing of *The Globe*, the outſide of it, at leaſt, appears to have been octagonal. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the very* caſques,] The helmets. JOHNSON.

That did affright the air at Agincourt?[7]
O, pardon! ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces[8] work:
Suppoſe, within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whoſe high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts aſunder.[9]

The very caſques, does not mean the identical caſques, but the caſques *only*, the caſques *alone*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine ſays to Grumio:

"——Thou falſe deluding ſlave,
"That feed'ſt me with the *very name* of meat."

The *very name*, means here, the *name only*. M. Mason.

The *very* caſques, are—*even* the caſques or helmets; much leſs the men by whom they were worn. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——for fear
"Thy *very* ſtones prate of my whereabout." Malone.

[7] ——*caſques*,
That did affright the air—] Thus Prudentius, in *Pſychomachia*, 297:

"——clypeo dum *territat auras*." Steevens.

[8] ——imaginary *forces*—] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and paſſive words are by this author frequently confounded. Johnson.

[9] *Whoſe high upreared and abutting fronts*
The perilous, narrow *ocean parts aſunder.*] *Perilous narrow*, in burleſque and common language, meant no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expreſſion occurs perpetually. *A* perilous *broad brim to a hat*, *a* perilous *long ſword*, &c. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant*:

"She is *perilous* crafty."

Thus, *villainous* is only uſed to exaggerate, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——be turn'd to barnacles or apes
"With foreheads *villainous* low."

Again, in John Florio's Preface to his tranſlation of Montaigne:

"——in this *perilous* crook'd paſſage——."

The *narrow ſeas*, however, were always reckoned *dangerous*,

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,[1]
And make imaginary puiſſance:[2]
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them

inſomuch that Golding, in his verſion of the 14th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, tranſlates—*Sævior illa freto ſurgente*,—

"——the lady *crueller*
"Than are the riſing *narrow ſeas*."

Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 326:

"How full of feare, how furious!
"The *narrow ſeas* are not ſo boiſterous." STEEVENS.

The preſent reading is right, but there ſhould be a comma between the words *perilous* and *narrow*, as it was by no means Shakſpeare's intention to join them together, and to make a burleſque phraſe of them, ſuch as Steevens deſcribes. The perilouſneſs of the ocean to be paſſed by the army, before the meeting of the kings, adds to the grandeur and intereſt of the ſcene; and it is well known that *narrow ſeas* are the moſt *perilous*. So the Chorus in the next Act inſinuates that it was neceſſary;

"——To charm the *narrow ſeas*
"To give them gentle paſs."

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, the *narrow ſeas* are made the ſcene of ſhipwrecks, where Salarino ſays, "Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wrecked on the *narrow ſeas*; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very *dangerous* flat, and fatal," &c.
M. MASON.

[1] *Into a thouſand parts divide one man,*] The meaning of this is, *Suppoſe every man to repreſent a thouſand*; but it is very ill expreſſed. M. MASON.

[2] *And make imaginary puiſſance:*] This ſhows that Shakſpeare was fully ſenſible of the abſurdity of ſhowing battles on the theatre, which, indeed, is never done, but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be repreſented to the eye, but by ſomething like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited. JOHNSON.

Other authors of that age ſeem to have been ſenſible of the ſame abſurdities. In Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631, a Chorus enters and ſays:

"Our ſtage ſo lamely can expreſs a ſea,
"That we are forc'd by Chorus to diſcourſe
"What ſhould have been in action," &c. STEEVENS.

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our kings,
Carry them here and there;[3] jumping o'er times;[4]
Turning the accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs: For the which ſupply,
Admit me chorus to this hiſtory;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[3] *For 'tis your* thoughts *that now muſt deck our* kings,
Carry them here and there;] We may read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this ſingle play. The miſtake was made by referring *them* to *kings*, which belongs to *thoughts*. The ſenſe is, *your thoughts muſt give the king his proper greatneſs; carry therefore* your thoughts *here and there*, jumping over time, and crouding years into an hour. JOHNSON.

I am not ſure that Dr. Johnſon's obſervation is juſt. In this play the king of France, as well as England, makes his appearance; and the ſenſe may be this:—*It muſt be to your imaginations that our kings are indebted for their royalty.* Let the fancy of the ſpectator furniſh out thoſe appendages to greatneſs which the poverty of our ſtage is unable to ſupply. The poet is ſtill apologizing for the defects of theatrical repreſentation. STEEVENS.

Johnſon is, in my opinion, miſtaken alſo in his explanation of the remainder of the ſentence. *Carry them here and there* does not mean, as he ſuppoſes, *Carry your thoughts here and there*; for the Chorus not only calls upon the imagination of the audience to adorn his kings, but to carry them alſo from one place to another, though by a common poetical licenſe the copulative be omitted. M. MASON.

[4] —— jumping o'er *times*;] So, in the prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Leaps o'er* the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils—." STEEVENS.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.[5]

London.[6] *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury,[7] *and Biſhop of* Ely.[8]

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the laſt king's reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſs'd,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time[9]

[5] This firſt ſcene was added ſince the edition of 1608, which is much ſhort of the preſent editions, wherein the ſpeeches are generally enlarged and raiſed: ſeveral whole ſcenes beſides, and all the choruſſes alſo, were ſince added by Shakſpeare. Pope.

[6] *London.*] It appears from Hall's and Holinſhed's Chronicles, that the buſineſs of this ſcene was tranſacted at Leiceſter, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the ſecond year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the ſecond Act ſhows that the author intended to make London the place of his firſt ſcene. Malone.

[7] ——*of* Canterbury,] Henry Chicheley, a Carthuſian monk, recently promoted to the ſee of Canterbury. Malone.

[8] ——*Ely.*] John Fordham, conſecrated 1388; died 1426. Reed.

[9] ——*the* ſcambling *and unquiet time*——] In the houſehold book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland there is a particular

Did puſh it out of further queſtion.[1]

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupplied;
And to the coffers of the king beſide,

ſection, appointing the order of ſervice for the *ſcambling* days in Lent; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *ſcambled*, i. e. *ſcrambled* and ſhifted for himſelf as well as he could. So, in the old noted book intitled *Leiceſter's Commonwealth*, one of the marginal heads is, "*Scambling* between Leiceſter and Huntington at the upſhot." Where in the text, the author ſays, "Haſtings, for ought I ſee, when hee commeth to the *ſcambling*, is like to have no better luck by the beare [Leiceſter] then his anceſtour had once by the boare." [K. Richard III.] edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shakſpeare himſelf makes King Henry V. ſay to the Princeſs Katharine, "I get thee with *ſcambling*, and thou muſt therefore prove a good ſoldier-breeder." Act V. Percy.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"*Scambling*, out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys."
Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:
"Leave us to *ſcamble* for her getting out."
See Vol. VI. p. 150, n. 3. Steevens.

[1] ——*out of further* queſtion.] i. e. of further *debate*. Malone.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"If we contend, *out of* our *queſtion* wipe him."
Steevens.

A thouſand pounds by the year: [2] Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: [3] yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an angel came, [4]
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
To envelop and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood, [5]

[2] *A thouſand pounds by the year:*] Hall, who appears to have been Shakſpeare's authority, in the above enumeration, ſays, "and the kyng to have clerely in his cofers *twentie thouſand poundes.*" Reed.

[3] *The breath no ſooner left his father's body,*
But that his wildneſs, *mortified in him,*
Seem'd to die too:] The ſame thought occurs in the laſt ſcene of the preceding play, where Henry V. ſays:
"My father is gone wild into his grave,
"For in his tomb lie my affections." M. Mason.

[4] Conſideration *like an angel* &c.] As paradiſe, when ſin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celeſtial ſpirits, ſo the king's heart, ſince *conſideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wiſdom and of virtue. Johnson.

Mr. Upton obſerves that, according to the ſcripture expreſſion, *the old Adam*, or *the old man*, ſignified man in an unregenerated or gentile ſtate. Malone.

[5] *Never came reformation in a flood,*] Alluding to the method

With ſuch a heady current,[6] ſcouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are bleſſed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,[7]

by which Hercules cleanſed the famous ſtables, when he turned a river through them. Hercules ſtill is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

[6] *With ſuch a heady* current,] Old copy—*currance*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *Hear him but reaſon in divinity*, &c.] This ſpeech ſeems to have been copied from King James's prelates, ſpeaking of their Solomon; when Archbiſhop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer ſays, *died ſoon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himſelf *verily perſuaded, that his* ſacred *majeſty ſpake by the ſpirit of God.* And, in effect, this ſcene was added after King James's acceſſion to the crown: ſo that we have no way of avoiding its being eſteemed a compliment to *him*, but by ſuppoſing it a compliment to *his biſhops*. WARBURTON.

Why theſe lines ſhould be divided from the reſt of the ſpeech and applied to King James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity ſhould be ſo eagerly ſnatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was the leaſt contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconſiderable. To preſide at diſputations is not very ſuitable to a king, but to underſtand the queſtions is ſurely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no ſkilful encomiaſt; for the mention of Harry's ſkill in war forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their preſent king; who yet, with all his faults, and many faults he had, was ſuch, that Sir Robert Cotton ſays, *he would be content that England ſhould never have a better, provided that it ſhould never have a worſe.* JOHNSON.

Thoſe who are ſolicitous that juſtice ſhould be done to the theological knowledge of our Britiſh Solomon, may very eaſily furniſh themſelves with ſpecimens of it from a book entitled, *Rex Platonicus, ſive de potentiſſimi Principis Jacobi Britannicarum Regis ad illuſtriſſimam Academiam Oxonienſem adventu,*

And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would ſay,—it hath been all-in-all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſick:
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,[8]
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honeyed ſentences;
So that the art and practick part of life[9]

Aug. 27. *Anno* 1605. In this performance we may ſtill *hear him reaſoning in Divinity*, Phyſick, Juriſprudence, and Philoſophy. On the ſecond of theſe ſubjects he has not failed to expreſs his well-known enmity to *tobacco*, and throws out many a royal witticiſm on the "Medici Nicotianiſtæ," and "Tobacconiſtæ" of the age; inſomuch, that Iſaac Wake, the chronicler of his triumphs at Oxford, declares, that "nemo niſi iniquiſſimus rerum æſtimator, bonique publici peſſimè invidus *Jacobo* noſtro recuſabit immortalem gloriæ aram figere, qui ipſe adeo mirabilem in *Theologiæ*, *Juriſprudentiæ*, et *Medicinæ* arcanis peritiam eamque planè *divinitùs* aſſecutus eſt, ut" &c.

STEEVENS.

[8] *The air*, &c.] This line is exquiſitely beautiful. JOHNSON.

The ſame thought occurs in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"————I muſt have liberty
"Withal, *as large a charter as the wind*,
"To blow on whom I pleaſe." MALONE.

[9] *So that the* art *and* practick *part of life*—] He diſcourſes with ſo much ſkill on all ſubjects, that *the art and practice of life muſt be the miſtreſs or teacher of his theorick*; that is, *that his theory muſt have been taught by art and practice*; which, *ſays he*, is ſtrange, ſince he could ſee little of the true art or practice among his looſe companions, nor ever retired to digeſt his practice into theory. *Art* is uſed by the author for *practice*, as diſtinguiſhed from *ſcience* or *theory*. JOHNSON.

Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorick:[1]
Which is a wonder, how his grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain:
His companies[2] unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.[3]

Ely. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle;[4]
And wholeſome berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.[5]

[1] ——*to this* theorick:] *Theorick* is what terminates in ſpeculation. So, in *The Valiant Welſhman*, 1615:

" ——— ſon *Caradoc*,
" 'Tis yet unfit that, on this ſudden warning,
" You leave your fair wife to the *theorique*
" Of matrimonial pleaſure and delight."

Bookiſh *theorick* is mentioned in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

In our author's time this word was always uſed where we now uſe *theory*. See Vol. VIII. p. 354, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] ——*companies*—] is here uſed for *companions*. It is uſed by other authors of Shakſpeare's age in the ſame ſenſe. See Vol. IV. p. 331, n. 2. MALONE.

[3] ——*popularity*.] i. e. plebeian intercourſe; an unuſual ſenſe of the word: though perhaps the ſame idea was meant to be communicated by it in *King Henry IV.* Part I. where King Richard II. is repreſented as having

" Enfeoff'd himſelf to *popularity*." STEEVENS.

[4] *The ſtrawberry* &c.] i. e. the wild fruit ſo called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*creſcive in his faculty*.] Increaſing in its proper power. JOHNSON.

Cant. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,[6]
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,[7]

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night
Unseen, yet crescive *in his faculty.*]
"Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
"Fama Marcelli."
Crescive is a word used by Drant, in his translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:
"As lusty youths of *crescive* age doe flourishe freshe and grow." Steevens.

[6] ——swaying *more upon our part,*] *Swaying* is *inclining*. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:
"Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,—
"Now *sways* it that way." Malone.

[7] *The* severals, *and* unhidden passages,] This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the

Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and ſeat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambaſſador, upon that inſtant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embaſſy;
Which I could, with a ready gueſs, declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.[8]

paſſages of his *titles* are the *lines* of *ſucceſſion* by which his claims deſcend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear.* Johnson.

I believe we ſhould read *ſeveral,* inſtead of *ſeverals.*
M. Mason.

[8] *Send for him, good uncle.*] The perſon here addreſſed was

West. Shall we call in the ambaſſador, my liege?[9]

K. Hen. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk[1] our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,

Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorſet, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the ſons of John of Gaunt, by Katharine Swynford. Shakſpeare is a little too early in giving him the title of *Duke of Exeter*; for when Harfleur was taken, and he was appointed governour of the town, he was only Earl of Dorſet. He was not made Duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416. Malone.

Perhaps Shakſpeare confounded this character with that of John Holland, *Duke of Exeter*, who was married to Elizabeth, the king's aunt. He was executed at Plaſhey in 1400: but with this circumſtance our author might have been unacquainted. See *Remarks* &c. on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, [i. e. that of 1778,] p. 239. Stevens.

[9] *Shall we call in* &c.] Here began the old play. Pope.

[1] ——*taſk*——] Keep buſied with ſcruples and laborious diſquiſitions. Johnson.

Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul[2]
With opening titles miſcreate,[3] whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation[4]
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,[5]
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of war;

[2] *Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul*—] Take heed, leſt by nice and ſubtle ſophiſtry you burthen your knowing ſoul, or *knowingly burthen your ſoul*, with the guilt of advancing a falſe title, or of maintaining, by ſpecious fallacies, a claim which, if ſhown in its native and true colours, would appear to be falſe. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*miſcreate*,] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, ſpurious. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*in* approbation—] i. e. in proving and ſupporting that title which ſhall be now ſet up. So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Hiſtorics*, 1614: "Compoſing what he wrote, not by report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

— "That lack'd ſight only;——nought for *approbation*,
"But only ſeeing." MALONE.

[5] ——*take heed how you* impawn our *perſon*,] The whole drift of the king is to impreſs upon the archbiſhop a due ſenſe of the caution with which he is to ſpeak. He tells him that the crime of unjuſt war, if the war be unjuſt, ſhall reſt upon him:

Therefore take heed how you impawn your *perſon*.

So, I think, it ſhould be read, *Take heed how you* pledge yourſelf, your honour, your happineſs, in ſupport of bad advice.

Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and ſo eſcapes the difficulty. JOHNSON.

The alluſion here is to the game of chefs, and the diſpoſition of the *pawns* with reſpect to the *King*, at the commencement of this mimetick conteſt. HENLEY.

To *engage* and to *pawn* were, in our author's time, ſynonymous. See Minſhew's *Dictionary*, in v. *engage*. But the word *pawn* had not, I believe, at that time, its preſent ſignification. To *impawn* ſeems here to have the ſame meaning as the French phraſe *ſe commettre*. MALONE.

We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrongs give edge unto the ſwords
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.[6]
Under this conjuration,[7] ſpeak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſh'd
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign,—and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne;—There is no bar[8]
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to France,

[6] ——brief *mortality.*]
"Nulla *brevem* dominum ſequeter." *Horace.*
STEEVENS.

[7] Under *this conjuration,*] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:
After *this conjuration,*——. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*There is no bar* &c.] This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. *year the ſecond, folio* iv. xx. xxx. xl. &c. In the firſt edition it is very imperfect, and the whole hiſtory and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards ſet right, and corrected from the original, Hall's *Chronicle.* POPE.

This ſpeech (together with the Latin paſſage in it) may as well be ſaid to be taken from Holinſhed as from Hall.
STEEVENS.

See a ſubſequent note, in which it is proved that Holinſhed, and not Hall, was our author's hiſtorian. The ſame facts, indeed, are told in both, Holinſhed being a ſervile copyiſt of Hall; but Holinſhed's book was that which Shakſpeare read; and therefore I always quote it in preference to the elder chronicle, contrary to the rule that ought in general to be obſerved.
MALONE.

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè ſuccedant,
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjuſtly gloze,[9]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having ſubdued the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certain French;
Who, holding in diſdain the German women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I ſaid, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meiſen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not deviſed for the realm of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſs the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-ſix; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did ſeat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King Pepin, which depoſed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being deſcended

[9] ——*gloze,*] Expound, explain, and ſometimes comment upon. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"——you have ſaid well;
"And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
"Have *glos'd* but ſuperficially." REED.

Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet alſo,—that uſurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of Charles the great,—
To fine his title with ſome ſhow of truth,[1]
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himſelf[2] as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the ſon
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the ſon

[1] *To* fine *his title* &c.] This is the reading of the quarto of 1608; that of the folio is—*To* find *his title*. I would read:

To line *his title with ſome ſhow of truth.*

To *line* may ſignify at once to decorate and to ſtrengthen. So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——— did *line* the rebel
" With hidden help and vantage;—"

Dr. Warburton ſays, that *to fine his title,* is to *refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge.

I now believe that *find* is right; the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant; to *find* his title is, *to determine in favour of his title with ſome ſhow of truth.* JOHNSON.

To *fine* his title, is to make it *ſhowy* or *ſpecious* by ſome appearance of juſtice. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

" To face the garment of rebellion,
" With ſome *fine* colour."

The words in Holinſhed's *Chronicle* are: " —to make his title *ſeem true,* and appear good, though indeed it was ſtark *naught.*"—In Hall, " to make &c.—though indeed it was both *evil* and untrue." MALONE.

I believe that *fine* is the right reading, and that the metaphor is taken from the *fining* of liquors. In the next line the ſpeaker ſays:

" Though in pure truth it was *corrupt* and naught."

It is the jury that *finds* a verdict, not the plaintiff or defendant, and therefore a man cannot *find* his own title.

M. MASON.

[2] Convey'd *himſelf*—] Derived his title. Our poet found this expreſſion alſo in Holinſhed. MALONE.

Of Charles the great.[3] Alſo king Lewis the tenth,[4]

' —— *the lady* Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, &c.] By *Charles the Great* is meant the Emperor *Charlemagne*, ſon of *Pepin*: *Charlemain* is *Charlechauve*, or *Charles the Bald*, who, as well as *Charles le Gros*, aſſumed the title of *Magnus*. See *Goldaſti Animadverſiones in Einhardum*. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then *Charlechauve* had only one daughter, named *Judith*, married, or, as ſome ſay, only betrothed, to our King Ethelwulf, and carried off, after his death, by Baldwin the foreſter, afterward Earl of Flanders, whom, it is very certain, Hugh Capet was neither heir to, nor any way deſcended from. This Judith, indeed, had a great-grand-daughter called *Luitgarde*, married to a Count Wichman, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewiſe the name of Charlemagne's fifth wife; but no ſuch female as *Lingare* is to be met with in any French hiſtorian. In fact, theſe fictitious perſonages and pedigrees ſeem to have been deviſed by the Engliſh heralds, to "fine a title with ſome ſhow of truth," which, "in pure truth was corrupt and naught." It was manifeſtly impoſſible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the ſame colour, to another perſon's. He merely propoſes the invaſion and conqueſt of France, in proſecution of the dying advice of his father:

" —— to buſy giddy minds
" In foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,
" Might waſte the memory of former days:"

that his ſubjects might have ſufficient employment to miſlead their attention from the nakedneſs of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the Archbiſhop are owing to ſimilar motives. RITSON.

[4] —— *Alſo king Lewis the* tenth,] The word *ninth* has been inſerted by ſome of the modern editors. The old copies read *tenth*. *Ninth* is certainly wrong, and *tenth* certainly right. Iſabel was the wife of Philip the ſecond, father of Lewis the *ninth*, and grandfather of Lewis the *tenth*. RITSON.

—— *Lewis the* tenth,] This is a miſtake, (as is obſerved in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIII. P. II. p. 588,) into which Shakſpeare was led by Holinſhed, (Vol. II. p. 546, edit. 1577,) whom he copied. St. Lewis, (for he is the perſon here deſcribed,) the grandſon of Queen Iſabel, the wife of Philip II. King of France, was Lewis the *Ninth*. He was the ſon of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Caſtile. In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY V. folio iiii. b. (which Holinſhed has cloſely followed, except in

Who was ſole heir to the uſurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of France, till ſatisfied
That fair queen Iſabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foreſaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his ſatisfaction,[5] all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chooſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles[6]
Uſurp'd from you and your progenitors.

this particular error, occaſioned by either his own or his printer's inaccuracy,) Lewis is rightly called the *Ninth*. Here therefore we have a deciſive proof that our author's guide in all his hiſtorical plays was Holinſhed, and not Hall. See n. 8, p. 289. I have however left the error uncorrected, on the ſame principle on which ſimilar errors in *Julius Cæſar*, into which Shakſpeare was led by the old tranſlation of Plutarch, have been ſuffered to remain undiſturbed; and alſo, becauſe it aſcertains a fact of ſome importance. MALONE.

[5] *King Lewis his* ſatisfaction,] He had told us juſt above, that Lewis could not wear the crown with a ſafe conſcience, "till *ſatisfied*," &c. THEOBALD.

[6] —— imbare *their crooked titles*—] Mr. Pope reads:

Than openly imbrace ——.

But where is the antitheſis betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old folios read:

Than amplu to imbarre ——.

We certainly muſt read, as Mr. Warburton adviſed me:

Than amplly to imbare——

K. Hen. May I, with right and conſcience, make this claim?

lay open, diſplay to view. I am ſurprized Mr. Pope did not ſtart this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition; who reads:

Than amply to make bare *their crooked titles.*

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have found, in the 4to. of 1608, this reading:

Than amply to embrace *their crooked* cauſes:

out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1600, reads—*imbace.*

I have met with no example of the word—*imbare.* To *unbar* is *to open*, and might have been the word ſet down by the poet, in oppoſition to—*bar.*

So, in the firſt ſcene of *Timon*, the poet ſays, "I'll *unbolt* to you."

To *embar*, however, ſeems, from the following paſſage in the firſt Book of Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of Virgil, 1583, to ſignify to *break or cut off abruptly*:

"Heere Venus *embarring* his tale," &c.

Yet, as to *bar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, is to ſtrengthen,—

"——that is ſtronger made,

"Which was before *barr'd* up with ribs of iron,—"

ſo, *amply* to *unbar*, may mean to *weaken* by an open diſplay of invalidity.

As *imbare*, however, is not unintelligible, and is defended by the following able critieks, I have left it in the text.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *imbare* is the right reading. Though the editor who has adopted it ſeems to argue againſt it, it makes the ſenſe more clear than any of the other readings propoſed. *Imbare*, in the laſt line, is naturally oppoſed to *hide* in that which precedes, and it differs but little from the reading of the quarto 1600. The objection that there is no ſuch word as *imbare*, can have but little weight. It is a word ſo fairly deduced, and ſo eaſily underſtood, that an author of much leſs celebrity than Shakſpeare, had a right to coin it. M. MASON.

In the folio the word is ſpelt *imbarre*. *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other ſimilar words uſed by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty anceſtors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making deſeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.[7]
O noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action![8]

[7] *Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill*
Stood ſmiling, &c.] This alludes to the battle of Creſſy, as deſcribed by Holinſhed: "The earle of Northampton and others ſent to the king, *where he ſtood aloft on a windmill-hill*; the king demanded if his ſonne were ſlaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, ſaid the knight that brought the meſſage, but he is ſore matched. Well, (ſaid the king,) returne to him and them that ſent you, and ſaie to them, that they ſend no more to me for any adventure that falleth, ſo long as my ſon is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honour thereof. The ſlaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the ſame battle, fought the 26th Auguſt, 1346."
Holinſhed, Vol. II. p. 372, col. i. Bowle.

[8] —— *and* cold *for action!*] This epithet all the commentators have paſſed by, and I am unable to explain. I cannot but ſuſpect it to be corrupt. A deſire to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſeems to merit the name of *ardour*, rather than the term here given it. If *cold* be the true reading, their coldneſs ſhould ariſe from *inaction*; and therefore the reading muſt be, cold for *want of* action. So Lyly, in *Euphues and his England*, 1581: "—it

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your highness;[9] never king of England

he were too long for the bed, Procrustes cut off his legs, for *catching cold*," i. e. for *fear of* catching cold. MALONE.

I always regarded the epithet *cold* as too clear to need explanation. The soldiers were eager to *warm* themselves by *action*, and were cold for want of it. A more recondite meaning, indeed, may be found; a meaning which will be best illustrated by a line in Statius, *Theb.* VI. 395:

" Concurrit summos *animosum frigus* in artus."

STEEVENS.

[9] *They know, your* grace hath *cause, and means, and might; So hath your highness;*] We should read:

——*your* race had *cause*,

which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of Exeter:

As did the former lions of your blood;

meaning Edward III. and the Black Prince. WARBURTON.

I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed it. JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment is unnecessary; but surely we should point the passage thus:

They know your grace hath cause; and means, and might,
So hath your highness;

Meaning that the king had not only a good cause, but force to support it. *So*, in this place, has the force of *also*, or *likewise*. M. MASON.

So hath *your highness;*] i. e. your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have. MALONE.

Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood,[1] and ſword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the ſpiritualty
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. Hen. We muſt not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe marches,[2] gracious ſovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,[3]

[1] *With* blood, &c.] Old copy—*bloods*. Corrected in the third folio. Malone.

This and the foregoing line Dr. Warburton gives to Weſtmoreland, but with ſo little reaſon that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing. Johnson.

[2] *They of thoſe* marches,] The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords preſidents of the *marches*, &c. So, in the firſt canto of Drayton's *Barons' Wars*:

"When now the *marchers* well upon their way," &c.
Steevens.

[3] ——*the main* intendment *of the Scot*,] *Intendment* is here perhaps uſed for *intention*, which, in our author's time, ſignified *extreme exertion*. The *main intendment* may, however, mean, the *general diſpoſition*. Malone.

Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour[4] to us;
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,[5]
But that the Scot on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot eſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege, caſtles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.[6]

Main intendment, I believe, ſignifies—*exertion in a body*. The king oppoſes it to the leſs conſequential inroads of *detached parties*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*giddy neighbour*—] That is, inconſtant, changeable. JOHNSON.

[5] *Never went with his forces into France,*] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:

——*never my great grandfather*
Unmaſk'd *his power for France*—.

What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceleſs ſtate of England, may be known by the following paſſage from *The Battle of Floddon*, an ancient hiſtorical poem:

" For England's king, you underſtand,
" To France is paſt with all his peers:
" There is none at home left in the land,
" But joult-head monks, and burſten freers.
" Of ragged ruſties, without rules,
" Of prieſts prating for pudding ſhives;
" Of milners madder than their mules,
" Of wanton clerks, waking their wives."

Thus alſo in Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. VIII. ch. xl. v. 96:

" Thai ſayd, that thai mycht rycht welle fare
" Til Lwndyn, for in Ingland than
" Of gret mycht wes left ná man,
" For, thai ſayd, all war in Frawns,
" Bot ſowteris, ſkynneris, or marchauns." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*at the* ill neighbourhood.] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:

——*at the* bruit thereof. STEEVENS.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd[7] than harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampled by herſelf,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a ſtray,
The king of Scots; whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with priſoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praiſe,[8]
As is the ooze and bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.[9]

West. But there's a ſaying, very old and true,[1]—

[7] ——*fear'd*—] i. e. frightened. Malone.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey." Steevens.

[8] *And make your chronicle as rich with praiſe*, &c.] The ſimilitude between the chronicle and the ſea conſiſts only in this, that they are both full, and filled with ſomething valuable. The quarto has *your*, the folio *their* chronicle.

Your and *their*, written by contraction *yr*, are juſt alike, and *her*, in the old hands, is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we ſhould read *her* chronicle. Johnson.

Your chronicle means, I think, the chronicle of *your* kingdom, England. Malone.

[9] ——*and* ſumleſs *treaſuries*.] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:

——*and* ſhipleſs *treaſury*. Steevens.

[1] Weſt. *But there's a ſaying*, &c.] This ſpeech, which is diſſuaſive of war with France, is abſurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to puſh the king upon it, as appears by the firſt ſcene of this Act. Beſides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives this obſervation to the Duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change ſides, and ſpeak one another's ſpeeches: for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following given to Exeter, is Ely's.

Warburton.

This ſpeech is given in the folio to the Biſhop of Ely. But it appears from Holinſhed, (whom our author followed,) and from

If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland firſt begin: [2]
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the weaſel Scot
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouſe, in abſence of the cat,
To ſpoil and havock more than ſhe can eat.[3]

Exe. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd neceſſity; [4]

Hall, that theſe words were the concluſion of the Earl of Weſtmoreland's ſpeech; to whom, therefore, I have aſſigned them. In the quarto *Lord* only is prefixed to this ſpeech. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors attributed it to *Exeter*, but certainly without propriety; for he, on the other hand, maintained that "he whiche would Scotland winne, with France muſt firſt beginne." MALONE.

[2] *If that you will France win*, &c.] Hall's *Chronicle*. Hen. V. year 2, fol. 7, (p. 2,) x. POPE.

It is likewiſe found in Holinſhed, and in the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* STEEVENS.

[3] *To* ſpoil *and havock more than ſhe can eat.*] It is not much the quality of the mouſe to tear the food it comes at, but to run over it and defile it. The old quarto reads, *ſpoile*; and the two firſt folios, *taine*: from which laſt corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*.

THEOBALD.

[4] *Yet that is but a* curs'd *neceſſity*;] So the old quarto [1600]. The folios read *cruſh'd*: neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reaſoning, and not at all pertinent. We ſhould read—*'ſcus'd* neceſſity. It is Exeter's buſineſs to ſhow there is no real neceſſity for ſtaying at home: he muſt therefore mean, that though there be a ſeeming neceſſity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over*.

WARBURTON.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation ſeem very ſatisfactory. *A* curs'd *neceſſity* has no ſenſe; *a* 'ſcus'd *neceſſity* is ſo harſh that one would not admit it, if any thing elſe can be found. *A* cruſh'd *neceſſity* may mean a *neceſſity* which is *ſubdued* and *overpowered* by contrary reaſons. We might read—a

Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps[5] to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,[6]

crude neceſſity, a *neceſſity* not *complete*, or not well conſidered and digeſted; but it is too harſh.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Yet that is not o'courſe a *neceſſity*. JOHNSON.

A *curs'd* neceſſity means, I believe, only *an unfortunate neceſſity*. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phraſe, ſignifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we ſay, ſuch a one leads a *curſed* life; another has got into a *curſed* ſcrape. It may mean, a neceſſity *to be execrated*.

This vulgariſm is often uſed by Sir Arthur Gorges, in his tranſlation of Lucan, 1614. So, Book VII. p. 293:

"His *curſed* fortune he condemned."

Again, p. 297:

"——on the cruel deſtinies
"The people pour out *curſed* cries."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 5th *Odyſſey*:

"——while thus diſcourſe he held,
"A *curs'd* ſurge 'gainſt a cutting rock impell'd
"His naked body." STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Maſon juſtly obſerves that this interpretation, though perhaps the true one, does not agree with the context; [Yet that is *but* an *unfortunate* neceſſity, *ſince* we, &c.] and therefore propoſes to read,—

Yet that is not *a curs'd neceſſity*.

But and *not* are ſo often confounded in theſe plays, that I think his conjecture extremely probable. See Vol. VIII. p. 40, n. 1. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) the ſpeaker's buſineſs to ſhow that there is no real neceſſity for ſtaying at home. MALONE.

[5] *And* pretty *traps*—] Thus the old copy; but I believe we ſhould read *petty*.

Pretty, however, is a term colloquially employed by our author in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——my daughter's of a *pretty* age." STEEVENS.

[6] *For* government, *though* high, *and* low, *and* lower,] The foundation and expreſſion of this thought ſeems to be borrowed

Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;[7]
Congruing[8] in a full and natural close,
Like musick.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience:[9] for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach

from Cicero, *De Republica*, Lib. II: "*Sic ex* summis, *et* mediis, *et* infimis *interjectis* ordinibus, *ut* sonis, *moderatam ratione civitatem*, consensu *dissimiliorum* concinere; *et quæ* harmonia *à* musicis *dicitur in cantu, eam esse in* civitate concordiam."

THEOBALD.

[7] ——*in one* concent;] I learn from Dr. Burney, that *consent* is connected harmony, in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. Thus, (says the same elegant and well-informed writer,) *concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments in what we should now call a chorus, or concert.

In the same sense I suppose Ben Jonson to have used the word in his *Volpone*, Act III. sc. iv:

"——as Plato holds your music
"(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)
"Is your true rapture, when there is *consent*
"In face, in voice," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Congruing*—] The folio has *congreeing*. The quarto *congrueth*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

In the old quarto, 1608, the passage stands thus:

"For government, though high or low, being put in parts,
"*Congrueth* with a mutuall consent like musicke."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Setting endeavour in continual motion;*
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience:] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour,—as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed.* The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick good and general design of government.

JOHNSON.

The act of order[1] to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king,[2] and officers of sorts:[3]

[1] *The act of order*—] *Act* here means *law*, or *statute*; as appears from the old quarto, where the words are, "Creatures that by awe *ordain* an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom."

Mr. Pope changed *act* to *art*, and was followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

[2] ——*for so work the honey bees*;——

They have a king, &c.] Our author, in this parallel, had, I have no doubt, the following passage, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1581, in view: "In like manner, Euphues, is the government of a monarchie,—that it is neither the wife foxe nor the malicious woolfe, should venture so farre, as to learne whether the lyon sleepe or wake in his denne, whether the prince fast or feast in the court; but this should be their order,—to understand there is a king, but what he doth, is for the gods to examine, whose ordinance he is, not for men whose overseer he is. Then how vain is it,—that the foot should neglect his office, to correct the face; or that subjects should seeke more to know what their princes doe, than what they are; wherein they shew themselves as bad as beasts, and much worse than my bees, who, in my conceit, observe more *order* than they. If I might crave pardon, I would a little acquaint you with the *commonwealth* of my *bees*.—I have for the space of these twenty yeeres dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any thing but only keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I find, which had I not seen I should hardly have believed, that they use as great wit by induction, and art by workmanship, as ever man hath or can; using between themselves no lesse justice than wisdome, and yet not so much wisdome as majestie; insomuch as thou wouldest thinke that they were *a kind of people*, a commonwealth of Plato; where they all labour, all gather hony, flie together in a swarme, eat in a swarme, and sleepe in a swarme. *They live under a law*, using great reverence to their elder as to the wiser. They choose *a king*, whose *palace* they frame, both braver in shew, and stronger in substance.—If their prince die, they know not how to live; they languish, weepe, sigh, neither intending their worke, nor keeping their old society. And that which is most marvellous and almost incredible, if there be any that hath disobeyed his commandment, either of purpose or unwitting, he killeth himself with his own sting, as an *executioner* to his own stubbornesse. The king himselfe hath a sting, which he useth rather for honour than punishment. And

Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;[4]

yet, Euphues, albeit they live under a prince, they have their priviledges, and as great liberties as ſtrait lawes. They call a parliament, wherein they conſult for lawes, ſtatutes, penalties, chooſing *officers*, and creating their *king*.—*Every one hath his office; ſome trimming the honey, ſome working the wax, one framing hives, another the combes*; and that ſo artificially, that Dedalus could not with greater art or excellency better diſpoſe the orders, meaſures, proportions, diſtinctions, joints, and circles. Diverſe *hew*, others *poliſh*, and are careful to do their worke ſo ſtrongly as they may reſiſt the craft of ſuch *drones* as ſeek to live by their labours; which maketh them to keepe watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to themſelves.—*When they goe forth to worke, they marke the winde*, the *clouds*, and whatſoever doth threaten either their ruin or rage; and *having gathered out of every flower hony, they return, loaded in their mouthes, thighes, winges, and all the body*; whom they that tarried at home receive readily, as eaſing their backs of *ſo great burthens*. The king himſelfe, not idle, goeth up and down, intreating, threatening, commanding; uſing the counſel of a ſequell, but not loſing the dignity of a prince; preferring thoſe that labour in greater authority, and *puniſhing thoſe that loiter with due ſeverity*."—"The commonwealth of your bees [replied Euphues] did ſo delight me, that I was not a little ſorry, that either their eſtates have not been longer, or your leiſure more; for in my ſimple judgment, there was *ſuch an orderly government that men may not be aſhamed to imitate them*." MALONE.

[3] ——*and officers of* ſorts:] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*ſort*; i. e. high rank. See Vol. VI. p. 375, n. 2; and p. 396, n. 3. MALONE.

Officers of *ſorts* means officers of different degrees. In a London haberdaſher's bill to his cuſtomer in the country, I lately ſaw the following charge: "To thread of *ſorts*;" i. e. of different kinds. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's opinion it may be obſerved, that in *A true Relation of the admirable Voyage and Travel of William Buſh, &c.* 4to. 1607, we have "——drummes and *ſortes* of muſicke." REED.

[4] ——venture *trade abroad*;] To *venture trade* is a phraſe of the ſame import and ſtructure as to *hazard battle*. JOHNSON.

Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſons[5] building roofs of gold;
The civil[6] citizens kneading up the honey;[7]
The poor mechanick porters crouding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors[8] pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariouſly;
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many ſeveral ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea;

[5] *The ſinging maſons*—] Our author probably had here two images in his thoughts. The hum of a bee is obvious. I believe he was alſo thinking of a common practice among maſons, who, like many other artificers, frequently ſing while at work: a practice that could not have eſcaped his obſervation. MALONE.

[6] ——*civil*—] i. e. ſober, grave. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "Where is Malvolio? he is ſad and *civil*." See Vol. V. p. 357, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[7] ——kneading *up the honey*;] To *knead* the honey gives an eaſy ſenſe, though not phyſically true. The bees do, in fact, *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakſpeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.

The old quartos read—lading *up the honey*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*to* executors—] *Executors* is here uſed for *executioners*. MALONE.

It is ſo uſed by other authors. Thus, Burton, in the preface to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 38, edit. 1632:

"——tremble at an *executor*, and yet not feare hell-fire." STEEVENS.

As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.[9] Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an* Attendant. *The* King *ascends his Throne.*

Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,[1]
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.[2]

[9] *Without* defeat.] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read: *Without* defect. Steevens.

[1] ——*empery*,] This word, which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though formerly in general use. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Within the circuit of our *empery*." Steevens.

[2] ——*with a* waxen *epitaph*.] The quarto 1608 reads: ——*with a* paper *epitaph*.

Enter Ambaſſadors *of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph is an epitaph eaſily obliterated or deſtroyed; one which can confer no laſting honour on the dead.

To the ancient practice of writing on *waxen* tablets Shakſpeare again alludes in the firſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*:

" ——— but moves itſelf
" In a wide ſea of *wax*."

See notes on this paſſage.

Thus alſo, in G. Whetſtone's *Garden of Unthriftineſs*, 1576:

" In *waxe*, ſay I, men eaſily grave their will;
" In marble ſtone the worke with paine is wonne:
" But perfect once, the print remaineth ſtill,
" When *waxen* ſeales by every browſe are donne."

STEEVENS.

The ſecond reading is more unintelligible, to me at leaſt, than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the ſlighteſt memorial.

JOHNSON.

I think this paſſage has been miſunderſtood. Henry ſays, " he will *either* rule with full dominion in France, *or* die in the attempt, and lay his bones in a paltry urn, without a tomb, or any remembrance over him." With a view to the alternative that he has juſt ſtated, he adds, by way of appoſition and illuſtration, " either the Engliſh Chronicles ſhall ſpeak, *trumpet-tongued*, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death ſhall ſcarcely be *mentioned in hiſtory*; ſhall not be *honoured* by the beſt epitaph a prince can have, the *written* account of his achievements."—A *paper* epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an hiſtorical eulogy, inſtead of a *ſlight* token of reſpect, is mentioned by Henry as the moſt honourable memorial; and Dr. Johnſon's objection founded on the incongruity of ſaying that his grave ſhould not be *dignified* by the *ſlighteſt* memorial, falls to the ground.

The miſrepreſentation, I conceive, aroſe from underſtanding a figurative expreſſion literally, and ſuppoſing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be *affixed to a tomb*.

Amb. May it pleaſe your majeſty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhow you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian king;
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Waxen, the reading of the folio, when it is uſed by Shakſpeare metaphorically, ſignifies ſoft, yielding, taking an impreſſion eaſily; (ſo, in *Twelfth-Night*, "women's *waxen hearts*;" and, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, "For men have marble, women *waxen* minds," &c.) and conſequently might mean alſo—eaſily obliterated: but this meaning is quite inconſiſtent with the context; for in the former part of the paſſage the event of Henry's being buried without a tomb, and without an *epitaph*, has been already ſtated, and therefore the want of an epitaph (in its literal acceptation) could not with propriety again be inſiſted on, in the latter member of the ſentence, which relates to a different point; the queſtion in this place being only, whether his deeds ſhould be emblazoned by narration, or his *actions* and his bones together conſigned to "duſt and damn'd *oblivion*." If any alteration was made by the author, in this paſſage, he might perhaps have changed the epithet *paper* to *laſting*; and the tranſcriber who prepared the folio copy for the preſs, might have been deceived by his ear, and have written *waxen* inſtead of the latter word. There is not indeed much ſimilarity in the ſound of the two words; but miſtakes equally groſs are found in theſe plays, which, it is highly probable, happened in this way. Thus, in this very play, the folio has *name* for *mare*. See p. 321, n. 5. Our poet's 55th Sonnet furniſhes a ſtrong confirmation of my interpretation of this paſſage:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
"Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhyme;
"But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
"Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.
"When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
"And broils root out the work of maſonry,
"Nor Mars his ſword, nor war's quick fire, ſhall burn
"The living record of your memory;" &c. Malone.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highneſs, lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, king Edward the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the prince our maſter
Says,—that you ſavour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;[3]
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This tun of treaſure; and, in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.

K. Hen. What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.[4]

[3] ——*a nimble* galliard *won*;] A *galliard* was an ancient dance, now obſolete. So, in *All for Money*, 1574:
"Where ſhall we get a pipe, to play the devil a *galliard*?" Steevens.

Galliards are thus deſcribed by Sir John Davis, in his poem called *Orcheſtra*:

"But for more diverſe and more pleaſing ſhow,
"A ſwift and wand'ring dance ſhe did invent,
"With paſſages uncertain to and fro,
"Yet with a certain anſwer and conſent
"To the quick muſick of the inſtrument.
"Five was the number of the muſick's feet,
"Which ſtill the dance did with five paces meet;

"A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
"A ſpirit and a virtue maſculine,
"Impatient that her houſe on earth ſhould ſtay,
"Since ſhe herſelf is fiery and divine:
"Oft doth ſhe make her body upward fine,
"With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
"Which with the luſty tunes accordeth fair."
Reed.

[4] *Tennis-balls, my liege.*] In the old play of *King Henry V.* already mentioned, this preſent conſiſts of *a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.* Steevens.

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us;[5]
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be diſturb'd
With chaces.[6] And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of England;[7]

[5] *We are glad, the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us;*] Thus ſtands the anſwer of King Henry in the ſame old play:

"My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleaſant with me.
"But tell him, that inſtead of balls of leather,
"We will toſs him balls of braſs and of iron:
"Yea, ſuch balls as never were toſs'd in France.
"The proudeſt tennis-court in France ſhall rue it."

The ſame circumſtance alſo is thus expreſſed in Michael Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*:

"I'll ſend him balls and rackets if I live;
"That they ſuch racket ſhall in Paris ſee,
"When over line with bandies I ſhall drive;
"As that, before the ſet be fully done,
"France may perhaps into the hazard run."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*chaces.*] *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III: "Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made *chaſes* enow on the one ſide of that bloody *Tenis-court*) went on the other ſide of the line" &c.

The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is ſometimes ſtruck. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*this poor* ſeat *of England*;] By the *ſeat* of England, the King, I believe, means the throne. So, Othello boaſts that he is deſcended "from men of *royal ſiege*." Henry afterwards ſays, he will rouſe him in his *throne* of *France*. The words below, "I will keep my *ſtate*," likewiſe confirm this interpre-

And therefore, living hence,[8] did give ourſelf
To barbarous licenſe; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.

tation. See Vol. XI. p. 301, n. 1; and Vol. X. p. 173, n. 5. So, in *King Richard II:*

" Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills
" Againſt thy *ſeat.*"

Again, in *King Richard III:*

" The ſupreme *ſeat*, the throne majeſtical,—."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

" The rightful heir to *England's royal ſeat.*" MALONE.

[8] *And therefore, living* hence,] This expreſſion has ſtrength and energy: he never valued England, and therefore lived *hence*, i. e. as if abſent from it. But the Oxford editor alters *hence* to *here.* WARBURTON.

Living hence means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now ſpeaking.

Perhaps Proſpero, in *The Tempeſt*, has more clearly expreſſed the ſame idea, when he ſays:

" The government I caſt upon my brother,
" And *to my ſtate grew ſtranger.*" STEEVENS.

In *King Richard II.* Act V. ſc. ii. King Henry IV. complains that he had not ſeen his ſon for three months, and deſires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily frequents,—

" With unreſtrain'd and looſe companions."

See alſo *King Henry IV.* Part II. Act III. ſc. ii:

" Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
" Which by thy younger brother is ſupplied;
" And art almoſt an *alien* to the hearts
" Of all *the court* and princes of my blood."

There can therefore be no doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation is juſt. *Hence* refers to the *ſeat* or throne of England mentioned in the preceding line, on which Henry is now ſitting. An anonymous *Remarker* ſays, " It is evident that the word *hence* implies *here.*" If *hence* means *here*, any one word, as Dr. Johnſon has ſomewhere obſerved, may ſtand for another. It undoubtedly does not ſignify *here* in the preſent paſſage; and if it did, would render what follows nonſenſe. MALONE.

The more I conſider this paſſage, and the remarks of its various commentators, the more convinced I am that the preſent reading cannot be reconciled to ſenſe. M. MASON.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my ſtate;
Be like a king, and ſhow my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouſe me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by [9] my majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, ſtrike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; [1] and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: for many a thouſand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear huſbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down;
And ſome are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the Dauphin's ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,

[9] *For* that *I have laid by*—] To qualify myſelf for this undertaking, I have deſcended from my ſtation, and ſtudied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read—for *this*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*his balls to* gun-ſtones;] When ordnance was firſt uſed, they diſcharged balls, not of iron, but of ſtone. JOHNSON.

So, Holinſhed, p. 947: "About ſeaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with *ſtone* and powder."

In the BRUT of ENGLAND it is ſaid, that when Henry the Fifth before Hare-flete received a taunting meſſage from the Dauphine of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin (Henry's ſhip) in all the haſte that they myght, and they were great *gonneſtones* for the Dolfin to playe with alle. But this game at tennis was too rongh for the beſieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard *gonneſtones*," &c. STEEVENS.

To whom I do appeal; And in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with ſafe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. Hen. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
[*Deſcends from his Throne.*
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore, let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reaſonable ſwiftneſs, add
More feathers to our wings;[2] for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now taſk his thought,[3]
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *with* reaſonable *ſwiftneſs, add*
More feathers to our wings;] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" —————— ſet
" The very *wings* of *reaſon* to his heels." Steevens.

[3] —— *taſk his thought,*] The ſame phraſe has already occurred at the beginning of the preſent ſcene:
" That *taſk our thoughts*, concerning us and France."
See p. 287, n. 1. Steevens.

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England[4] are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man:
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian kings,
With winged heels, as Engliſh Mercuries.
For now ſits Expectation in the air;
And hides a ſword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,[5]

[4] *Now all the youth of England*—] I think Mr. Pope miſtaken in tranſpoſing this Chorus, [to the end of the firſt ſcene of the ſecond Act,] and Mr. Theobald in concluding the [firſt] Act with it. The Chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the Act; and ſo I have printed it. JOHNSON.

[5] *For now ſits Expectation in the air;*
And hides a ſword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, &c.] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquiſite. *Expectation ſitting in the air* deſigns the height of their ambition; and the *ſword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets,* that all ſentiments of danger were loſt in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The idea is taken from the ancient repreſentation of trophies in tapeſtry or painting. Among theſe it is very common to ſee ſwords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewiſe perſonified by Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt,* Book VI:

" ——while *Expectation* ſtood
" In horror——." STEEVENS.

In the Horſe Armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is repreſented with two crowns on his ſword, alluding to the two

Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills[6]
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men.—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge;[7] and the ſecond,
Henry lord Scroop[8] of Marſham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—

kingdoms, France and England, of both of which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from a ſimilar repreſentation. TOLLET.

This image, it has been obſerved by Mr. Henley, is borrowed from a wooden cut in the firſt edition of Holinſhed's *Chronicle*. MALONE.

[6] ——*which* he—] i. e. the king of France. So, in *King John*:

"*England*, impatient of your juſt demands,
"Hath put *himſelf* in arms."

Hanmer and ſome other editors unneceſſarily read—*ſhe*.

Again, in a ſubſequent ſcene of the play before us:

"Though *France himſelf*, and ſuch another neighbour,
"Stood in our way." MALONE.

[7] ——*Richard earl of Cambridge*;] was Richard de Coniſbury, younger ſon of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth. WALPOLE.

[8] *Henry lord Scroop*—] was a third huſband of Joan Ducheſs of York, (ſhe had four,) mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge. MALONE.

Have, for the gilt of France,[9] (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings[1] muſt die,
(If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,)
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digeſt[2]
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.[3]
The ſum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is ſet from London; and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:

[9] ——*the* gilt *of France,*] *Gilt,* which, in our author, generally ſignifies *a diſplay of gold,* (as in this play,

"Our gayneſs and our *gilt* are all beſmirch'd,")

in the preſent inſtance means *golden money.* So, in *An Alarum for London,* 1602:

"To ſpend the victuals of our citizens,
"Which we can ſcarcely compaſs now for *gilt.*"

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*this grace of kings*—] i. e. he who does the greateſt honour to the title. By the ſame kind of phraſeology the uſurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings,* i. e. the opprobrium of them. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare might have found this phraſe in Chapman's tranſlation of the firſt Book of Homer, 1598:

"——with her the *grace of kings,*
"Wiſe Ithacus aſcended—."

Again, in the 24th Book, [no date]:

"Idæus, guider of the mules, diſcern'd this *grace of men.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——well *digeſt*—] The folio, in which only theſe choruſes are found, reads, and perhaps rightly—*we'll* digeſt. STEEVENS.

This emendation was made by Mr. Pope; and the words—*while we,* which are not in the old copy, were ſupplied by him. MALONE.

[3] ——*while we* force a play.] The two firſt words were added (as it ſhould ſeem) very properly. To *force a play,* is to produce a play by compelling many circumſtances into a narrow compaſs. STEEVENS.

There is the playhouſe now,[4] there muſt you ſit:
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow ſeas[5]
To give you gentle paſs; for, if we may,

[4] *And by their hands this grace of kings muſt die,*
(If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,)
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digeſt
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is ſet from London; and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouſe now,] I ſuppoſe every one that reads theſe lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connection of ſenſe nor regularity of tranſition from one thought to the other. It may be ſuſpected that ſome lines are loſt, and in that caſe the ſenſe is irretrievable. I rather think, the meaning is obſcured by an accidental tranſpoſition, which I would reform thus:

And by their hands this grace of kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The king is ſet from London, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton,
Ere he take ſhip for France. And in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
There is the playhouſe now—.

This alteration reſtores ſenſe, and probably the true ſenſe. The lines might be otherwiſe ranged, but this order pleaſes me beſt. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*charming the narrow ſeas*—] Though Ben Jonſon, as we are told, was indebted to the kindneſs of Shakſpeare for the introduction of his firſt piece, *Every Man in his Humour*, on the ſtage, and though our author performed a part in it, Jonſon, in the prologue to that play, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him:

" He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to ſee
" One ſuch to-day, as other plays ſhould be;
" *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the ſeas,*" &c.

When this prologue was written, is unknown. The envious author of it, however, did not publiſh it till 1616, the year of Shakſpeare's death. MALONE.

We'll not offend one ſtomach[6] with our play.
But, till the king come forth,[7] and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

[6] *We'll not offend one ſtomach*—] That is, you ſhall paſs the ſea without the qualms of ſea-ſickneſs. JOHNSON.

[7] *But*, till *the king* come *forth*,] Here ſeems to be ſomething omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

But when *the king* comes *forth*,—

which, as the paſſage now ſtands, is neceſſary. Theſe lines, obſcure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the Chorus; for they ſhow that ſomething is to intervene before the ſcene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

The *Canons of Criticiſm* read:

—— *and* but *till then*.

And Mr. Heath approves the correction. STEEVENS.

Mr. Roderick would read:

—— *and* but *till then*;

that is, "till the king appears next, you are to ſuppoſe the ſcene ſhifted to Southampton, and *no longer*; for *as ſoon as he comes forth, it will ſhift to France*." But this does not agree with the fact; for a ſcene in London intervenes.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, printed by J. Roberts, *but* is printed for *not*:

"Repent *but* you that you ſhall loſe your friend."

and the two words, in many other places, are confounded. See p. 300, n. 4. I ſuſpect *But* is printed for *Not* in the beginning of the line, and that *not* has taken the place of *but* afterwards. If we read:

Not *till the king come forth, and* but *till then*,—

the meaning will be: "We will *not* ſhift our ſcene unto Southampton, till the king makes his appearance on the ſtage, and the ſcene will be at Southampton *only* for the ſhort time while he does appear on the ſtage; for ſoon after his appearance, it will change to France." MALONE.

SCENE I.

The ſame. Eaſtcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Well met, corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.[8]

BARD. What, are ancient Piſtol and you friends yet?

NYM. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles;[9]—but

[8] ——*lieutenant Bardolph.*] At this ſcene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indiſtinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what paſſed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNSON.

The author of REMARKS on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare [1778] wiſhes to know, where Bardolph acquired this commiſſion, (as he is no more than Falſtaff's corporal in *King Henry IV.*) and calls on Mr. Steevens for information on this ſubject. If Shakſpeare were now alive, he would perhaps find it as difficult to give the deſired information as Mr. Steevens. The intelligent reader muſt long ſince have obſerved that our author not only neglected to compare his plays with each other, but that, even in the ſame play, "the latter end of his commonwealth ſometimes forgets the beginning." MALONE.

[9] ——*there ſhall be ſmiles;*] I ſuſpect *ſmiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that ſhall be as it may.* But this fantaſtical fellow is made to ſmile diſdainfully while he threatens; which circumſtance was marked for the player's direction in the margin. WARBURTON.

I do not remember to have met with theſe marginal directions for expreſſion of countenance in any of our ancient manuſcript plays: neither do I ſee occaſion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to ſeek the preciſe meaning of every whimſical phraſe employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however,

that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe; and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will: and there's the humour of it.[1]

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt, to make you friends; and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France;[2] let it be ſo, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may:[3] that is my reſt,[4] that is the rendezvous of it.

having expreſſed his indifference about the continuation of Piſtol's friendſhip, might have added, *when time ſerves, there ſhall be ſmiles*, i. e. he ſhould be merry, even though he was to loſe it; or, that his face would be ready with a ſmile as often as occaſion ſhould call one out into ſervice, though Piſtol, who had excited ſo many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read,—*ſmites*, i. e. *blows*, a word uſed in the midland counties. Steevens.

Perhaps Nym means only to ſay, I care not whether we are friends at preſent; however, when time ſhall ſerve, *we ſhall be in good humour with each other:* but be it as it may. Malone.

[1] ——*the humour of it.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*and there's an end.* Steevens.

[2] ——*and we'll* be *all three ſworn brothers* to *France:*] We ſhould read,—*we'll all* go *ſworn brothers to France*, or, *we'll all be ſworn brothers* in *France*. Johnson.

The humour of *ſworn brothers* ſhould be opened a little. In the time of adventure, it was uſual for two chiefs to bind themſelves to ſhare in each other's fortune, and divide their acquiſitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *ſworn brother* Roger. So theſe three ſcoundrels ſet out for France, as if they were going to make a conqueſt of the kingdom. Whalley.

[3] ——*and when I cannot live any longer, I will* do *as I may:*] Surely we ought to read, "I will *die* as I may." M. Mason.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,[5] yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike,[6] call'st thou me—host?

[4] ——*that is my* rest,] i. e. what I am resolved on. For a particular account of this phrase, see notes on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. sc. v. and Act V. sc. iii. [Vol. XX.] Steevens.

[5] ——*patience be a tired* mare,] The folio reads, by corruption, *tired* name, from which Sir T. Hanmer, sagaciously enough, derived tired *dame*. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto tired *mare*, the true reading. Johnson.

So, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, &c: "Silence is a slave in a chaine, and *patience* the common *packhorse* of the world." Steevens.

[6] *Base* tike,] *Tijk* is the Runick word for a little, or worthless dog. So, in *King Lear*:

"Or bobtail *tike*, or trundle-tail."

This word is still employed in Yorkshire, and means a clown, or rustick. So, in Henry Carey's ballad opera, entitled, *The Honest Yorkshireman*, 1736:

"If you can like
"A Yorkshire *tike*," &c. Steevens.

In Minsheu's [illegible] is defined, "a worme that [illegible] commonly called a *tick*, an animal

Now, by this hand I ſwear, I ſcorn the term;
Nor ſhall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. [Nym *draws his ſword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now![7] O Lord!

that infeſts ſheep, dogs, &c. This may have been Piſtol's term. Our author has the word in the ſenſe Mr. Steevens has aſſigned to it, in *King Lear*; and it occurs with the other ſignification in *Troilus and Creſſida*. Piſtol's next ſpeech, however, ſupports the former explanation. Malone.

[7] *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not* drawn *now!*] The folio—*hewn*. If he be not *hewn* muſt ſignify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that caſe the very thing is ſuppoſed which Quickly was apprehenſive of. But I rather think her fright ariſes upon ſeeing the ſwords drawn, and I have ventured to make a ſlight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his ſword drawn*, is an expreſſion familiar to our poet. Theobald.

The quarto omits this obſcure paſſage, and only gives us,—*O Lord! here's corporal Nym's*——. But as it cannot be aſcertained which words (or whether any) were deſignedly excluded, I have left both exclamations in the text. Mrs. Quickly, without deviation from her character, may be ſuppoſed to utter repeated outcries on the ſame alarm. And yet I think we might read,—*if he be not* hewing. To hack and *hew* is a common vulgar expreſſion. So, in *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Heywood, 1606: "—Bones o'me, he would *hew* it."

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

"The ſin is more to hack and *hew* poor men."

Again, in Froiſſart's *Chronicle*, Cap. CCClv. fol. ccxxxiiii: "For they all to *hewed* the maryners, and dyde putte out their eyen, and ſo ſente them to Gaunte, maymed as they were."

After all (as the late Mr. Guthrie obſerved) to be *hewn* might mean, to be *drunk*. There is yet a low phraſe in uſe on the ſame occaſion, which is not much unlike it; viz. "he is *cut*."—"Such a one was *cut* a little laſt night."

So, in *The Witty Fair One*, by Shirley, 1633:

here's corporal Nym's—now ſhall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,[8]—good corporal, offer nothing here.

"Then, ſir, there is the *cut* of your leg.——

"——that's when a man is *drunk*, is it not?

"Do not flagger in your judgment, for this *cut* is the grace of your body."

Again, in *The London Chaunticleres*, 1659: "—when the cups of canary have made our heads friſk; oh how we ſhall foot it when we can ſcarce ſtand, and caper when we are *cut* in the leg!" Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—to accept the courteſy of the cellar when it is offered you by the drawers (and you muſt know that kindneſs never creepes upon them but when they ſee you almoſt *cleft* to the ſhoulders)," &c.

STEEVENS.

I have followed the quarto, becauſe it requires no emendation. Here's corporal Nym's *ſword drawn*, the Hoſteſs would ſay, but ſhe breaks off abruptly.

The editor of the folio here, as in many other places, not underſtanding an abrupt paſſage, I believe, made out ſomething that he conceived might have been intended. Inſtead of "O Lord," to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, he inſerted, "*O well a-day, lady*," and added,—if he be not *hewn* now." The latter word is evidently corrupt, and was probably printed, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, for *hewing*. But, for the reaſon already given, I have adhered to the quarto. MALONE.

How would the editor of the folio have eſcaped profaneneſs by ſubſtituting *Lady* for *Lord*? for *Lady* is an exclamation on our bleſſed Lady, the *Virgin Mary*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Good* lieutenant &c.] This ſentence (except the word *Bardolph*) is in the folio given to Bardolph, to whom it is evident theſe words cannot belong, for he is himſelf, in this play, the *lieutenant*. Mr. Steevens propoſes to ſolve the difficulty by reading—good *ancient*, ſuppoſing Piſtol to be the perſon addreſſed. But it is clear, I think, from the quarto, that theſe words belong to the ſpeech of the Hoſteſs, who, ſeeing Nym's ſword drawn, conjures him and his friend Bardolph to uſe no violence. In the quarto, the words, "Good corporal Nym, ſhow the valour of a man," are immediately ſubjoined to—"now ſhall we have wilful adultery and murder committed." *Bardolph* was probably an interlineation, and erroneouſly inſerted before the words, "good lieutenant," inſtead of being placed, as it now is, after them.

Nym. Piſh!

Pist. Piſh for thee, Iceland dog![9] thou prick-eared cur[1] of Iceland!

Hence, he was conſidered as the ſpeaker, inſtead of the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

[9] —— Iceland *dog!*] In the folio the word is ſpelt *Island*; in the quarto, *Iseland*. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read, *Iceland* dog. He ſeems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnſon's conjecture. STEEVENS.

Iceland dog is probably the true reading; yet in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, we often meet with *iſland*. Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, mentions *water-dogs*, and *iſlands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler* "To the whole kennel of Antichriſt's hounds, prieſts, friars, monks, and jeſuites, maſtiffs, mongrels, *iſlands*, blood-hounds, bob-taile tikes." FARMER.

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" ——you ſhall have jewels,

" A baboon, a parrot, and an *Iceland dog*."

Again, in *Two Wiſe Men, and all the reſt Fools*, 1619:

" Enter Lævitia, cum Pediſequa, her periwig of *dog's hair white*, &c.

" *Inſa.* A woman? 'tis not a woman. The head is a dog; 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman.

" *Par.* No, 'tis but the hair of a *dog in faſhion*, pulled from theſe *Iceland* dogs."

Again: " —for torturing of theſe *Iceland* imps, with eradicating their fleeces, thereby to enjoy the roots."

Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's *Arraignment of Women*, 1617: " —But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glaſſes from Venice," &c.

It appears from a Proclamation in Rymer's *Fœdera*, that in the reign of Henry V. the Engliſh had a fiſhery on the coaſts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinſhed, in his *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 231, ſays, " we have ſholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iseland*." STEEVENS.

Island [that is, *Iceland*] *cur* is again uſed as a term of con-

Quick. Good corporal Nym, ſhow the valour of a man, and put up thy ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhog off?[2] I would have you *ſolus*. [*Sheathing his ſword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face;
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;[3]

tempt in *Epigrams ſerved out in Fifty-two ſeveral Diſhes*, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the Firſt:

"He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
"Or, miſer-like, a pouch, where never man
"Could thruſt his finger, but this *iſland curre*."

See alſo *Britannia Triumphans*, a maſque, 1630:

"——ſhe who hath been bred to ſtand
"Near chair of queen, with *Island ſhock* in hand."

Malone.

[1] ——*prick-eared cur*——] A *prick-eared cur* is likewiſe in the liſt of dogs enumerated in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

"——trundle-tails and *prick-eared curs*." Steevens.

"There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the ſtreetes, *with their ears upright*." Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*. This is ſaid of two ſharpers, and ſeems to explain the term *prick-eared*.

Henderson.

[2] *Will you* ſhog *off?*] This cant word is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"Come, pr'ythee, let us *ſhog off*."

Again, in *Paſquill and Katharine*, 1601:

"——thus it *ſhogges*," i. e. thus it goes.

Thus, alſo, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the 4th *Iliad*, 4to. 1581:

"——theſe fained wordes agog
"So ſet the goddeſſes, that they in anger gan to *ſhog*."

Steevens.

[3] ——*in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy* maw, *perdy*;] Such was the coarſe language once in uſe among vulgar brawlers. So, in *The Life and Death of William Summers*, &c.:

"——Thou lyeſt in thy *throat* and in thy *guts*."

Steevens.

And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth![4]
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels:
For I can take,[5] and Piſtol's cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbaſon; you cannot conjure me.[6] I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;[7]
Therefore exhale.[8] [Pistol *and* Nym *draw.*

[4] —— *thy* naſty *mouth!*] The quartos read:
—— *meſsful* mouth. Steevens.

[5] *For I can* take,] I know not well what he can *take.* The quarto reads *talk.* In our author *to take,* is ſometimes *to blaſt,* which ſenſe may ſerve in this place. Johnson.

The old reading, *I can take,* is right, and means, *I can take fire.* Though Piſtol's cock was up, yet if he did not take fire, no flaſhing could enſue. The whole ſentence conſiſts in alluſions to his name. M. Mason.

The folio here, as in two other places, corruptly reads—*take.* See Vol. X. p. 146, n. 6. Malone.

[6] *I am not* Barbaſon; *you cannot* conjure *me.*] *Barbaſon* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* Vol. V. p. 98, n. 2. The unmeaning tumour of Piſtol's ſpeech very naturally reminds Nym of the ſounding nonſenſe uttered by *conjurers.* Steevens.

[7] —— doting *death is near;*] Thus the folio. The quarto has *groaning* death. Johnson.

[8] *Therefore* exhale.] *Exhale,* I believe, here ſignifies *draw,* or, in Piſtol's language, *haie* or *lug out.* The ſtage-direction in the old quarto, [*They drawe.*] confirms this explanation. Malone.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I ſay:—he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete,[9] think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No; to the ſpital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Creſſid's kind,[1]

Therefore *exhale* means only—*therefore breathe your laſt, or die*, a threat common enough among dramatick heroes of a higher rank than Piſtol, who only expreſſes this idea in the fantaſtick language peculiar to his character.

In Chapman's verſion of the eighteenth *Iliad*, we are told that

"Twelve men of greateſt ſtrength in Troy, left with their lives *exhal'd*
"Their chariots" &c. Steevens.

[9] *O hound of* Crete,] He means to inſinuate that Nym thirſted for blood. The hounds of Crete, deſcribed by our author in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, appear to have been *bloodhounds*. See Vol. IV. p. 451, n. 9. Malone.

This is an ingenious ſuppoſition; and yet I cannot help thinking that Piſtol on the preſent, as on many other occaſions, makes uſe of words to which he had no determinate meaning.
Steevens.

[1] —— *the lazar* kite of Creſſid's kind,] The ſame expreſſion occurs in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1601: "What courtely is to be found in ſuch *kites of Creſſid's kind*?"
Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1597:
"Nor ſeldom ſeene in *kites of Creſſid's kinde*."
Shakſpeare might deſign a ridicule on the laſt of theſe paſſages.

Doll Tear-ſheet ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only ſhe; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.[2]

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine, hoſt Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter,—and you, hoſteſs;[3]—he is very ſick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days: the king has killed his heart.—Good huſband, come home preſently.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Quickly *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? We muſt to France together; Why, the devil, ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Again, in *The Forreſt of Fancy*, 1579:

"For ſuch rewardes they dayly fynde
"That fyxe their fancy faithfully
"On any *catte of Creſſed's kinde*." Steevens.

[2] ——*there's enough.*] Thus the quarto. The folio adds—*to go to.* Steevens.

[3] ——*and* you, *hoſteſs*;] The folio has—*and* your *hoſteſs*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. The emendation is ſupported by the quarto: "Hoſteſs, you muſt come ſtraight to my maſter, and *you* hoſt Piſtol." Malone.

Pist. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.[4]

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood ſhall compound; Puſh home.

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I ſhall have my eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym ſhall live by me;—
Is not this juſt?—for I ſhall ſutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Pist. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to ſir John: Ah, poor heart! he is ſo

[4] *Baſe is the ſlave that pays.*] Perhaps this expreſſion was proverbial. I meet with it in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, by Heywood, 1631:

"My motto ſhall be, *Baſe is the man that pays!*"

Stevens.

ſhaked[5] of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou haſt ſpoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.[6] [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*ſo* ſhaked &c.] Thus Sidney, in the firſt Book of his *Arcadia*:

"And precious couches full oft are *ſhaked* with a feaver."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*for*, lambkins, *we will live*.] That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obſcured by a different punctuation: "for, lambkins, we will live." MALONE.

Lambkins ſeems to me a fantaſtick title by which Piſtol addreſſes his newly-reconciled friends, Nym and Bardolph. The words—*we will live*, may refer to what ſeems uppermoſt in his head, his expected profits from the camp, of which he has juſt given them reaſon to expect a ſhare. I have not therefore departed from the old punctuation. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

West. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves!
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,[7]

[7] ——*that was his* bedfellow,] So, Holinſhed: "The ſaid *Lord Scroop* was in ſuch favour with the king, that he admitted him ſometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears ſtrange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the *ſixth* Earl of Northumberland, (ſtill preſerved in the collection of the preſent Duke,) addreſſed "To his beloved couſyn Thomas Arundel," &c. which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my moſt harté recommendacion." So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Yet, for thou waſt once *bedfellow* to a king,
"And that I lov'd thee as my ſecond ſelf," &c.

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"————if I not err
"Thou art the prince's ward.——
"——I am his ward, chamberlain, and *bedfellow*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"Her I'll beſtow, and without prejudice,
"On thee alone, my noble *bedfellow*." STEEVENS.

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd[8] with princely
favours,—
That he ſhould, for a foreign purſe, ſo ſell
His ſovereign's life to death and treachery![9]

Trumpet ſounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. HEN. Now ſits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of
Maſham,—
And you, my gentle knight,——give me your
thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembled them?[1]

This unſeemly cuſtom continued common till the middle of the laſt century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he ſlept.—Henry Lord Scroop was the third huſband of Joan Ducheſs of York, ſtepmother of Richard Earl of Cambridge.
MALONE.

[8] ——cloy'd *and grac'd*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—dull'd *and cloy'd*. Perhaps *dull'd* is a miſtake for *dol'd*.
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to death and treachery!*] Here the quartos inſert a line omitted in all the following editions:
Exe. *O! the lord of Maſham!* JOHNSON.

[1] *For which we have* in head *aſſembled them?*] This is not an Engliſh phraſeology. I am perſuaded Shakſpeare wrote:
For which we have in aid *aſſembled them?*
alluding to the tenures of thoſe times. WARBURTON.

It is ſtrange that the commentator ſhould forget a word ſo eminently obſervable in this writer, as *head* for *an army formed*.
JOHNSON.

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his beſt.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours;[2]
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majeſty; there's not, I think, a ſubject,
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

Grey. Even thoſe, that were your father's enemies,
Have ſteep'd their galls in honey; and do ſerve you
With hearts create[3] of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,[4]
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

In head ſeems ſynonymous to the modern military term *in force*. Malone.

[2] *That grows not in a fair conſent with ours;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"If you ſhall cleave to my *conſent*," &c.

Conſent is union, party, &c. Steevens.

——*in a fair* concent—] In friendly concord; in uniſon with ours. See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 3. Malone.

[3] ——*hearts* create—] Hearts *compounded* or *made up* of duty and zeal. Johnson.

[4] *And ſhall forget the office of our hand,*] Perhaps our author, when he wrote this line, had the fifth verſe of the 137th *Pſalm* in his thoughts: "If I forget thee, O Jeruſalem, *let my right hand forget her cunning.*" Steevens.

Scroop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil;
And labour ſhall refreſh itſelf with hope,
To do your grace inceſſant ſervices.

K. Hen. We judge no leſs.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on;
And, on his more advice,[5] we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, ſovereign; leſt example
Breed, by his ſufferance, more of ſuch a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highneſs, and yet puniſh too.

Grey. Sir, you ſhow great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,[6]

[5] —— *more advice,*] On his return to more *coolneſs of mind.* JOHNSON.
See Vol. IV. p. 227, n. 5, and Vol. VI. p. 412, n. 7. MALONE.

[6] —— *proceeding on* diſtemper,] i. e. ſudden paſſions. WARBURTON.
Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmneſs of mind, from an equipoiſe or due mixture of paſſions. *Diſtemper* of mind is the predominance of a paſſion, as *diſtemper* of body is the predominance of a *humour.* JOHNSON.
It has been juſt ſaid by the king, that *it was exceſs of wine that ſet him on,* and *diſtemper* may therefore mean *intoxication. Diſtemper'd in liquor* is ſtill a common expreſſion. Chapman, in his *Epicedium on the Death of Prince Henry,* 1612, has perſonified this ſpecies of *diſtemper:*
"Frantick *diſtemper,* and hare-ey'd unreſt."
And Brabantio ſays, that Roderigo is—
"Full of ſupper and *diſtemp'ring* draughts."

Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,[7]
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,
And tender preſervation of our perſon,—
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?[8]

Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal ſovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Maſham;—and, ſir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthineſs.—
My lord of Weſtmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

Again, Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 626: "—gave him wine and ſtrong drink in ſuch exceſſive ſort, that he was therewith *diſtempered*, and reel'd as he went." Steevens.

[7] —— *how ſhall we ſtretch our eye.*] If we may not *wink* at ſmall faults, *how wide muſt we open our eyes* at great? Johnson.

[8] *Who are the late commiſſioners?*] That is, as appears from the ſequel, who are the perſons lately appointed commiſſioners? M. Mason.

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick[9] in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and killed:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him[1] with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,

[9] ——*quick*—] That is, *living*. Johnson.

[1] *To furnish him*—] The latter word, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second. Malone.

That, though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs
As black from white,[2] my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
Working ſo groſsly[3] in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder, to wait on treaſon, and on murder:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From gliſtering ſemblances of piety;
But he, that temper'd thee,[4] bade thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhould'ſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty Tartar[5] back,

[2] ——*though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs*
As black from white,] Though the truth be as apparent and viſible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *ſtand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the ſtrong parts of a picture. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*ſo groſsly*——] *Palpably*; with a plain and viſible connection of cauſe and effect. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*he, that* temper'd *thee,*] Though *temper'd* may ſtand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it anſwers better to *ſuggeſt* in the oppoſition. JOHNSON.

Temper'd, I believe, is the true reading, and means—rendered thee pliable to his will. Falſtaff ſays of Shallow, that he has him "*tempering* between his thumb and finger." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*vaſty* Tartar——] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future puniſhment.

And tell the legions—I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that Engliſhman's.
O, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance![6] Show men dutiful?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they religious?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Or are they ſpare in diet;
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger;
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement;[7]
Not working with the eye, without the ear,[8]
And, but in purged judgment, truſting neither?

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"With aconitum that in *Tartar* ſprings." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The troubleſome Raigne of King John*, 1591:

"And let the black tormentors of black *Tartary*,
"Upbraide them with this damned enterprize."

MALONE.

[6] *O, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected*
The ſweetneſs of affiance!] Shakſpeare uſes this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worſt conſequences of breach of truſt is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happineſs of life, and the diſſemination of ſuſpicion, which is the poiſon of ſociety. JOHNSON.

[7] *Garniſh'd and deck'd in* modeſt complement;] *Complement* has, in this inſtance, the ſame ſenſe as in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakſpeare, meant the ſame as *accompliſhments* in the preſent one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 14, n. 2. By the epithet *modeſt* the king means that Scroop's accompliſhments were not oſtentatiouſly diſplayed. MALONE.

[8] *Not working with the* eye, *without the* ear,] The king means to ſay of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a ſpecious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the* eye, *without the* ear, did not truſt the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and converſation. JOHNSON.

Such, and ſo finely bolted, didſt thou ſeem:[9]
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and beſt indued,[1]
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

[9] ——*and ſo finely* bolted,] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. Pope.

Bolted is the ſame with *ſifted*, and has conſequently the meaning of *refined*. Johnson.

[1] *To* mark *the full-fraught man, and* beſt indued, &c.] *Beſt indued* is a phraſe equivalent to—gifted or endowed in the moſt extraordinary manner. So, Chapman:

"His pow'rs with dreadful ſtrength *indu'd*."

Stevens.

The folio, where alone this line is found, reads:

To make *the full-fraught man*, &c.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Mr. Pope endeavoured to obtain ſome ſenſe by pointing thus:

To make the full-fraught man and beſt, indu'd
With ſome ſuſpicion.

But "to *make* a perſon *indued* with ſuſpicion," does not appear, to my ear at leaſt, like the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's or any other age. *Make* or *mock* are ſo often confounded in theſe plays, that I once ſuſpected that the latter word might have been uſed here: but this alſo would be very harſh. The old copy has *thee* inſtead of *the*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.

Malone.

Our author has the ſame thought again in *Cymbeline*:

"——So thou, Poſthumus,
"Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
"Goodly and gallant ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
"From thy great fall." Theobald.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Henry lord Scroop [2] of Maſham.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not ſeduce; [3]
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoice,[4]
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon me.

[2] Henry *lord* &c.] Thus the quarto. The folio, erroneouſly, Thomas *lord* &c. Stevens.

[3] *For me,—the gold of France did not ſeduce*;] Holinſhed, p. 549, obſerves from Hall, "that diverſe write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conſpire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie to pleaſe the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmunde, earl of March, as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, for diverſe ſecret impediments not able to have iſſue, the earle of Cambridge was ſure that the crowne ſhould come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather conteined himſelfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. which if it were eſpied, he ſaw plainlie that the earle of March ſhould have taſted of the ſame cuppe that he had drunken, and what ſhould have come to his owne children, he much doubted," &c. Stevens.

[4] *Which* I *in ſufferance heartily will rejoice*,] *I*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Cambridge means to ſay, *at* which prevention, or, which intended ſcheme that it was prevented, I ſhall rejoice. Shak-

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault,[5] but not my body, pardon, ſovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd,[6] and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto deſolation.[7]
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three fought, that to her laws

ſpeare has many ſuch elliptical expreſſions. The intended ſcheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. See the preceding note. Malone.

[5] *My fault*, &c.] One of the conſpirators againſt Queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with theſe words: "a culpâ, *but not* a pœnâ, *abſolve me, moſt dear lady.*" This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and our author doubtleſs copied it.

This whole ſcene was much enlarged and improved after the firſt edition; the particular inſertions in it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much uſe. Johnson.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Diſcharge me *a culpâ*, but not *a pœnâ*, good ladie." Reed.

[6] ——*proclaim'd*,] Mr. Ritſon recommends the omiſſion of this word, which deforms the meaſure. Steevens.

[7] ——unto *deſolation*.] The folio, 1623, where alone this paſſage is found, has—*into* deſolation. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,[8]
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death:
The taſte whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Conſpirators, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is ſmoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Cheerly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance:[9]
No king of England, if not king of France.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*Get you therefore hence,*] So, in Holinſhed: "—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miſerable wretches, to the receiving of your juſt reward: wherein God's majeſty give you grace," &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the ſigns of war advance:*] So, in Phaer's tranſlation of the firſt line of the eighth Book of the *Æneid: Ut belli ſignum* &c.
"When *ſigne of war* from Laurent towres" &c.
STEEVENS.

[1] *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So, in the old play before that of Shakſpeare:
"If not king of France, then of nothing muſt I be king."
STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

London. *Mrs.* Quickly's *Houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Pistol, *Mrs.* Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, *and* Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee to Staines.[2]

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouſe thy vaunting veins;
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for Falſtaff he is dead,
And we muſt yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, wherefome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's boſom, if ever man went to Arthur's boſom. 'A made a finer end,[3] and went away, an it had been

[2] ——*let me* bring *thee to Staines.*] i. e. let me attend, or accompany thee. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——give me leave, my lord,
" That we may *bring you ſomething on the way.*"

Reed.

[3] ——finer *end,*] For *final.* Johnson.

Every man that dies, makes a *final* end; but Mrs. Quickly means to deſcribe Falſtaff's behaviour at his exit, as uncommonly placid. " He made a *fine* end," is at this day a vulgar expreſſion, when any perſon dies with reſolution and devotion. So Ophelia ſays of her father: " They ſay, *he made a good end.*"

M. Mason.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" They ſay, *he parted well,* and paid his ſcore;
" And ſo God be with him!"

any chriſtom child;[4] 'a parted even juſt between

Our author has elſewhere uſed the comparative for the poſitive. See *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 157, n. 2. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no juſtification for not adhering to the rules of grammar.

What ſeems to militate againſt Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is, that the word *final*, which he ſuppoſes to have been meant, is rather too learned for the Hoſteſs. MALONE.

[4] ——*an it had been any* chriſtom *child*;] The old quarto has it—*criſomb'd* child.

"The *chryſom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptiſed child." See Johnſon's *Canons of Eccleſ. Law*, 1720.

I have ſomewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this further account of it; that the *chryſom* was allowed to be carried out of the church, to enwrap ſuch children as were in too weak a condition to be borne thither; the *chryſom* being ſuppoſed to make every place holy. This cuſtom would rather ſtrengthen the alluſion to the weak condition of Falſtaff.

The child itſelf was ſometimes called a *chryſom*, as appears from the following paſſage in *The Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, 1638: "—the boy ſurely I ever ſaid was a very *chriſome* in the thing you wot."

Again, in *The Wits*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1637:

"——and would'ſt not join thy halfpenny
"To ſend for milk for the poor *chryſome*."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

"——and they do awe
"The *chryſome* babe."

Again, and more appoſitely, in his *Albovine*, 1629: "Sir, I would fain depart in quiet, like other young *chryſomes*." Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton: "—a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i'faith: *he'd away like a chryſom*." STEEVENS.

In the Liturgy, 2 E. VI. *Form of private Baptiſm*, is this direction: "Then the miniſter ſhall put the white veſture, commonly called the *chriſome*, upon the child," &c. The *Gloſſary* of Du Cange, vide *Chriſmale*, explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, ſtatim atque chriſmate in fronte unguebantur, *ne chriſma de flueret*, capita *panno candido* obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing this veſture, the children were, I ſuppoſe, called *chriſomes*. One is regiſtered under this deſcription in the regiſter of Thatcham, Berks, 1605.

twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide:[5] for after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets,[6] and play

(Hearne's *Appendix to the Hiſtory of Glaſtonbury*, p. 275.) "A younge *criſome* being a *man child*, beinge found drowned," &c. TYRWHITT.

The *chriſom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptiſm. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it to the miniſter. So that, truly ſpeaking, a *chriſom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneouſly, however, it was uſed for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination ſuch children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not ſeen, in ſome edition, *chriſtom* child? If that reading were ſupported by any copy of authority, I ſhould like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enunciation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who juſt before had called *Abraham*—*Arthur*.

WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The firſt folio reads *chriſtom*. Blount, in his *Glaſſographia*, 1678, ſays, that *chriſoms* in the bills of mortality are ſuch children as die within the month of birth, becauſe during that time they uſe to wear the *chriſom-cloth*. MALONE.

[5] ——*turning o'the tide:*] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio ſolis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*fumble with the ſheets,*] This paſſage is burleſqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Captain*:

"1. How does my maſter?
"2. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.
"1. That's an ill ſign.
"2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.
"1. Then there's *no way but one with him.*"

In the ſpurious play of *King John*, 1611, when Faulconbridge ſees that prince at the point of death, he ſays:

"O piercing ſight! he *fumbleth* in the mouth,
"His ſpeech doth fail ——."

And Pliny, in his Chapter on *The Signs of Death*, makes mention of "a *fumbling* and pleiting of the bed-cloths." See

with flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way;[7] for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.[8]

P. Holland's tranſlation, chap. li. So alſo, in *The Ninth Booke of Notable Things*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "If the forehead of the ſicke waxe redde—and his *noſe wax ſharpe*—if he pull ſtrawes, or the *cloathes of his bedde*—theſe are moſt certain tokens of death." STEEVENS.

There is this expreſſion, and not, I believe, deſigned as a ſneer on Shakſpeare, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spaniſh Curate*, Act IV. ſc. v:

"A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing elſe, ſir;
"Do you *ſee how he fumbles with the ſheets?*"

WHALLEY.

The ſame indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celſus, Lommius, Hippocrates, and Galen. The teſtimony of the latter is ſufficient to ſhow that ſuch a ſymptom is by no means imaginary: "Manus ante faciem attollere, muſcas quaſi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de veſtibus, vel pariete. Et in ſeipſo hoc expertus fuit *Galenus*. Quum enim," &c. Van Swieten *Comm.* Tom II. ſect. 708. COLLINS.

[7] *I knew there was but one way*;] I believe this phraſe is proverbial. I meet with it again in *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:

"I heard the doctors whiſper it in ſecret,
"*There is no way but one.*"

Again, in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratſey*, 1605: "But now the courtier is in huckſter's handling, *there is no way with him but one*, for Ratſey ſeizes both on his money and books." Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of the 13th Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "The leaſe alſo is venomous as the graine, yet otherwhiles there enſueth therof a fluxe and gurrie of the belly, which ſaveth their life, or elſe *there were no way but one*." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*and 'a* babbled *of green fields.*] The old copy [i. e. the firſt folio,] reads—*for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and* a table of green fields. STEEVENS.

Theſe words, *and a table of green fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonſenſe got into all the following editions by a pleaſant miſtake of the ſtage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in

How now, ſir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!

the play-houſe. A table was here directed to be brought in, (it being a ſcene in a tavern where they drink at parting,) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furniſhed implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's*. Pope.

So reaſonable an account of this blunder, Mr. Theobald could not acquieſce in. He thought *a table of Greenfield's*, part of the text, only corrupted, and that it ſhould be read, *he babbled of green fields*, becauſe men do ſo in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not conſider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illneſs, who was now in no *babbling* humour; and ſo far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were very cold, and he juſt expiring. Warburton.

Upon this paſſage Mr. Theobald has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, ſince he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no *table* could be wanted. Mr. Pope, in an appendix to his own edition in 12mo. ſeems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced againſt it by Mr. Pope's firſt note, with which, as it excites merriment, we are loath to part.

Johnson.

Had the former editors been apprized, that *table*, in our author, ſignifies a pocket-book, I believe they would have retained it with the following alteration:—*for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen upon a table of green fells.*——On *table books*, ſilver or ſteel pens, very ſharp-pointed, were formerly and ſtill are fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falſtaff's noſe (which in dying perſons grows thin and ſharp) to one of thoſe *pens*, very properly, and ſhe meant probably to have ſaid, on a *table-book* with a *ſhagreen cover* or *ſhagreen table*; but, in her uſual blundering way, ſhe calls it *a table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green ſkin*; which the blundering tranſcriber turned into *green-fields*; and our editors have turned the prettieſt blunder in Shakſpeare, quite out of doors.

Smith.

Dr. Warburton objects to Theobald's emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falſtaff's illneſs; "who was ſo far from *babbling*, or wanting *cooling* in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he was juſt expiring." But his diſorder had

three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a ſhould not think of God;[9] I hoped, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone; then I

been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much ſtronger objection, that the word *Table*, with a capital letter, (for ſo it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed inſtead of *babbled*. This reading is, however, preferable to any that has been yet propoſed.

On this difficult paſſage I had once a conjecture. It was, that the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word is *and*, which may have been miſprinted for *in*; a miſtake that has happened elſewhere in theſe plays: and thus the paſſage will run—*and his noſe was as ſharp as a pen* in *a table of green fields*. A *pen* may have been uſed for a *pinfold*, and a *table* for a *picture*. See Vol. VIII. p. 212, n. 7.

The pointed ſtakes of which pinfolds are ſometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet's thoughts. MALONE.

It has been obſerved (particularly by the ſuperſtition of women) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing*; as it has of thoſe in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields.

THEOBALD.

[9] ——*now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a ſhould not think of God*; &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare was indebted to the following ſtory in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595, for this very characteriſtick exhortation: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, ſaid, now Jeſu receive our ſoules! Soft, miſtreſs, anſwered the waterman; *I trow, we are not come to that paſſe yet.*"

MALONE.

Our author might as probably have been indebted to a paſſage in the Continuation of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543, relative to the death of Lord Haſtings: "This Sir Thomas [Howard] while the Lord Haſtings ſtayed a while commonyng with a prieſt whom he met in the Tower ſtrete, brake the lordes tale, ſaying to him merily,—what my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you ſo long with the prieſt? *You have no nede of a prieſt yet.*"

STEEVENS.

felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.[1]

Nym. They ſay, he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation;[2] 'twas a colour he never liked.

[1] ——*cold as any ſtone.*] Such is the end of Falſtaff, from whom Shakſpeare had promiſed us, in his epilogue to *King Henry IV.* that we ſhould receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakſpeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crouded with a tumultuary confuſion of images, which, while they were yet unſorted and unexamined, ſeemed ſufficient to furniſh a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, ſhrunk ſuddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general deſign. That he once deſigned to have brought Falſtaff on the ſcene again, we know from himſelf; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures ſuitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleaſantry, and was afraid to continue the ſame ſtrain leſt it ſhould not find the ſame reception, he has here for ever diſcarded him, and made haſte to diſpatch him, perhaps for the ſame reaſon for which Addiſon killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to ſell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promiſe to the publick what they have not written.

This diſappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to ſhow him in love or courtſhip. This was, indeed, a new ſource of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

JOHNSON.

[2] ——*incarnate.*——*carnation;*] Mrs. Quickly blunders, miſtaking the word *incarnate* for a colour. In *Queſtions of Love*, 1566, we have, "Yelowe, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and *incarnate*." HENDERSON.

Boy. 'A ſaid once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick;[3] and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a ſaw a flea ſtick upon Bardolph's noſe; and 'a ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let ſenſes rule;[4] the word is, *Pitch and pay*;[5]

Again, in the Inventory of the Furniture to be provided for the Reception of the Royal Family, at the Reſtoration, 1660, we find—"For repairing, with ſome additions, of the rich *incarnate* velvet bed, being for the reception of his majeſty, before the other can be made, 10l." Again—"For 12 new fuſtian and Holland quilts for his majeſty's *incarnate* velvet bed and the two dukes beds, 48l."

Parliamentary Hiſtory, Vol. XXII. p. 306. Reed.

[3] ——*rheumatick*;] This word is elſewhere uſed by our author for peeviſh, or ſplenetick, as *ſcorbutico* is in Italian. Mrs. Quickly however probably means *lunatick*. Malone.

[4] *Let ſenſes rule*;] I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not ſee. Perhaps we may read:

Let ſenſe us rule.

Piſtol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kiſſes her; he ſees her rather weeping than attending, and, ſuppoſing that in her heart ſhe is ſtill longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, *Let ſenſe us rule*, that is, *let us not give way to fooliſh fondneſs, but be ruled by our better underſtanding*. He then continues his directions for her conduct in his abſence. Johnson.

Truſt none;
For oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog,[6] my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counſellor.[7]
Go, clear thy chryſtals.[8]—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let ſenſes rule evidently means, *let prudence govern you*: conduct yourſelf ſenſibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. Mr. M. Maſon would read—"Let *ſentences* rule;" by which he means *ſayings*, or *proverbs*; and accordingly (ſays he) Piſtol gives us a ſtring of them in the remainder of his ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Pitch and pay*;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had ſuffered before, by letting Falſtaff run in her debt. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602: "I will commit you, ſignior, to my houſe; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worſhip run?—"

So again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"——he that will purchaſe this,
"Muſt *pitch and pay*."

Again, in *The Maſtive*, an ancient collection of epigrams:

"——Sulan, when ſhe firſt bore ſway,
"Had for one night a French crown, *pitch and pay*."

STEEVENS.

Old Tuſſer, in his deſcription of Norwich, tells us it is

"A *city trim*——
"Where ſtrangers well, may ſeeme to dwell,
"That *pitch and paie*, or keepe their daye."

John Florio ſays, "*Pitch and paie*, and goe your waie."

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall was, that a *penny be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*."

FARMER.

[6] *And* hold-faſt *is the only* dog.] Alluding to the proverbial ſaying—"Brag is a good dog, but *hold-faſt* is a better."

DOUCE.

[7] *Therefore*, caveto *be thy counſellor*.] The old quartos read *Therefore* Cophetua *be thy counſellor*. STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. MALONE.

[8] ——*clear thy* chryſtals.] Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean, in this place, *waſh thy glaſſes*. JOHNSON.

The firſt explanation is certainly the true one. So, in *The Gentleman Uſher*, by Chapman, 1602:

Let us to France! like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck!

Bor. And that is but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Pist. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hoſteſs. [*Kiſsing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe,[9] I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

" —— an old wife's eye
" Is a blue *chryſtal* full of ſorcery."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

" —— ten thouſand Cupids
" Methought, ſat playing on that pair of *chryſtals*."

Again, in *The Double Marriage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— ſleep, you ſweet glaſſes,
" An everlaſting ſlumber cloſe thoſe *chryſtals*!"

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. ii:

" The *glaſſes* of my ſight."

The old quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

Clear up *thy chryſtals*. STEEVENS.

" —— *keep cloſe.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—— *keep faſt thy buggle boe*;

which certainly is not nonſenſe, as the ſame expreſſion is uſed by Shirley, in his *Gentleman of Venice*:

" —— the courtiſans of Venice,
" Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle."

Perhaps, indeed, it is a Scotch term; for in *Ane very excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* Philotus, &c. printed at Edinburgh, 1603, I find it again:

" What reck to tak the *bogill-bo*,
" My bonie burd, for anes."

The reader may ſuppoſe *buggle-boe* to be juſt what he pleaſes. STEEVENS.

Whatever covert ſenſe Piſtol may have annexed to this word, it appears from Cole's *Latin Dictionary*, 1678, that *bogle-bo* (now corruptly founded *bugalow*) ſignified " an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carried about with May-games." Cole renders

SCENE IV.

France. *A Room in the* French *King's Palace.*

Enter the French King *attended*; *the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *the* Conſtable, *and Others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the Engliſh with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,[1]
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all ſwift deſpatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulph.

it by the Latin words, *manducus terriculamentum.* The interpretation of the former word has been juſt given. The latter he renders thus: "A terrible ſpectacle; a fearful thing; a *ſcare-crow.*" T. C.

An anonymous writer ſuppoſes that by the words—*keep cloſe*, Piſtol means, *keep within doors.* That this was not the meaning, is proved deciſively by the words of the quarto. Malone.

Perhaps, the words—*keep cloſe*, were rendered perfectly intelligible by the action that accompanied them on the ſtage. Stevens.

The inquiſitive reader will beſt collect the ſenſe in which *buggle boe* is here uſed, from a peruſal of La Fontaine's tale of *Le Diable de pape-figuiere.* Douce.

[1] *And more than* carefully *it us concerns,*] *More than carefully* is *with more than common care*; a phraſe of the ſame kind with *better than well.* Johnson.

It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,[2]
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion,)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no ſhow of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were buſied[3] with a Whitſun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,[4]
Her ſceptre ſo fantaſtically borne
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much miſtaken in this king:[5]
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors,—
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy,

[2] ——*ſo* dull *a kingdom*,] i. e. render it callous, inſenſible. So, in *Hamlet*:
"But do not *dull* thy palm," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Were* buſied—] The quarto, 1600, reads—were *troubled*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſo idly* king'd,] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this verb—*to king*. I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. xlii:
"——and *king'd* his ſiſter's ſon." STEEVENS.

[5] *You are too much miſtaken in this king*:] This part is much enlarged ſince the firſt writing. POPE.

How well ſupplied with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception,[6] and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution,—
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;[7]

[6] *How modeſt in exception,*] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

[7] *And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent*
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;] Shakſpeare not having given us, in the Firſt or Second Part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remoteſt hint of the circumſtance here alluded to, the compariſon muſt needs be a little obſcure to thoſe who do not know or reflect that ſome hiſtorians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealouſy of his ſon's aſpiring ſuperior genius. Therefore, to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from publick affairs, and amuſed himſelf in conſorting with a diſſolute crew of robbers. It ſeems to me, that Shakſpeare was ignorant of this circumſtance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been ſo managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to theſe matters, Shakſpeare generally tells us all he knew, and as ſoon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, as uſual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakſpeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his underſtanding was good.

Our author's meaning is ſufficiently explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" *Brutus*, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' ſide,
" Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
" Began to *clothe his wit* in ſtate and pride,
" Burying in Lucrece' wound his *folly's ſhow*.
" He with the Romans was eſteemed ſo,
" As ſilly-jeering idiots are with kings,
" For ſportive words, and uttering fooliſh things:
" But now he throws that *ſhallow habit* by,
" Wherein deep policy did him diſguiſe;
" And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
" To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes."

As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable,
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,[8]

Thomas Otterbourne, and the tranſlator of Titus Livius, indeed, ſay, that Henry the Fourth, in his latter days, was jealous of his ſon, and apprehended that he would attempt to depoſe him; to remove which ſuſpicion, the prince is ſaid (from the relation of an earl of Ormond, who was an eye witneſs of the fact,) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have preſented him with a dagger, which he deſired the king to plunge into his breaſt, if he ſtill entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where ſaid, that he threw himſelf into the company of diſſolute perſons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himſelf to irregular courſes with a political view of quieting his ſuſpicions. Malone.

[8] *Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,*] This paſſage, as it ſtands, is ſo perplexed, that I formerly ſuſpected it to be corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not ſee to what elſe it can be referred,) the conſtruction will be—" which *proportions* of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection, ſpoils *his coat*, like a miſer," &c.

If our author had written—

While oft *a weak and niggardly projection*
Doth, &c.

the reaſoning would then be clear.—In caſes of defence, it is beſt to imagine the enemy more powerful than he ſeems to be; by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourſelves: whereas, on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's ſtrength induces us to make but a ſcanty proviſion of forces againſt him; wherein we act as a miſer does, who ſpoils his coat by ſcanting of cloth.

Projection, I believe, is here uſed for *fore-caſt* or *preconception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*.

Perhaps, in Shakſpeare's licentious diction, the meaning may be—" Which proportions of defence, when weakly and nig-

Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat, with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry ſtrong;
And, princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,[9]
That haunted us[1] in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck,[2]
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain ſire,—on mountain ſtanding,[3]

gardly projected, *reſemble a miſer who* ſpoils his coat," &c. The falſe concord is no objection to ſuch a conſtruction; for the ſame inaccuracy is found in almoſt every page of the old copy. Malone.

[9] ——*ſtrain,*] *lineage.* See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 4. Reed.

So, in *King Lear:*

"Sir, you have ſhown to-day your valiant *ſtrain.*"

Steevens.

[1] *That* haunted *us*——] To *haunt* is a word of the utmoſt horror, which ſhows that they dreaded the Engliſh as goblins and ſpirits. Johnson.

[2] *When Creſſy* battle *fatally was* ſtruck,] So, in *Robert of Glouceſter:*

"——and that ſole of Somerſete——
"His come, and *ſmyte a batayle.*"

Again, in the title to one of Sir David Lyndſay's poems: "How king Ninus began the firſt warres and *ſtrake* the firſt *battell.*"

Steevens.

[3] *Whiles that his* mountain *ſire,—on mountain ſtanding,*] Mr. Theobald would read—*mounting*; i. e. high-minded, aſpiring. Thus, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act IV:

"Whoe'er he was, he ſhow'd a *mounting* mind."

The emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king:

Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, &c. *Virg.*
"Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd." *Milton.*

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,[4]—
Saw his heroical ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.[5]

Drayton, in the 18th Song of his *Polyolbion*, has a ſimilar thought:

"Then he above them all, himſelf that ſought to raiſe,
"Upon ſome *mountain* top, like a pyramides."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. xi:

"Where ſtretch'd he lay upon the ſunny ſide
"Of a great hill, *himſelf like a great hill.*"
—— *agmen agens, magnique ipſe agminis inſtar.*

Mr. Tollet thinks this paſſage may be explained by another in Act I. ſc. i:

"—— his moſt *mighty* father on a *hill.*" STEEVENS.

If the text is not corrupt, Mr. Steevens's explication is the true one. See the extract from Holinſhed, p. 295, n. 7. The repetition of the word *mountain* is much in our author's manner, and therefore I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

[4] *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun.*] Dr. Warburton calls this "the nonſenſical line of ſome player." The idea, however, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legende of good Women*:

"Her gilt heere was *ycrownid with a ſon.*"

See alſo *Additions to the Hiſtory of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. III:

"Item—1 *crown* with *a ſone.*"

Shakſpeare's meaning, (diveſted of its poetical finery,) I ſuppoſe, is, that the king ſtood upon an eminence, with the ſun ſhining over his head. STEEVENS.

[5] —— fate *of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by deſtiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, ſpeaking of the future deeds of the deſcendants of Æneas:

Attollens humeris famamque et fata *nepotum.*

STEEVENS.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſs. Ambaſſadors from Henry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt* Meſſ. *and certain* Lords.

You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths,[6] when what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my ſovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not ſo vile a ſin
As ſelf-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* Exeter *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majeſty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-ſtretched honours that pertain,
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,

[6] ——*ſpend their mouths,*] That is, *bark*; the ſportman's term. Johnson.

'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd,
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,[7]
[*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonſtrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the third, he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore[8] in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws: and on your head
Turns he[9] the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood,[1] the pining maidens' groans,

[7] —— *memorable* line,] This genealogy; this deduction of his *lineage*. Johnson.

[8] And *therefore* &c.] The word—*And* is wanting in the old copies. It was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe, for the ſake of meaſure. Stevens.

[9] *Turns he*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—*turning* the widows' tears. Malone.

[1] *The dead men's blood,*] The diſpoſition of the images were more regular, if we were to read thus:

—— *upon your head*
Turning the dead men's blood, the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans.
Johnson.

For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the Dauphin be in preſence here,
To whom expreſsly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I ſtand here for him; What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſbecome
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my king: and, if your father's highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his majeſty,
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your treſpaſs,[2] and return your mock

The quartos 1600 and 1608 exhibit the paſſage thus:

And on your heads turns he the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the dead men's bones,
The pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed lovers,
Which &c.

Theſe quartos agree in all but the moſt trifles: and therefore, for the future, I ſhall content myſelf in general to quote the former of them, which is the moſt correct of the two. STEEVENS.

Pining is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio has—*privy*. *Blood* is the reading of the folio. The quarto, inſtead of it, has—*bones*. MALONE.

[2] *Shall* chide *your treſpaſs,*] To *chide* is to *reſound*, to *echo*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"————never did I hear
"Such gallant *chiding*."

In ſecond accent of his ordnance.[3]

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty Europe:
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his ſubjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now;[4] now he weighs time,
Even to the utmoſt grain; which you ſhall read[5]
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Deſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our king
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood." Steevens.

This interpretation is confirmed by a paſſage in *The Tempeſt*:

"——— the thunder,
"That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
"The name of Proſper; it did *baſs* my *treſpaſs*."
Malone.

[3] ——*of his* ordnance.] *Ordnance* is here uſed as a triſyllable; being, in our author's time, improperly written *ordinance*. Malone.

[4] ——*he* maſters now;] Thus the folio. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"As if he *maſter'd* there a double ſpirit
"Of teaching and of learning" &c.

The quarto 1600 reads—*maſters*. Steevens.

[5] ——*you ſhall* read—] So the folio. The quarto 1600 has—*you ſhall* find. Malone.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon deſpatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed[6] king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty;[7] and his brave fleet

[6] ——*well-appointed*—] i. e. well furniſhed with all the neceſſaries of war. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:
"And very *well appointed*, as I thought,
"March'd towards Saint Alban's ——." Steevens.

[7] ——*at* Hampton *pier*
Embark his royalty;] All the editions downwards, implicitly, after the firſt folio, read—*Dover* pier. But could the poet poſſibly be ſo diſcordant from himſelf (and the *Chronicles*, which he copied,) to make the king here embark at Dover; when he has before told us ſo preciſely, and that ſo often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from ſo flagrant a variation. The indolence of a tranſcriber, or a compoſitor at preſs, muſt give riſe to ſuch an error. They, ſeeing *pier* at the end of the verſe, unluckily thought of Dover *pier*, as the beſt known to them; and ſo unawares corrupted the text. Theobald.

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentick account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the Fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where

With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning.[8]
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing:
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd:[9] behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with the inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge: O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage,[1] and behold
A city on the inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy;[2]

the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with ſea, and called Weſtport.
T. WARTON.

[8] —— *Phœbus* fanning.] Old copy—*fayning*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Where the Norweyan *banners* flout the ſky,
"And *fan* our people cold." STEEVENS.

[9] *Hear the ſhrill* whiſtle, *which doth order give*
To ſounds confus'd:] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"——the boatſwain *whiſtles*, and
"The maſter calls, and trebles the *confuſion*."
MALONE.

[1] ——*rivage*,] The *bank* or ſhore. JOHNSON.

Rivage: French. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i:

"Pactolus with his waters ſhere
"Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him nere."

Again, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 186:

"Upon the ſtronde at *rivage*." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *to* ſternage *of this navy*;] The ſtern being the hinder part of the ſhip, the meaning is, let your minds follow cloſe after the navy. *Stern*, however, appears to have been anciently ſynonymous to *rudder*. So, in the *King Leir*, 1605:

"Left as it were a ſhip without a *ſterne*."

And leave your England, as dead midnight, ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to, pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppoſe, the ambaſſador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linſtock[3] now the deviliſh cannon touches,
[*Alarum*; *and Chambers*[4] *go off.*

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the ſecond *Iliad*:

"Twelve ſhips he brought, which, in their courſe, vermillion *ſternes* did move."

I ſuſpect the author wrote, *ſteerage*. So, in his *Pericles*:

"——Think his pilot, thought;
"So with his *ſteerage* ſhall your *thoughts grow on*,
"To fetch his daughter home." MALONE.

[3] ——*linſtock*—] The ſtaff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602: "—O Cupid, grant that my bluſhing prove not a *linſtocke*, and give fire too ſuddenly," &c.

Again, in *The Jew of Malta*, by Marlow, 1633:

"Till you ſhall hear a culverin diſcharg'd
"By him that bears the *linſtock* kindled thus."

I learn from Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, that the "*Linſtock* is a handſome carved ſtick, more than halfe yard long, with a cocke at the one end, to hold faſt his match," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Chambers*—] Small pieces of ordnance. See p. 81, n. 6. STEEVENS.

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke[5] out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall[6] up with our Engliſh dead!

[5] *And* eke—] This word is in the firſt folio written—*eech*; as it was, ſometimes at leaſt, pronounced. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
"With your fine fancies quaintly *each*;
"What's dumb in ſhow I'll plain with *ſpeech*."

Malone.

See alſo the concluding ſpeech of *The Firſt Part of the Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"My armes are of the ſhorteſt,
"*Let your loves peece them out.*" Steevens

[6] *Or cloſe the wall* &c.] Here is apparently a chaſm. One line at leaſt is loſt, which contained the other part of a disjunctive propoſition. The King's ſpeech is, *dear friends*, either win the town, *or cloſe up the wall with dead*. The old quarto gives no help. Johnson.

I do not perceive the chaſm which Dr. Johnſon complains of. What the King means to ſay, is,—Re-enter the breach you have made, or fill it up with your own dead bodies; i. e. Purſue your advantage, or give it up with your lives. Mount the breach in the wall, or repair it by leaving your own carcaſes in lieu of the

In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſs, and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;[7]
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,[8]
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,[9]
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty[1] his confounded baſe,[2]

ſtones you have diſplaced: in ſhort—Do one thing or the other. So, in Churchyard's *Siege of Edenbrough Caſtle*:

" —— we will poſſeſſe the place,
" Or leaue our bones and bowels in the breatch."

This ſpeech of King Henry was added after the quartos 1600 and 1608. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,*
Then imitate the action of the tiger;] Sir Thomas Hanmer has obſerved on the following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*, that in *ſtorms and high winds* the *tiger* roars and rages moſt furiouſly:

" —— even ſo
" Doth valour's ſhow and valour's worth divide
" In ſtorms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightneſs,
" The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
" Than by the *tiger*: but when ſplitting winds
" Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
" And flies flee under ſhade; why then the thing of courage,
" As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize," &c.
STEEVENS.

[8] —— ſummon *up the blood*,] Old copy—*commune*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] —— portage *of the head*,] *Portage*, open ſpace, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embraſures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

So we now ſay—the *port*-holes of a ſhip. M. MASON.

[1] —— *jutty*—] The force of the verb to *jutty*, when applied to a rock projecting into the ſea, is not felt by thoſe who

Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.[3]
Now ſet the teeth,[4] and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit[5]

are unaware that this word anciently ſignified a mole raiſed to withſtand the encroachment of the tide. In an act, 1 Edw. VI. c. 14, proviſion is made for "the maintenaunce of piers, *jutties*, walles, and bankes, againſt the rages of the ſea."

HOLT WHITE.

Jutty-heads, in ſea-language, are platforms ſtanding on piles, near the docks, and projecting without the wharfs, for the more convenient docking and undocking ſhips. See Chambers's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *his* confounded *baſe*,] His *worn* or *waſted* baſe. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"—— the ſhore, that o'er his *wave-worn baſis* bow'd,
"As ſtooping to relieve him." STEEVENS.

One of the ſenſes of to *confound*, in our author's time, was, to *deſtroy*. See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, in v. MALONE.

[3] —— *let the brow o'erwhelm it,*
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.] So, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

"A place there is, where proudly rais'd there ſtands
"A huge aſpiring rock, neighbouring the ſkies,
"Whoſe ſurly brow imperiouſly commands
"The ſea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;
"And ſpurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
"Aſſault his empire, and againſt him riſe." MALONE.

[4] *Now ſet the teeth,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— now I'll *ſet my teeth*,
"And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *bend up every ſpirit*—] A metaphor from the bow. JOHNSON.

So, again, in *Hamlet*: "they fool me to the top of my *bent*." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"I am ſettled, and *bend up*
"*Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat." MALONE.

To his full height!—On, on, you nobleſt Engliſh,[6]
Whoſe blood is ſet from fathers of war-proof![7]
Fathers, that, like ſo many Alexanders,
Have, in theſe parts, from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument,[8]
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhow us here
The mettle of your paſture; let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips,[9]
Straining upon the ſtart.[1] The game's afoot;

[6] ——*you* nobleſt *Engliſh*,] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt has—*nobliſh*. Mr. Malone reads—*noble*; and obſerves that this ſpeech is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[7] *Whoſe blood is* ſet *from fathers of war-proof!*] Thus the folio, 1623, and rightly. So, Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III:

"Whom ſtrange adventure did from Britain *ſet*."

Again, in the Prologue to Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*:

"Though there be none far-*ſet*, there will dear bought."

Again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"And with that winde had *ſet* the land of Greece."

The ſacred writings afford many inſtances to the ſame purpoſe. Mr. Pope firſt made the change, which I, among others, had inadvertently followed. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*argument*.] Is *matter*, or *ſubject*. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*like greyhounds in the* ſlips,] *Slips* are a contrivance of leather, to ſtart two dogs at the ſame time. C.

[1] Straining *upon the ſtart*.] The old copy reads—*Straying*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Follow your ſpirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Forces paſs over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. 'Pray thee, corporal,[2] ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives:[3] the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-ſong of it.

[2] ——*corporal,*] We ſhould read—*lieutenant.* It is Bardolph to whom he ſpeaks. STEEVENS.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in *King Henry IV.* as our author has in this play, from inadvertence or deſign, made him a lieutenant, I think, with Mr. Steevens, that we ſhould read *lieutenant.* See a former note, p. 319. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakſpeare's inattention. MALONE.

[3] ——*a caſe of lives:*] A ſet of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may ſerve. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only *two*; as a *caſe* of piſtols; and, in Ben Jonſon, a *caſe* of maſques. WHALLEY.

I believe Mr. Whalley's explanation is the true one. A *caſe* of piſtols, which was the current phraſe for a pair or brace of piſtols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always uſed in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained.

See alſo *The Life of Jack Wilton*, by Thomas Naſhe, 4to. 1594: "Memorandum, everie one of you after the peruſal of this pamphlet is to provide him a *caſe* of ponyards, that if you come in companie with any man which ſhall diſpraiſe it,—you may ſtraight give him the ſtockado." MALONE.

Pist. The plain-ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouſe in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and ſafety.

Pist. And I:
If wiſhes would prevail with me,[4]
My purpoſe ſhould not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth ſing on bough.[5]

Enter Fluellen.[6]

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches,[7] you raſcals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*Driving them forward.*

[4] *If wiſhes* &c.] This paſſage I have replaced from the firſt folio, which is the only authentick copy of this play. Theſe lines, which perhaps are part of a ſong, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the ſucceeding editors. For *prevail* I ſhould read *avail*. Johnson.

[5] *As duly*, &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the folio. Steevens.

This ſhould be printed as verſe, being perhaps the remainder of Piſtol's ſong. Douce.

[6] —— *Fluellen.*] This is only the Welſh pronunciation of *Lluellyn*. Thus alſo *Flloyd* inſtead of *Lloyd*. Steevens.

[7] —— *Up to the* preaches, &c.] Thus the quarto, with only the difference of *breaches* inſtead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their Welſh dialect. The folio reads,—*Up to the breach, you dogges, avaunt, you cullions.* Steevens.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke,[8] to men of mould![9]
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! uſe lenity, ſweet chuck!

[8] *Be merciful*, great duke,] That is, great commander. So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioſo*, 1591:

"And as herſelf the dame of Carthage kill'd,
"When as the Trojan *duke* did her forſake,—."

The Trojan *duke* is only a tranſlation of *dux* Trojanus. So alſo in many of our old poems, *Duke* Theſeus, *Duke* Hannibal, &c. See Vol. IV. p. 319, n. 6. In Piſtol's mouth the word has here peculiar propriety.

The author of Remarks, &c. on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, [Mr. Ritſon,] ſays, that "in the folio it is the Duke of Exeter, and not Fluellen, who enters [here], and to whom Piſtol addreſſes himſelf." It is ſufficient to ſay, that in the only folio of any authority, that of 1623, this is not the caſe. When the King retired before the entry of Bardolph, &c. the Duke of Exeter certainly accompanied him, with Bedford, Gloſter, &c. though in the folio the word *Exeunt* is accidentally omitted. In the quarto, before the entry of Bardolph, Fluellen, &c. we find Exit Omnes.

In the quarto, Nym, on Fluellen's treating him ſo roughly, ſays, "abate thy rage, ſweet *knight*." Had theſe words been preſerved, I ſuppoſe this Remarker would have contended, that Nym's addreſs was not to the honeſt Welſhman, but to old *Sir* Thomas Erpingham.

I ſhould not have taken the trouble to refute this unfounded remark, had I not feared that my readers, in conſequence of the above-mentioned miſrepreſentation of the ſtate of the old copy, might be led to ſuppoſe that ſome arbitrary alteration had here been made in the text. Malone.

[9] —— *to men of* mould!] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. Johnson.

So, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Yvychurch*:

"At length *man was made of mould*, by crafty Prometheus." Stevens.

Nym. Theſe be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.[1]

[*Exeunt* Nym, Pistol, *and* Bardolph, *followed by* Fluellen.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three,[2] though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Piſtol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men;[3] and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt 'a ſhould be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was againſt a poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it,—purchaſe. Bardolph ſtole a lute-caſe; bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three halfpence. Nym, and Bardolph, are ſworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they ſtole a fire-ſhovel: I knew, by

[1] ——wins *bad humours.*] In a former ſcene Nym ſays, "the king hath *run* bad humours on the knight." We ſhould therefore perhaps read *runs* here alſo. But there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym or Piſtol. Malone.

[2] ——*but all* they *three,*] We ſhould read, I think,—all *the* three. Malone.

They three, is a vulgariſm, to this day in conſtant uſe. Stevens.

[3] ——beſt *men;*] That is, *braveſt;* ſo in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions.* Johnson.

that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals.[4] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much againſt my manhood, if I ſhould take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice: their villainy goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up.

[*Exit* Boy.

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the duke of Gloſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the duke, look you,) is dight himſelf four yards under the countermines;[5] by Cheſhu, I think, 'a will plow up all,[6] if there is not better directions.

[4] ——*the men would carry coals.*] It appears that, in Shakſpeare's age, *to carry coals*, was, I know not why, *to endure affronts*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one ſerving-man aſks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNSON.

See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. i.

Cant phraſes are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos, 1600 and 1608, the paſſage ſtand thus: "I knew by that *they meant* to carry coales." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*is dight himſelf four yards under the* countermines:] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himſelf *countermines* four yards under the *mines*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*will* plow *up all,*] That is, he will *blow* up all. JOHNSON.

Gow. The duke of Gloſter, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſhman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheſhu, he is an aſs, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman diſciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris *and* Jamy, *at a diſtance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous ſalorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheſhu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I ſay, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worſhip, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How, now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chriſh la, tiſh ill done: the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me, la, in an hour. O, tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion, and partly, for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military diſcipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I ſall quit you [1] with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to diſcourſe. The town is beſeeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chriſh, do nothing; 'tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me, la.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlumber, aile do gude ſervice, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

[1] ——*I ſall* quit *you*——] That is, I ſhall, with your permiſſion, *requite you*, that is, *anſwer you*, or interpoſe with my remonſtrants, as I ſhall find opportunity. Johnson.

Mac. Of my nation? What iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? What iſh my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as goot a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf: ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A Parley ſounded.*

Gow. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there is an end.[8] [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*there is an end.*] It were to be wiſhed, that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchaſed with ſo much profaneneſs. JOHNSON.

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governour *and ſome Citizens on the Walls; the* Engliſh *Forces below. Enter King* Henry *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet reſolves the governour of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our beſt mercy give yourſelves;
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: for, as I am a ſoldier,[9]
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;[1]
And the fleſh'd ſoldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell; mowing like graſs

[9] *Defy us* to our worſt: *for, as I am a ſoldier,*] The three words in Roman, are, I ſuppoſe, an interpolation. They have little value, and ſpoil the metre. Steevens.

[1] *The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;*] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his inimitable *Elegy*:

"And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind."

Steevens.

We again meet with this ſignificant expreſſion in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"Open thy *gate of mercy*, gracious Lord!"

Sir Francis Bacon uſes the ſame expreſſion in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakſpeare: "And therefore, in concluſion, we wiſhed him [the earl of Somerſet] not to *ſhut the gate* of your majeſties *mercy* againſt himſelf, by being obdurate any longer." Malone.

Your freſh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his ſmirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation ? [2]
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon the enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend precepts to the Leviathan
To come aſhore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds [3]
Of deadly murder,[4] ſpoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters; [5]

[2] ——— *fell feats*
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation?] All the ſavage practices naturally concomitant to the ſack of cities. JOHNSON.

[3] *Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace*
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds—] This is a very harſh metaphor. To *overblow* is to *drive away*, or to *keep off*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Of* deadly *murder*,] The folio has *headly*. The paſſage is not in the quarto. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read,—*heady* murder. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
"And all the currents of a *heady* fight." STEEVENS.

[5] Defile *the locks* &c.] The folio reads:
Defire the locks &c. STEEVENS.

The emendation is Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſh'd to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting ſlaughtermen.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of ſuccour we entreated,[6]
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates; diſpoſe of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your gueſt;
To-morrow for the march are we addreſt.[7]

[*Flouriſh. The* King, *&c. enter the Town.*

[6] ——*whom of ſuccour we entreated,*] Many inſtances of ſimilar phraſeology are already given in a note on the following paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "I ſhall you *of* more acquaintance." See Act III. ſc. i. Steevens.

[7] ——*are we addreſt.*] i. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——clamours from afar,
"Tell us theſe champions are *addreſt* for war."

Steevens.

SCENE IV.[8]

Roüen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

KATH. *Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.*

[8] *Scene IV.*] I have left this ridiculous ſcene as I found it; and am ſorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The ſcene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the Engliſh, made it divert upon the ſtage. It may be obſerved, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French ſpirit. Alice compliments the princeſs upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that ſhe pronounces like the Engliſh themſelves. The princeſs ſuſpects no deficiency in her inſtructreſs, nor the inſtructreſs in herſelf. Throughout the whole ſcene there may be found French ſervility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to tranſcribe the firſt ſentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader, who has not looked into the old copies, may judge of the ſtrange negligence with which they are printed.

"Kate. *Alice venecia, vous aves eates en, vou parle fort lon Angloys englatara, coman ſhe palla vou la main en francoy.*" JOHNSON.

We may obſerve, in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every ſentence, or rather every word, moſt ridiculouſly blundered. Theſe, for ſeveral reaſons, could not poſſibly be publiſhed by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at firſt inſerted by a different hand, as the many additions moſt certainly were after he had left the ſtage. Indeed, every friend to his memory will not eaſily believe, that he was acquainted with the ſcene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman*: or ſurely he would not have admitted ſuch obſcenity and nonſenſe. FARMER.

It is very certain that authors, in the time of Shakſpeare, did

ALICE. *Un peu madame.*

KATH. *Je te prie, m'enſeigneuz; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?*

ALICE. *La main? elle eſt appellée,* de hand.

KATH. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

ALICE. *Les doigts? may foy,*[1] *je oublie les*

not correct the preſs for themſelves. I hardly ever ſaw, in one of the old plays, a ſentence of either *Latin, Italian,* or *French,* without the moſt ridiculous blunders. In *The Hiſtory of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield,* 1599, a tragedy which I have often quoted, a warrior aſks a lady, diſguiſed like a page, what her name is. She anſwers, " *Cur Daceer,*" i. e. *Cœur d'Acier,* Heart of Steel. STEEVENS.

[9] Kath. *Alice, tu as eſté*—] I have regulated ſeveral ſpeeches in this French ſcene; ſome whereof are given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Katharine: and ſo *vice verſa.* It is not material to diſtinguiſh the particular tranſpoſitions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princeſs: " For why he ſhould not allow her," ſays he, " to ſpeak in Engliſh as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine; ſince it adds no beauty, but gives a patched and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force." THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Cheſter Whitſun Myſteries,* among the Harleian MSS. No. 1013, I find French ſpeeches introduced. In the *Vintner's Play,* p. 65, the three kings, who come to worſhip our infant Saviour, addreſs themſelves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely anſwers them in the ſame. At firſt, I ſuppoſed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, becauſe they were ſtrangers; but in the *Skinner's Play,* p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no ſuch reaſon could be offered to juſtify a change of language. Theſe myſteries are ſaid to have been written in 1328. It is hardly neceſſary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the paſſage quoted by Dr. Johnſon from the quarto edition of *King Henry V.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——may *foy,*] Thus the old copies; but I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*ma* foy. STEEVENS.

doigts; *mais je me ſouviendray. Les doigts? je penſe, qu'ils ſont appellé* de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

KATH. *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois viſtement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

ALICE. *Les ongles? les appellons*, de nails.

KATH. De nails. *Eſcoutez*; *dites moy, ſi je parle bien*: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

ALICE. *C'eſt bien dit, madame*; *il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

KATH. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

ALICE. De arm, *madame.*

KATH. *Et le coude.*

ALICE. De elbow.

KATH. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a preſent.*

ALICE. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

KATH. *Excuſez moy, Alice*; *eſcoutez*: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

ALICE. De elbow, *madame.*

KATH. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie*; De elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

ALICE. De neck, *madame.*

KATH. De neck: *Et le menton?*

ALICE. De chin.

KATH. De ſin. *Le col*, de neck: *le menton*, de ſin.

ALICE. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur*; *en verité*,

vous prononces les mots auſsi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

KATH. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

ALICE. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignée?*

KATH. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

ALICE. De nails, *madame.*

KATH. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

ALICE. *Sauf voſtre honneur,* de elbow.

KATH. *Ainſi dis je*; de elbow, de neck, *et* de fin: *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

ALICE. De foot, *madame*; *et* de con.

KATH. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont mots de ſon mauvais, corruptible, groſſe, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *&* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon enſemble:* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.

ALICE. *Excellent, madame!*

KATH. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois; allons nous a diſner.* [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter the French King, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the* Conſtable *of* France, *and Others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath paſs'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* ſhall a few ſprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,[2]
Our ſcions, put in wild and ſavage[3] ſtock,
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten iſle of Albion.[4]

[2] ——*our fathers'* luxury,] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *luſt*. Johnson.

So, in *King Lear*:

"To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers."

Steevens.

[3] ——*ſavage*—] is here uſed in the French original ſenſe, for *ſilvan*, *uncultivated*, the ſame with *wild*. Johnson.

[4] *In that* nook-ſhotten *iſle of Albion.*] *Shotten* ſignifies any thing *projected*: ſo *nook-ſhotten iſle*, is an iſle that ſhoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. Warburton.

CON. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpite, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-rein'd jades,[5] their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houſes' thatch, whiles a more froſty people[6]

The ſame compound epithet is employed by Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, B. III. c. ix. p. 385: "Querke is a *nook-ſhotten* pane" [of glaſs.] STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Can ſodden water,*
A drench for ſur-rein'd *jades,*] The exact meaning of *ſur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horſes over-ridden or feveriſh, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *maſh*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

The word *ſur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:
"Writes he not a good cordial ſappy ſtyle?—
"A *ſur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on."
It ſhould be obſerved that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:
A drench for ſwolne *jades*. STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe, *ſur-rein'd* means *over-ridden*; horſes on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE.

I believe that *ſur-rein'd* means over *worked* or *ridden*; but ſhould ſuppoſe the word rather derived from the *reins* of the *back*, than from thoſe of the *bridle*. M. MASON.

[6] *Upon our* houſes' *thatch, whiles a more froſty people*—] I cannot help ſuppoſing, for the ſake of metre, that Shakſpeare wrote—*houſe-thatch*. *Houſe-top* is an expreſſion which the reader will find in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 17. STEEVENS.

—— *upon our houſes'* thatch,] Thus the folio. The quarto has—our houſes' *tops*.
The reading of the folio is ſupported by a paſſage in *The Tempeſt*:
"—— like winter drops,
"From eaves of *reeds*."

Sweat drops of gallant youth[7] in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them,[8] in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of Engliſh youth,
To new-ſtore France with baſtard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the Engliſh dancing-ſchools,
And teach lavoltas high,[9] and ſwift corantos;

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
"When icicles hang *by the wall*," &c. Malone.

[7] ——*drops of* gallant youth—] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads—drops of *youthful blood*. Malone.

[8] ——*we* may *call them*,] *May*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] ——*lavoltas high*,] Sir T. Hanmer obſerves, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakſpeare mentions it more than once, but never ſo particularly as the author of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610:

"Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me ſkip
"Your antick meaſures; like to coal-black Moors
"Dancing their high *lavoltoes* to the ſun,
"Circle me round: and in the midſt I'll ſtand,
"And crack my ſides with laughter at your ſports."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"——let the Bourdeaux grape
"Skip like *la volta's* in their ſwelling veins."

Again:

"Where love doth dance *la volta*." Steevens.

Lavoltas are thus deſcribed by Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orcheſtra*:

"Yet is there one the moſt delightful kind,
"A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
"Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
"And whirl themſelves in ſtrict embracements bound,
"And ſtill their feet an *anapeſt* do ſound:
"An *anapeſt* is all their muſick's ſong,
"Whoſe firſt two feet is ſhort, and third is long.

Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Mountjóy, the herald? ſpeed him hence;
Let him greet England with our ſharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
More ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high conſtable of France;[1]
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouſſi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Leſtrale, Boucíqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,[2]

" As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove
" That taught the Spartans dancing on the ſands
" Of ſwift Eurotas, dance in heaven above;
" Knit and united with eternal hands,
" Among the ſtars their double image ſtands,
" Where both are carried with an equal pace,
" Together jumping in their turning race." Reed.

[1] *Charles De-la-bret*, &c.] Milton ſomewhere bids the Engliſh take notice how their names are miſſpelt by foreigners, and ſeems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names, in return, with the ſame neglect. This privilege ſeems to be exerciſed in this catalogue of French names, which, ſince the ſenſe of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it. Johnson.

I have changed the ſpelling; for I know not why we ſhould leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been ſo careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Inſtead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we ſhould read *Charles D'Albret*, but the metre will not allow of it. Steevens.

Shakſpeare followed Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, in which the Conſtable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio. Malone.

[2] —— *and* knights,] The old copy reads—*kings*. The

For your great ſeats, now quit you of great ſhames.
Bar Harry England, that ſweeps through our land
With pennons[3] painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow[4]
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The Alps doth ſpit and void his rheum upon:[5]

emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is confirmed by a line in the laſt ſcene of the fourth Act:

" ——princes, barons, lords, *knights*,—" MALONE.

[3] *With* pennons—] *Pennons* armorial were ſmall flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted.

Pennon is the ſame as *pendant*. So, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

" In glittering gold and particolour'd plumes,
" With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd," &c.

Again, in Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, v. 980, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

" And by his banner borne is his *penon*
" Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete
" The Minotaure which that he ſlew in Crete."

In MS. Harl. No. 2413, is the following note:

" *Penon.*

" A *penon* muſt bee tow yardes and a halfe longe, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and ſervith for the conduct of fiftie men.

" Everye knight may have his *pennon* if hee bee cheefe captaine, and in it ſett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge or the lieftenant ſhall make a ſlitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the heralds ſhall raiſe it out.

" *Pencelles.*

" Pencells or flagges for horſemen muſt bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the croſſes of St. George," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*melted ſnow*—] The poet has here defeated himſelf by paſſing too ſoon from one image to another. To bid the French ruſh upon the Engliſh as the torrents formed from melted ſnow ſtream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is deſtroyed by the groſſneſs of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

[5] *The Alps doth ſpit and void his rheum upon:*]

" Jupiter hybernas canâ nive *conſpuit* Alpes."

Fur. Bilac. ap Hor.

STEEVENS.

Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Roüen
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march;
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ranſome.[6]

Fr. King. Therefore, lord conſtable, haſte on Montjóy;
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſome he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in Roüen.[7]

[6] *He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,*
And, for achievement, offer us his ranſome.] I can make no ſenſe of theſe words as they ſtand, though it is to be ſuppoſed that the editors underſtood them, ſince they have paſſed them by unnoticed. I have little doubt but the words *his* and *for*, in the laſt line, have been miſplaced, and that the line ſhould run thus:

And his *achievement offer us* for *ranſome.*

And accordingly the King of France ſends to Henry to know what ranſome he will give. By his *achievement* is meant the town of Harfleur, which Henry had taken. In the former part of this Act he ſays:

"I will not leave the half-*achieved* Harfleur,
"Till in her aſhes ſhe be buried." M. Mason.

The firſt of the two lines which appear ſo obſcure to Mr. M. Maſon, is to me at leaſt ſufficiently intelligible; yet as the idea deſigned to be communicated by it, is not only contemptible but dirty, I ſtill chooſe to avoid explanation. Steevens.

And for *achievement offer us his ranſome.*] That is, *inſtead* of achieving a victory over us, make a propoſal to pay us a certain ſum, as a ranſom. So, in *Henry VI.* Part III:

"*For* chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay." Malone.

[7] —— *in* Roüen.] Here, and a little higher, we have, in the old copy—*Roan*, which was, in Shakſpeare's time, the mode of

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord conſtable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Engliſh *Camp in* Picardy.

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervice committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermoſt powers: he is not, (God be praiſed, and pleſſed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge moſt valiantly,[8]

ſpelling *Roüen*, in Normandy. He probably pronounced the word as a monoſyllable, *Roun*; as indeed moſt Engliſhmen do at this day. Malone.

[8] ——*but keeps the* pridge *moſt valiantly*,] This is not an imaginary circumſtance, but founded on an hiſtorical fact. After Henry had paſſed the Some, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his paſſage to Calais; and for that purpoſe attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the ſmall river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was neceſſary for Henry to paſs. But Henry, having notice of their deſign, ſent

with excellent diſcipline. There is an enſign[9] there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no eſtimation in the 'orld: but I did ſee him do gallant ſervice.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Piſtol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praiſe Got; and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a ſoldier, firm and ſound of heart,
Of buxom valour,[1] hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind,
That ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone,[2]—

a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preſerved the bridge, till the whole Engliſh army arrived, and paſſed over it. Malone.

[9] *There is an* enſign—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—there is an *ancient lieutenant*. Piſtol was not a lieutenant. Malone.

[1] *Of* buxom *valour,*] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its ſuperiors. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen:*

"Love tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
"Of them that to him are *buxom* and prone."

Steevens.

[2] *That goddeſs* blind,
That ſtands upon the rolling *reſtleſs* ſtone,] Fortune is de-

Flu. By your patience, ancient Piſtol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you that fortune is blind: [3] And ſhe is

ſcribed by Cebes, and by Pacuvius, in the Fragments of Latin Authors, p. 60, and the firſt Book of the Pieces to Herennius, preciſely in theſe words of our poet. It is unneceſſary to quote them. S. W.

Rolling reſtleſs—] In an Ode to Concord, which concludes the fourth Act of Gaſcoigne's *Jocaſta*, we find the ſame combination of epithets, though applied to a different object:

" ——— bred in ſacred breſt
" Of him that rules the *reſtleſſe-rolling* ſkie."

STEEVENS.

For this idea our author ſeems indebted to *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

" Fortune is *blind*,——
" Whoſe foot is *ſtanding* on a *rolling ſtone*." RITSON.

[3] *Fortune is painted* blind, *with a* muffler *before her eyes, to ſignify to you that fortune is blind.*] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet ſays, *not ſet down for him, and ſhowing a moſt pitiful ambition* to be witty. For Fluellen, though he ſpeaks with his country accent, yet is all the way repreſented as a man of good plain ſenſe. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *blind*, by his uſe of it, he could never have ſaid that *Fortune was painted blind, to ſignify ſhe was blind.* He might as well have ſaid afterwards, *that ſhe was painted inconſtant, to ſignify ſhe was inconſtant.* But there he ſpeaks ſenſe; and ſo, unqueſtionably, he did here. We ſhould therefore ſtrike out the firſt *blind*, and read:

Fortune is painted with a muffler &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune the goddeſs* is repreſented blind, to ſhow that *fortune, or the chance of life*, is without diſcernment. STEEVENS.

The picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old hiſtory of *Fortunatus*; where ſhe is deſcribed to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes*. FARMER.

A *muffler* appears to have been a fold of linen which partially covered a woman's face. So, in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

" On with my *muffler*."

See *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Vol. V. p. 170, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

painted alſo with a wheel; to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning, and inconſtant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth,[4] the poet is make a moſt excellent deſcription of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath ſtol'n a *pix*,[5] and hanged muſt 'a be.

Minſheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains "a woman's *muffler*," by the French word *cachenez*, which Cotgrave defines "a kind of maſk for the face;" yet, I believe, it was made of linen, and that Minſheu only means to *compare* it to a maſk, becauſe they both might conceal part of the face. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the ſame form as the riding-hood now ſometimes worn by men, that covered the ſhoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other paſſage in which the word occurs in theſe plays: "—I ſpy a great beard under her *muffler*." *Merry Wives of Windſor.* See alſo the verſes cited in Vol. ——: *

"Now is ſhe barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her *muffler* goes;
"Now is ſhe huſſt up to the crowne, ſtraight *nuzled to the noſe*." MALONE.

[4] ——*In good truth*, &c.] The reading here is made out of two copies, the quarto, and the firſt folio. MALONE.

[5] *For he hath ſtol'n a* pix,] The old editions read—*pax*. "And this is conformable to hiſtory," ſays Mr. Pope, "a ſoldier (as Hall tells us) being hanged at this time for ſuch a fact." Both Hall and Holinſhed agree as to the point of the *theft*; but as to the thing *ſtolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient cuſtom, at the celebration of maſs, that when the prieſt pronounced theſe words, *Pax Domini ſit ſemper vobiſcum!* both clergy and people kiſſed one another. And this was called *Oſculum Pacis*, the Kiſs of *Peace*. But that cuſtom being abrogated, a certain image is now preſented to be kiſſed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image

* Mr. Malone's reference being erroneous, a blank is here neceſſarily left.

A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

which Bardolph ſtole; it was a *pix*, or little cheſt, (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box,) in which the conſecrated *hoſt* was uſed to be kept. "A fooliſh ſoldier," ſays Hall expreſsly, and Holinſhed after him, "ſtole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hoſtes within the ſame contained."

THEOBALD.

What Theobald ſays is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the paſſage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadverſion.

It is *pax* in the folio, 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer. They ſignified the ſame thing. See *Pax at Maſs*, Minſheu's *Guide into the Tongues*. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the conſecrated wafers.

JOHNSON.

So, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611: "—Kiſs the *pax*, and be quiet, like your other neighbours."

So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Then with this hallow'd crucifix,
"This holy wafer, and this *pix*."

That a *pix* and a *pax* were different things, may alſo be ſeen from the following paſſage in *The Hiſtory of our Bleſſed Lady of Loretto*, 12mo. 1608, p. 595: "—a cup, and a ſprinkle for holy water, a *pix* and a *pax*, all of excellent chryſtal, gold and amber."

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 677: "—palmes, chalices, croſſes, veſtments, *pixes*, *paxes*, and ſuch like." STEEVENS.

Pix is apparently right. In Henry the VIIth's will it is ſaid: "Foraſmoch as we have often and many tymes to our inwarde regrete and diſpleaſure ſeen at our Jen, in diverſe many churches of our reame, the holie ſacrament of the aulter, kept in ful ſimple, and inhoneſt *pixes*, ſpicially *pixes* of copre and tymbre; we have appointed and commaunded the treaſurer of our chambre, and maiſtre of our juell-houſe, to cauſe to be made furthwith, *pixes* of ſilver and gilt, in a greate nombre, for the keeping of the holie ſacrament of the aultre, after the faſhion of a *pixe* that we have cauſed to be delivered to theim. Every of the ſaid *pixes* to be of the value of iiii*l.* garniſhed with our armes, and rede roſes and poart-colis crowned." P. 38. REED.

The old copies have *pax*, which was a piece of board on

And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.
Therefore, go ſpeak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Piſtol, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.[6]

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the duke to uſe his goot pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

which was the image of Chriſt on the croſs; which the people uſed to kiſs after the ſervice was ended.

Holinſhed (whom our author followed) ſays, "a fooliſh ſoldier ſtole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cauſe he was apprehended, and the king would not once more remove till the *box* was reſtored, and the offender *ſtrangled*."

The following, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has elſewhere obſerved, is one of the *Ordinances des Battailes*, 9 R. II:

"*Item*, que nul ſoit ſi hardi de toucher le corps de noſter Seigneur, ni *le veſſel en quel il eſt*, ſur peine d'eſtre trainez et *pendu*, et le teſte avoir coupé." MS. Cotton, Nero, D. 6.

MALONE.

[6] *Why then rejoice therefore.*] This paſſage, with ſeveral others in the character of Piſtol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in *The Poetaſter*, as follows:

"Why then lament therefore; damn'd be thy guts
"Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;
"For ſparrows muſt have food." STEEVENS.

The former part of this paſſage, in *The Poetaſter*, ſeems rather to be a parody on one of Piſtol's in *King Henry IV.* P. II. p. 241: "Why then *lament* therefore." Perhaps in that before us our author had in his thoughts a very contemptible play of Marlow's, *The Maſſacre of Paris*:

"The Guiſe is dead, and *I rejoice therefore*." MALONE.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendſhip![7]

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain![8] [*Exit* Pistol.

[7] ——figo *for thy friendſhip!*] This expreſſion occurs likewiſe in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1610:

"——water at the dock;
"A *fico* for her dock."

Again:

"A *fico* for the ſun and moon." Steevens.

[8] *The* fig *of* Spain!] This is no alluſion to the *fico* already explained in *King Henry IV.* Part II. but to the cuſtom of giving poiſoned figs to thoſe who were the objects either of Spaniſh or Italian revenge. The quartos 1600 and 1608, read: "The fig of Spain *within thy jaw:*" and afterwards: "The fig *within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.*"

So, in *The Fleire*, 1610, a comedy:

"*Fel.* Give them a *fig.*
"*Flo.* Make them drink their laſt.
"Poiſon them."

Again, in *The Brothers*, by Shirley, 1652:

"I muſt *poiſon* him; one *fig* ſends him to Erebus."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour:*

"The lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous *a fruit* as the *fico.*"

Again, in one of Gaſcoigne's Poems:

"It may fall out that thou ſhalt be entic'd
"To ſup ſometimes with a magnifico,
"And have a *fico* foiſted in thy diſh," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"*Cor.* Now do I look for a *fig.*
"*Gaz.* Chew none, fear nothing."

And the ſcene of this play lies at *Seville.*

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"——Is it [poiſon] ſpeeding?——
"As all our *Spaniſh figs* are."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I look now for a *Spaniſh fig*, or an Italian ſallad, daily." Steevens.

I believe the *fig of Spain* is here uſed only as a term of contempt. In the old tranſlation of *Galateo of Manners and Behaviour*, p. 81, we have:

Flu. Very good.[9]

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: But it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf, at his return into London, under the form of a ſoldier. And ſuch fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where ſervices were done;—at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce,[1] at

" She gave the *Spaniſh figge*,
" With both her thumbes at once,"

ſaith Dant.

And a note ſays, " *Fiche* is the thruſting of the thumbe betweene the forefinger; which eyther for the worde, or the remembrance of ſomething thereby ſignified, is reputed amongſt the Italians as a word of ſhame." Reed.

And in Fulwell's *Art of Flattery*:

" And thus farewell I will returne
" To lady, hope agayne;
" And for a token I thee ſende
" *A* doting *fig of Spayne*." Henley.

The quarto ſhows, I think, that Mr. Steevens is right. See p. 242, n. 6. Malone.

[9] *Very good.*] Inſtead of theſe two words, the quartos read: " Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?" Steevens.

[1] ——*a ſconce*,] Appears to have been ſome haſty, rude, inconſiderable kind of fortification. Sir Thomas Smythe, in one of his *Diſcourſes on the Art Military*, 1589, mentions them in the following manner: " —and that certain *ſconces* by them deviſed, without any bulwarks, flanckers, travaſſes, mounts, platformes, wet or drie ditches, in forme, with counterſcarps, or any other good forme of fortification; but only raiſed and formed with earth, turfe, trench, and certen poynts, angles, and indents, ſhould be able to hold out the enemie," &c. Steevens.

ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgraced, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,[2] and a horrid ſuit of the camp,[3] will do among

So, Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I will *enſconce* (i. e. entrench) myſelf behind the arras." BLACKSTONE.

[2] ——*a beard of the* general's cut,] It appears from an old ballad inſerted in a Miſcellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our anceſtors were very curious in the faſhion of their beards, and that a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the ſoldier, the biſhop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *ſpade*-beard, and perhaps the *ſtiletto*-beard alſo, was appropriated to the firſt of theſe characters. It is obſervable that our author's patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who ſpent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of theſe beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Eſſex, is conſtantly repreſented with the former. In the ballad above mentioned the various forms of this fantaſtick ornament are thus deſcribed:

"Now of beards there be,
"Such a companie,
"Of faſhions ſuch a throng,
"That it is very hard
"To treat of the beard,
"Though it be ne'er ſo long.

* * *

"The *ſteeletto* beard,
"O, it makes me afeard,
"It is ſo ſharp beneath;
"For he that doth place
"A dagger in his face,
"What wears he in his ſheath?

* * *

"The *ſoldiers* beard
"Doth match in this herd,
"In figure like a *ſpade*;
"With which he will make
"His enemies quake,
"To think their grave is made.

"Next the *clown* doth out-ruſh,
"With the beard of the buſh," &c. MALONE.

foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age,[4] or else you may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.[5]

[3] ——*a horrid* suit *of the camp,*] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read—*a horrid* shout *of the camp.*

STEEVENS.

Suit, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers *shout* in a *field of battle,* but not in a *camp. Suit,* in our author's time, appears to have been pronounced *shoot:* (See Vol. VII. p. 80, n. 7.) hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto.

MALONE.

[4] ——*such slanders of the age,*] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. "It is the practice with him (says Ascham) to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-staring frowned head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath."

JOHNSON.

Pistol's character seems to have been formed on that of Basiliſco, a cowardly braggart in *Solyman and Perseda,* which was performed before 1592. A *basilisk* is the name of a great gun.

MALONE.

[5] ——*I must speak with him from the pridge.*] "*Speak with him from the pridge,* (Mr. Pope tells us,) is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain, from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason, that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge.*

THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*[6]

Flu. Got pleſs your majeſty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cameſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, ſo pleaſe your majeſty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages: Marry, th'athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your majeſty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs,[7] and

The words *from the bridge*, are in the folio, 1623, but not in the quarto; and I ſuſpect that they were caught by the compoſitor from King Henry's firſt ſpeech on his entrance. MALONE.

[6] ——*and Soldiers.*] The direction in the folio is—"Enter the King and his *poor* Soldiers." This was, I ſuppoſe, inſerted, that their appearance might correſpond with the ſubſequent deſcription in the chorus of Act IV:

"The *poor* condemned Engliſh," &c. MALONE.

[7] ——*and* whelks, *and* knobs,] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakſpeare took ſome hints for his deſcription of Bardolph's face:

"A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place
"That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes face, &c.
"—— —— —— ——

flames of fire; and his lips plows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed,[8] and his fire's out.[9]

K. Hen. We would have all ſuch offenders ſo cut off:—and we give expreſs charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abuſed in diſdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

" Ther n'as quickſilver, litarge, ne brimſton,
" Boras, ceruſe, ne oile of tartre non,
" Ne oinement that wolde clenſe or bite,
" That might him helpen of his *whelkes* white,
" Ne of the *knobbes* ſitting on his chekes."

See the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, v. 628, &c. Steevens.

[8] —— *but his noſe* is *executed*, &c.] It appears, from what Piſtol has juſt ſaid to Fluellen, that Bardolph was *not* yet executed; or, at leaſt, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. But Fluellen's language muſt not be too ſtrictly examined. Malone.

[9] —— *his fire's out.*] This is the laſt time that any ſport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confeſs the truth, ſeems to have taken more hold on Shakſpeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the ſolitary reader, though it may be ſomewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the ſtage. This poet is always more careful about the preſent than the future, about his audience than his readers. Johnson.

Tucket ſounds. Enter MONTJOY.[1]

MONT. You know me by my habit.[2]

K. HEN. Well then, I know thee; What ſhall I know of thee?

MONT. My maſter's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

MONT. Thus ſays my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep;[3] Advantage is a better ſoldier, than raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we ſpeak upon our cue,[4] and our voice is imperial: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him, therefore, conſider of his ranſome; which muſt proportion the loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted; which, in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his exchequer is too poor; for the effuſion of our blood, the muſter of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our diſ-

[1] *Enter* Montjoy.] *Mont-joie* is the title of the firſt king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*by my* habit.] That is, by his herald's coat. The perſon of a herald being inviolable, was diſtinguiſhed in thoſe times of formality by a peculiar dreſs, which is likewiſe yet worn on particular occaſions. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep;*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept."
MALONE.

[4] ——*upon our cue,*] In our turn. This phraſe the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings.
JOHNSON.

grace, his own perſon, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and maſter; ſo much my office.[5]

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment:[6] for, to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled;
My numbers leſſen'd;, and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of Engliſh legs

[5] ——*ſo much my office.*] This ſpeech, as well as another preceding it, was compreſſed into verſe by Mr. Pope. Where he wanted a ſyllable, he ſupplied it, and where there were too many for his purpoſe, he made ſuitable omiſſions. Shakſpeare (if we may believe the moſt perfect copy of the play, i. e. that in the firſt folio,) meant both ſpeeches for proſe, and as ſuch I have printed them. Steevens.

[6] *Without* impeachment:] i. e. hindrance. *Empechement*, French. In a book entitled, *Miracles lately wrought by the Interceſſion of the glorious Virgin Marie, at Mont-aigu, nere unto Siche in Brabant,*" &c. printed at Antwarp, by Arnold Conings, 1606, I meet with this word: "Wherefore he took it and without *empeſchment*, or reſiſtance, placed it againe in the oke." Steevens.

Impeachment, in the ſame ſenſe, has always been uſed as a legal word in deeds, as—"without *impeachment* of waſte;" i. e. without *reſtraint* or *hindrance* of waſte. Reed.

Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſome, is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army, but a weak and ſickly guard;
Yet, God before,[7] tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour:[8] and ſo, Montjoy, fare you well.

[7] ——*God before.*] This was an expreſſion in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when uſed to another, *God be thy guide*. So, in *An old Dialogue between a Herdſman and a Maiden going on a Pilgrimage to Walſingham*, the herdſman takes his leave in theſe words:

"Now, go thy ways, and *God before*."

To *prevent* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe *himſelf:*—
We ſhall your tawny ground *with your* red blood
Diſcolour:] From Holinſhed: "My deſire is, that none of you be ſo *unadviſed*, as to be the occaſion that I in my defence ſhall *colour* and make *red your tawny ground* with the effuſion of chriſtian *bloud*. When he [Henry] had thus anſwered the herauld, he gave him *a greate rewarde*, and licenſed him to depart." MALONE.

It appears from many ancient books that it was always cuſtomary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation. So, in the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*:

"Then gave he to the herald's hand,
"Beſides, with it, *a rich reward*;
"Who haſten'd to his native land
"To ſee how with his king it far'd." STEEVENS.

The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it;
So tell your maſter.

Mont. I ſhall deliver ſo. Thanks to your highneſs. [*Exit* Montjoy.

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.[9]

The French *Camp, near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable *of* France, *the Lord* Rambures, *the Duke of* Orleans, Dauphin, *and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the beſt armour of the world.—'Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,—

[9] *Scene VII.*] This ſcene is ſhorter, and I think better, in the firſt editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them. Pope.

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!——I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;[1] *le cheval volant*, the Pegaſus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for Perſeus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,[2] but only in patient ſtillneſs, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call—beaſts.[3]

[1] *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were ſtuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*: "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls." WARBURTON.

[2] ——*he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,*] Thus Cleopatra, ſpeaking of herſelf:

"I am *air* and *fire*; my other elements
"I give to baſer life." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 44th Sonnet:

"——ſo much of *earth* and *water* wrought,
"I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "Do not our lives conſiſt of the *four elements*?" MALONE.

[3] ——*and all other* jades *you may call*—beaſts.] It is plain that *jades* and *beaſts* ſhould change places, it being the firſt word and not the laſt, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is ſaid:

"I had as lief have my miſtreſs a *jade*." WARBURTON.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

There is no occaſion for this change. In *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* ſc. i:

" ——he gave his *able horſe* the head,
" And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels
" Againſt the panting ſides of the poor *jade*."

Again, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the 4th *Iliad:*

" Two horſes tough ech one it [his chariot] hath, the *jades* they are not dul,
" Of barley white, of rie and oates, they feede in mangier full."

Jade is ſometimes uſed for a poſt horſe. *Beaſt* is always employed as a contemptuous diſtinction. So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——what *beaſt* was't then
" That made you break this enterprize to me?"

Again, in *Timon of Athens:* " —what a wicked *beaſt* was I to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſo good a time!" Steevens.

I agree with Warburton in ſuppoſing that the words—*beaſts* and *jades* have changed places. Steevens ſays, that *beaſt* is always employed as a contemptuous diſtinction, and, to ſupport this aſſertion, he quotes a paſſage from *Macbeth*, and another from *Timon*, in which it appears that men were called *beaſts*, where abuſe was intended. But though the word *beaſt* be a contemptuous diſtinction, as he terms it, when applied to a man, it does not follow that it ſhould be ſo when applied to a horſe.

He forgets the following ſpeech in *Hamlet*, which militates ſtrongly againſt his aſſertion:

" ——he grew unto his ſeat,
" And to ſuch wond'rous doings brought his horſe,
" As he had been incorps'd, and demi-natur'd
" With the brave *beaſt*."

But the word *jade* is always uſed in a contemptuous ſenſe; and in the paſſage which Steevens quotes from *The Second Part of Henry IV.* the *able* horſe is called a *poor* jade, merely becauſe the poor beaſt was ſuppoſed to be jaded. The word is there an expreſſion of pity, not of contempt. M. Mason.

I cannot forbear ſubjoining two queries to this note.

In the paſſage quoted by Mr. M. Maſon from *Hamlet*, is not the epithet *brave* added, to exempt the word *beaſt* from being received in a ſlight ſenſe of degradation?

Is not, in the inſtance quoted by me from *Henry IV.* the epithet *poor* ſupplied, to render *jade* an object of compaſſion?

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the ſea; turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a ſovereign to reaſon on, and for a ſovereign's ſovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*[4]—

Jade is a term of no very decided meaning. It ſometimes ſignifies a hackney, ſometimes a *vicious* horſe, and ſometimes a *tired* one; and yet I cannot help thinking, in the preſent inſtance, that as a *horſe* is degraded by being called a *jade*, ſo a *jade* is vilified by being termed a *beaſt*. Steevens.

I do not think there is any ground for the tranſpoſition propoſed by Dr. Warburton, who would make *jades* and *beaſts* change places. Words under the hand of either a tranſcriber or compoſitor, never thus leap out of their places. The Dauphin evidently means, that no other horſe has ſo good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and uſeful animal. The *general* term for *quadrupeds* may ſuffice for all other horſes. Malone.

[4] —— *Wonder of nature,*] Here, I ſuppoſe, ſome fooliſh poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the anſwer. Warburton.

In *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* Act V. ſc. iv. Shakſpeare himſelf uſes the phraſe which he here ſeems to ridicule:

"Be not offended, *nature's miracle!*" Malone.

The phraſe is only reprehenſible through its misapplication. It is ſurely proper when applied to a *woman*, but ridiculous indeed when addreſſed to a *horſe*. Steevens.

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compoſed to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers.[5]

[5] ——*like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait* troſſers.] This word very frequently occurs in the old dramatick writers. A man in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, ſpeaking to an Iriſh ſervant, ſays, "I'll have thee flead, and *troſſers* made of thy ſkin, to tumble in." *Troſſers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The Kernes of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *ſtrait troſſers*, I believe, means only in their naked ſkin, which ſits cloſe to them. The word is ſtill preſerved, but now written—*trouſers*. Thus, ſays Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, B. III. ch. iii: "The Spaniſh breeches are thoſe that are *ſtret and cloſe to the thigh*, and are buttoned up the ſides from the knee with about ten or twelve buttons: anciently called TROWSES." STEEVENS.

"*Trouſes*," ſays the explanatory Index to Cox's *Hiſtory of Ireland*, "are breeches and ſtockings made to ſit as cloſe to the body as can be." Several of the morris-dancers repreſented upon the print of my window have ſuch hoſe or ſtrait trowſers; but the poet ſeems, by the waggiſh context, to have a further meaning. TOLLET.

The following paſſage in Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, proves that the ancient Iriſh *trouſers* were ſomewhat more than *mere huff*:

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warned by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lief have my miſtreſs a jade.

"*Manhurſt.* No, for my money give me your ſubſtantial Engliſh hoſe, round, and ſomewhat full afore.

"*Maid.* Now they are, methinks, a little too great.

"*Manh.* The more the diſcretion of the landlord that builds them,—he makes room enough for his tenant to ſtand upright in them;—he may walk in and out at eaſe without ſtooping: but of all the reſt I am clean out of love with your Iriſh *trouſes*; they are for all the world like a jealous wife, always cloſe at a man's tayle."

The ſpeaker is here circumſtantially deſcribing the faſhions of different countries. So again, in Bulwer's *Pedigree of the Engliſh Gallant*, 1653: "Bombaſted and paned hoſe were, ſince I remember, in faſhion; but now our hoſe are made ſo cloſe to our breeches, that, like Iriſh *trouſes*, they too manifeſtly diſcover the dimenſion of every part." In *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, the word is ſpelt *ſtrouces*. COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*ſtroſſers*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who obſerves, that "by ſtrait troſſers the poet means *femoribus denudatis*, for the Kerns of Ireland wore no breeches, any more than the Scotch Highlanders." The explication is, I think, right; but that the Kerns of Ireland *univerſally* rode without breeches, may be doubted. It is clear, from Mr. Tollet's note, and from many paſſages in books of our author's age, that the *Iriſh ſtrait troſſers* or *trouſers* were not merely *figurative*; though in conſequence of their being made extremely tight, Shakſpeare has here employed the words in an equivocal ſenſe.

When Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1585, inſiſted on the Iriſh nobility wearing the Engliſh dreſs, and appearing in parliament in robes, one of them, being very loth to change his old habit, requeſted that the deputy would order his chaplain to walk through the ſtreets with him in *trouſers*, "for then, (ſaid he,) the boys will laugh at him as well as me."

See alſo Ware's *Antiquities and Hiſtory of Ireland*, ch. ii. edit. 1705: "Of the other garments of the Iriſh, namely of their little coats and *ſtrait* breeches, called *trouſes*, I have little worth notice to deliver." MALONE.

Dau. I tell thee, conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. *Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou makeſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars,[6] or ſuns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Even as your horſe bears your praiſes; who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him with his deſert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with Engliſh faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the Engliſh.

[6] ——*the armour*——*are thoſe* ſtars, *&c.*] This circumſtance of military finery is alluded to by Sidney, in his *Aſtrophel and Stella:*

"But if I by a happy window paſſe,
"If I but *ſtarres* upon my armour beare——
"Your mortall notes ſtraight my hid meaning teare——."

Steevens.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners ? [7]

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the Engliſh.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, ſimply, the moſt active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity : and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow ; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he ?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf ; and he ſaid, he cared not who knew it.

[7] *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners ?*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V* :

" Come and you ſee what me tro at the king's drummer and fife."

" Faith, me will tro at the earl of Northumberland ; and now I will tro at the king himſelf," &c.

This incident, however, might have been furniſhed by the Chronicle. Steevens.

See p. 420, n. 6. Malone.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, ſir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lackey:[8] 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.[9]

Orl. Ill will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb[1] with—There is flattery in friendſhip.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there ſtands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.[2]

[8] ——*his lackey:*] He has beaten nobody but his footboy. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*'tis a* hooded valour; *and, when it appears, it will* bate.] This is ſaid with alluſion to falcons which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and, as ſoon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let looſe upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his firſt eſſay, we ſhall ſee how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 135, n. 5. MALONE.

"This is a poor pun, taken from the terms uſed in falconry. The whole ſenſe and ſarcaſm depends upon the equivoque of one word, viz. *bate*, in ſound, but not in orthography, anſwering to the term *bait* in falconry. When the hawk is *unhooded*, her firſt action is *baiting*, that is flapping her wings, as a preparation to her flying at the game. The hawk wants no courage, but invariably *baits* upon taking off the hood. The Conſtable of France ſarcaſtically ſays of the Dauphin's courage, '*Tis a hooded valour* (i. e. it is hid from every body but his lackey,) and when it *appears*, (by preparing to engage the enemy,) it will *bate* (i. e. fall off, evaporate); and not, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes, bluſter or *flutter the wings*, in alluſion to the metaphor." *Suppl. to the Gent. Mag.* 1789, p. 1199. STEEVENS.

[1] *I will cap that proverb*—] Alluding to the practice of capping verſes. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*with—A pox of the devil.*] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read—*with, a jogge of the devil.* STEEVENS.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were overſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſs. My lord high conſtable, the Engliſh lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath meaſured the ground?

Meſs. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman.—Would it were day![3]—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh[4] fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of England breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

[3] *Would it were day!*] Inſtead of this and the ſucceeding ſpeeches, the quartos, 1600 and 1608, conclude this ſcene with a couplet:

"————Come, come away;
"The ſun is high, and we wear out the day."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*peeviſh*—] In ancient language, ſignified—fooliſh, ſilly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. vii: "He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." STEEVENS.

Orl. Fooliſh curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian bear, and have their heads cruſhed like rotten apples: You may as well ſay,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef,[5] and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but theſe Engliſh are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we ſhall find to-morrow—they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me ſee,—by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred Engliſhmen.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*give them great meals of* beef,] So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

" ——but ſcant them of their *chines of beef,*
" And take away their downy featherbeds," &c.

STEEVENS.

Our author had the Chronicle in his thoughts: " —keep an Engliſh man one month from his warm bed, *fat beef,* ſtale drink," &c.

So alſo, in the old *King Henry V:*

" Why, take an Engliſhman out of his warm bed,
" And his ſtale drink, but one moneth,
" And, alas, what will become of him?" MALONE.

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.[6]
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,

[6] *Fills the wide veſſel of the* univerſe.] *Univerſe* for *horizon:* for we are not to think Shakſpeare ſo ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwiſe, by that fine line in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— following darkneſs like a dream."

Beſides, the image he employs ſhows he meant but half the globe; the horizon round, which has the ſhape of a veſſel or goblet. WARBURTON.

There is a better proof, that Shakſpeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth:*

" Now o'er the *one half* world
" Nature ſeems dead."

But there was no great need of any juſtification. The *univerſe*, in its original ſenſe, no more means this globe ſingly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philoſophical ſenſe, it may be poetically uſed for as much of the world as falls under obſervation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always preſent. JOHNSON.

The wide veſſel of the univerſe is derived, I apprehend, from a different ſource than that which Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes. Shakſpeare, in another play, ſtyles *night* the *blanket of the dark:* it is probable that the affinity between *blanket* and *ſheet* ſuggeſted to him the further relation between *ſheet* and *veſſel*, which occurs in the *Acts*, ch. x. 11: " —and ſaw heaven opened, and a certain *veſſel* deſcending unto him, as if it had been a *great* SHEET, *knit at the four corners, and let down unto the earth.*" HENLEY.

The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,[7]
That the fix'd ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch:[8]
Fire anſwers fire;[9] and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face:[1]

[7] ——ſtilly *founds*,] A ſimilar idea perhaps was meant to be given by Barnaby Googe, in his verſion of *Palingenius*, 1561:

"Which with a pleaſaunt *huſhyng ſound*
"Provok'd the ioyes of bed."
"Sæpe levi *ſomnum* ſuadebit inire *ſuſurro*."
Virg. Ecl. I. 56. STEEVENS.

——ſtilly *founds*,] i. e. gently, lowly. So, in the ſacred writings: "a *ſtill* ſmall voice." MALONE.

[8] *The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch*:] Holinſhed ſays, that the diſtance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces. MALONE.

[9] *Fire anſwers fire*;] This circumſtance is alſo taken from Holinſhed: "—but at their coming into the village, *fires* were made (by the Engliſh) to give light on every ſide, as there likewiſe were in the French hoſte." MALONE.

[1] ——*the other's* umber'd *face*:] Of this epithet, uſed by Shakſpeare in his deſcription of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has tranſplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occaſion:

"Whoſe *umber'd* arms by turns thick flaſhes ſend."

Umber is a brown colour. So, in *As you like it*:

"And with a kind of *umber* ſmirch my face."

The diſtant viſages of the ſoldiers would certainly appear of this hue, when beheld through the light of midnight fires.

Umber'd, however, may ſignify *ſhaded*. Thus Caxton tells us that he—"empryſed tenprinte [*Tully on Old Age*] under the *umbre* and ſhadow of King Edward IV." Again, in an old poem called *The Caſtell of Labour*, falſhood is ſaid to act "under the *umbre* of veryte." STEEVENS.

Umber'd certainly means here *diſcoloured* by the gleam of the fires. *Umber* is a dark yellow earth, brought from Umbria, in Italy, which, being mixed with water, produces ſuch a duſky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance. Our author's profeſſion probably furniſhed him with

Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear;[2] and from the tents,[3]
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowſy morning name.[4]
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,

this epithet; for from an old manuſcript play in my poſſeſſion, entitled *The Telltale*, it appears that *umber* was uſed in the ſtage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal directions is, "He *umbers* her face." MALONE.

[2] *Piercing the night's* dull ear;] Hence perhaps the following idea in Milton's *L'Allegro:*

"And ſinging ſtartle the *dull night.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*and from the tents,*] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite, in Chaucer:

"And on the morwe, when the day 'gan ſpring,
"Of horſe and harneis noiſe and clattering,
"There was in the hoſtelries all aboute:—
"The ſtomy ſtedes on the golden bridel
"Gnawing, and *faſt the armureres alſo*
"*With file and hammer priking to and fro,*" &c.

T. WARTON.

Thus alſo Statius, deſcribing the preparations for the Trojan war:

"——*innumerâ reſonant incude Mycenæ.*"

Achill. I. 414. STEEVENS.

[4] *And the third hour of drowſy morning* name.] The old copy—*nam'd.* STEEVENS.

How much better might we read thus?

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowſy morning name.

TYRWHITT.

I have admitted this very neceſſary and elegant emendation. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer, with almoſt equal probability, reads:

And the third hour of drowſy morning's nam'd.

MALONE.

The confident and over-luſty [5] French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice; [6]
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh, [7]
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean cheeks, [8] and war-worn coats,

[5] ——*over*-luſty—] i. e. over-*faucy*. So, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "Caſſius's ſoldiers did ſhewe themſelves verie ſtubborne and *luſtie* in the campe," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice*;] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

From Holinſhed: "The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been ſure of victory, made great triumphe, for the captaines had determined before how to divide the ſpoil, and the *ſouldiers the night before had plaid the Engliſhmen at dice.*" MALONE.

[7] *The confident and over-luſty French*——
——*The poor condemned Engliſh*,] Our claſſical readers will not be diſpleaſed with an opportunity of comparing Shakſpeare's picture of the French and Engliſh camps with that of the Barbarian and Roman troops, as exhibited in a night-ſcene by the maſterly pencil of Tacitus, Annal. I. lxv: "Nox per diverſa inquies: cùm Barbari feſtis epulis, læto cantu, aut truci ſonore ſubjecta vallium ac reſultantes ſaltus complerent; apud Romanos invalidi ignes, interruptæ voces, atque ipſi paſſim adjacerent vallo, oberrarent tentoriis, inſomnes magis quàm pervigiles. Ducemque terruit dira quies." STEEVENS.

[8] Inveſting *lank-lean cheeks*,] *A geſture inveſting cheeks and coats* is nonſenſe. We ſhould read:

Inveſt *in lank-lean cheeks*——

which is ſenſe; i. e. their ſad geſture was clothed, or ſet off, in lean cheeks and worn coats. The image is ſtrong and picturesque. WARBURTON.

I fancy Shakſpeare might have written:

In faſting *lank-lean cheeks*,—&c. HEATH.

Change is unneceſſary. The harſhneſs of the metaphor is

Preſenteth them[9] unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-
men.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:

what offends, which means only, that their looks are inveſted in mournful geſtures.

Such another harſh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"For my part, I am ſo *attir'd* in wonder,
"I know not what to ſay." STEEVENS.

Geſture only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there ſhould be a comma, as in the firſt folio. In the ſecond Song of Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:

"Anger *inveſts* the face with a lovely grace." TOLLET.

[9] Preſenteth *them*—] The old copy reads—*preſented*. But the preſent time runs throughout the whole of the deſcription, except in this inſtance, where the change ſeems very improper. I believe we ſhould read, with Hanmer, *preſenteth*. STEEVENS.

The emendation, in my opinion, needs no juſtification. The falſe concord is found in every page of the old editions. Here it cannot be corrected.

A paſſage in *King Henry VI.* Part III. in which the ſame falſe concord is found, may ſerve to ſupport and juſtify the emendation here made:

"The red roſe and the white are in his face,
"The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
"The one his purple blood right well reſembleth;
"The other his pale *cheeks*, methinks, *preſenteth*."

Of the two laſt lines there is no trace in the old play on which *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* is founded. MALONE.

But freſhly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,[1]
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean[2] and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthineſs define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly;
Where, (O for pity!) we ſhall much diſgrace—
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, ſit and ſee;
Minding true things,[3] by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*

[1] *A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,*
His liberal eye doth give to every one,] "Non enim vox illa præceptoris, ut cœna, minus pluribus ſufficit; ſed *ut ſol, univerſis idem lucis caloriſque largitur.*" Quintil. de Inſtit. Orat. Lib. I. c. ii. And Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Cant. II. v. 14:

"Bright as the ſun, her *eyes* the gazers ſtrike,
"And, *like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.*"

HOLT WHITE.

[2] ——Then *mean* &c.] Old copy—*That* mean. MALONE.

As this ſtood, it was a moſt perplexed and nonſenſical paſſage, and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The poet, addreſſing himſelf to every degree of his audience, tells them he'll ſhow (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can deſcribe it) a little touch or ſketch of this hero in the night; a faint reſemblance of that cheerfulneſs and reſolution which this brave prince expreſſed in himſelf, and inſpired in his followers.

THEOBALD.

[3] Minding *true things*,] To *mind* is the ſame as *to call to remembrance.* JOHNSON.

SCENE I.

The Engliſh *Camp at* Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. HEN. Gloſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry:
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.[4]
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old ſir Thomas Erpingham:[5]

[4] *That we ſhould* dreſs us *fairly for our end.*] *Dreſs us*, I believe, means here, *addreſs* us; i. e. prepare ourſelves. So before, in this play:

"To-morrow for our march we are *addreſs'd.*"

It ſhould therefore be printed—*dreſs us.* MALONE.

I do not recollect that any one of our author's plays affords an example of the word *addreſs* thus abbreviated.

Dreſs, in its common acceptation, may be the true reading. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"They come like ſacrifices *in their trim.*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*old ſir Thomas Erpingham:*] Sir Thomas Erpingham

A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of France.

Erp. Not ſo, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pains,
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.[6]
Lend me thy cloak, ſir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Deſire them all to my pavillion.

Glo. We ſhall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Bedford.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commiſſioners to receive King Richard's abdication.

Edwards's MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V.'s time warden of Dover caſtle. His arms are ſtill viſible on one ſide of the Roman pharos. Steevens.

[6] *With caſted* ſlough *&c.*] *Slough* is the ſkin which the ſerpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is ſuppoſed to regain new vigour and freſh youth. *Legerity* is lightneſs, nimbleneſs. Johnson.

So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of Virgil, Book IV. 1582:

"His *ſlough* uncaſing, himſelf now youthfully bleacheth."

Legerity is a word uſed by Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man out of his Humour*. Steevens.

I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble Harry! [*Exit* Erpingham.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou ſpeakeſt cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Diſcuſs unto me; Art thou officer? Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Traileſt thou the puiſſant pike?[7]

K. Hen. Even ſo: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;[8]
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtrings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*

[7] *Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?*] So, at the beginning of Chapman's *Revenge for Honour:*

" ——— a wife
" Fit for *the trayler of the puiſſant pike.*" Farmer.

[8] —— *an* imp *of fame;*] An *imp* is a *ſhoot* in its primitive ſenſe, but means a *ſon* in Shakſpeare. In Holinſhed, p. 951, the laſt words of Lord Cromwell are preſerved, who ſays: " —and after him that his ſonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you." Steevens.

PIST. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.

PIST. Knowest thou Fluellen.

K. HEN. Yes.

PIST. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

PIST. Art thou his friend?

K. HEN. And his kinsman too.

PIST. The *figo* for thee then!

K. HEN. I thank you: God be with you!

PIST. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. It sorts[9] well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

GOW. Captain Fluellen!

FLU. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.[1] It is the greatest admiration in the universal

[9] *It* sorts—] i. e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th Book of the *Odyssey*:

"His faire long lance well *sorting* with his hand."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*speak* lower.] The earliest of the quartos reads—speak *lewer*, which in that of 1608 is made *lower*. The alterations made in the several quartos, and in all the folios that succeeded the first, by the various printers or correctors through whose hands they passed, carry with them no authority whatsoever; yet here the correction *happens*, I think, to be right. The editors of the folio read—speak *fewer*. I have no doubt

'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble,[1] in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars,[2] and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobriety of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

that in their MS. (for this play they evidently printed from a MS. which was not the caſe in ſome others,) the word by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber was *fewer*, (as in that copy from which the quarto was printed,) and that, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, they changed this to *fewer*. Fluellen could not, with any propriety, call on Gower to ſpeak *fewer*, he not having uttered a word except "Captain Fluellen!" Meeting Fluellen late at night, and not being certain who he was, he merely pronounced his name. Having addreſſed him in too high a key, the Welſhman reprimands him; and Gower juſtifies himſelf by ſaying that the enemy ſpoke ſo *loud*, that the Engliſh could hear them all night. But what he ſays as he is going out, puts, I think, the emendation that I have adopted beyond a doubt, I will do as you deſire; "I will ſpeak *lower*."

Shakſpeare has here as uſual followed Holinſhed: "Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was firſt ſet in battayle array, that *no noiſe or clamour ſhould be made in the hoſte*." MALONE.

To ſpeak *lower* is the more familiar reading; but to ſpeak *few*, is a provincial phraſe ſtill in uſe among the vulgar in ſome counties; ſignifying, to ſpeak in a *calm*, *ſmall* voice; and conſequently has the ſame meaning as *low*. In Suſſex I heard one female ſervant ſay to another—"Speak *fewer*, or my miſtreſs will hear you." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *I warrant you*, &c.] Amongſt the laws and ordinances militarie ſet down by Robert Earl of Leiceſter in the Low Countries, printed at Leyden, 1586, one is, that "No man ſhall make anie outerie or noiſe in any watch, ward, ambuſh, or anie other place *where ſilence is requiſite*, and neceſſarie, upon paine of loſſe of life or limb at the general's diſcretion." REED.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exeunt* Gower *and* Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of faſhion, There is much care and valour in this Welſhman.

Enter Bates, Court, *and* Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Hen. Under ſir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a ſand, that look to be waſhed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he ſhould. For, though I ſpeak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the element ſhows to him, as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions:[3] his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing;[4] therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are: Yet, in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhowing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhow what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the king; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

[3] ——*conditions:*] Are *qualities*. The meaning is, that objects are repreſented by his ſenſes to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewiſe to him; and, when he feels *fear*, it is like the fear of meaner mortals. Johnson.

[4] ——*though his affections are higher* mounted *than ours, yet, when they* ſtoop, *they ſtoop with the like wing;*] This paſſage alludes to the ancient ſport of falconry. When the hawk, after ſoaring aloft, or *mounting* high, deſcended in its flight, it was ſaid to *ſtoop*. So, in an old ſong on falconry in my MS. of old ſongs, p. 480:

"She flieth at one
"Her marke jumpe upon,
"And *mounteth* the welkin cleare;
"Then right ſhe *ſtoopes*,
"When the falkner he whoopes,
"Triumphing in her chaunticleare." Percy.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. Hen. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the king's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.[5]

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after;[6] for we know enough, if we know we are the king's ſubjects; if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cauſe be not good, the king himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day,[7] and cry all—We died at ſuch a place; ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left.[8] I am

[5] —— *his* cauſe *being* juſt, *and his* quarrel *honourable.*] So, Holinſhed: "—calling his capitaines and his ſouldiers aboute him, he [Henry V.] made to them a right harty oration, requiring them to play the men, that they might obtaine a glorious victorie, as there was good hope they ſhould, if they would remember the *juſt cauſe and quarrel* for the whiche they fought." Malone.

[6] Bates. *Ay, or more* &c.] This ſentiment does not correſpond with what Bates has juſt before ſaid. The ſpeech, I believe, ſhould be given to *Court*. See p. 432, n. 4. Malone.

[7] —— *the* latter *day,*] i. e. the *laſt* day, the day of judgment. Our author has, in other inſtances, uſed the *comparative* for the *ſuperlative*. Steevens.

[8] ——*their children* rawly *left.*] That is, *without prepara-*

afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. Hen. So, if a ſon, that is by his father ſent about merchandiſe, do ſinfully miſcarry upon the ſea, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him: or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command, tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation:—But this is not ſo: the king is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no king, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury;[9] ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if theſe

tion, haſtily, ſuddenly. What is not *matured* is *raw.* So, in *Macbeth*:

"Why in this *rawneſs* left he wife and children?"

JOHNSON.

Rawly left, is *left young and helpleſs.* RITSON.

[9] ——*the broken* ſeals *of* perjury;] So, in the ſong at the beginning of the fourth Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"That ſo ſweetly were *forſworn*——
"*Seals* of love, but ſeal'd in vain." STEEVENS.

men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,[1] though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty[2] is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote[3] out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain,[4] every man that dies ill, the

[1] ——native *punishment,*] That is, punishment in their native country. Heath.

So, in a subsequent scene:

"A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
"Find *native* graves." Malone.

Native punishment is such as they are born to, if they offend. Steevens.

[2] *Every subject's duty*—] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. Johnson.

[3] ——*every* mote—] Old copy—*moth*, which was only the ancient spelling of *mote*. I suspected, but did not know, this to be the case, when I proposed the true reading of a passage in *King John*. See Vol. X. p. 466, n. 1. Malone.

[4] Will. *'Tis certain,* &c.] In the quarto this little speech is

ill is upon his own head, the king is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me; and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. Hen. I myſelf heard the king ſay, he would not be ranſomed.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſomed, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. Hen. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. 'Maſs, you'll pay him then![5] That's a perilous ſhot out of an elder gun,[6] that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll

not given to the ſame ſoldier who endeavours to prove that the King was anſwerable for the miſchiefs of war; and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The perſons are indeed there only diſtinguiſhed by figures, 1, 2, 3. But this circumſtance, as well as the tenour of the preſent ſpeech, ſhows, that it does not belong to Williams, who has juſt been maintaining the contrary doctrine. It might with propriety be transferred to *Court*, who is on the ſcene, and ſays ſcarcely a word. Malone.

[5] *'Maſs, you'll pay him then!*] To *pay*, in old language, meant to *thraſh* or *beat*; and here ſignifies to bring to account, to puniſh. See Vol. XI. p. 286, n. 2. The text is here made out from the folio and quarto. Malone.

——*pay him*—] In addition to my note, Vol. XI. p. 287, it may be obſerved, that Falſtaff ſays, in the ſame Vol. p. 417: "I have *paid* Percy. I have made him ſure." Here he certainly means more than *thraſhed* or *beaten*. Reed.

[6] ——*That's a perilous ſhot out of an elder gun,*] In the old play [the quarto, 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great diſpleaſure that an elder gun can do againſt a cannon*, or a ſubject againſt a monarch. Johnson.

never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is ſomething too round;[7] I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dareſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dareſt as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you Engliſh fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns[8] to one, they will beat us; for they

[7] —— *too* round;] i. e. too rough, too unceremonious. So, in *Hamlet*:

" 'Pray you, be *round* with him." Steevens.

[8] —— *twenty French crowns*—] This conceit, rather too

bear them on their ſhoulders: But it is no Engliſh treaſon, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himſelf will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king![9] let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our ſins, lay on the king;—we muſt bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatneſs,
Subjected[1] to the breath of every fool,
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, ſave general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?

low for a king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal diſeaſe. JOHNSON.

There is ſurely no neceſſity for ſuppoſing any alluſion *in this paſſage* to the venereal diſeaſe. The conceit here ſeems to turn merely upon the equivocal ſenſe of *crown*, which ſignifies either *a coin*, or *a head*. TYRWHITT.

[9] *Upon the king!* &c.] This beautiful ſpeech was added after the firſt edition. POPE.

There is ſomething very ſtriking and ſolemn in this ſoliloquy, into which the King breaks immediately as ſoon as he is left alone. Something like this, on leſs occaſions, every breaſt has felt. Reflection and ſerioufneſs ruſh upon the mind upon the ſeparation of a gay company, and eſpecially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

[1] *Subjected to the breath*—] The old copies have only—*ſubject*; but (for the ſake of metre) I have not ſcrupled to read—ſubjected, on the authority of the following paſſage in *King John*:

"Subjected tribute to commanding love—."

STEEVENS.

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhow me but thy worth!
What is the ſoul of adoration?[2]
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

[2] *What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?*
O ceremony, ſhow me but thy worth!
What is the *ſoul* of *adoration?*] The firſt copy reads,
What? is thy *ſoul* of *adoration?*
This is incorrect, but I think we may diſcover the true reading eaſily enough to be,
What is thy ſoul, O *adoration?*
That is, O reverence paid to kings, *what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinſick value?* JOHNSON.

I have received Mr. Malone's amendment, which he thus explains:—"What is the real worth and intrinſick value of adoration?"

The quarto has not this ſpeech. The folio reads:
What? is thy *ſoul of odoration?* STEEVENS.

The latter word was corrected in the ſecond folio. For the other emendation now made I am anſwerable. *Thy, thee,* and *they,* are frequently confounded in the old copies. In many of our author's plays we find ſimilar expreſſions. In *Troilus and Creſſida,* "my very *ſoul of* counſel;" in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "the *ſoul of* hope;" and in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* "the *ſoul of* love." Again, in the play before us:

"There is ſome *ſoul* of *goodneſs* in things evil."

Dr. Johnſon reads:
What is thy ſoul, O adoration?
But the miſtake appears to me more likely to have happened in the word *thy* than in *of*; and the examples that I have produced ſupport that opinion. MALONE.

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,[3]
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world,
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;[4]
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night

[3] ——farced *title running* &c.] *Farced* is *ſtuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This, I think, is the ſenſe. JOHNSON.

So, in *All for Money*, by T Lupton, 1578:

" ——— belly-gods ſo ſwarm,
" *Farced*, and flowing with all kind of gall."

Again:

" And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*."

Again, in *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

" To make both broth and *farcing*, and that full deinty."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's verſion of the firſt Book of Virgil:

" Or eels are *farcing* with dulce and delicat hoonny."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*.

" ——*farce* thy lean ribs with it too." STEEVENS.

[4] *Can ſleep ſo ſoundly* &c.] Theſe lines are exquiſitely pleaſing. *To ſweat in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to ſleep in Elyſium*, are expreſſions very poetical. JOHNSON.

Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.[5]

Enter ERPINGHAM.

ERP. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. HEN. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

ERP. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts!
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reckoning, if the oppoſed numbers

[5] ——— *but——little wots,*
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.] The ſenſe of this paſſage, which is expreſſed with ſome ſlight obſcurity, ſeems to be—*He little knows at the expence of how much royal vigilance, that peace, which brings moſt advantage to the peaſant, is maintained.* To *advantage* is a verb elſewhere uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Pluck their hearts from them![6]—Not to-day, O Lord,

[6] ——— *take from them now*
The ſenſe of reckoning, if the oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!] The firſt folio reads—*of* the oppoſed numbers. STEEVENS.

The poet might intend, "Take from them the ſenſe of reckoning thoſe oppoſed numbers; *which* might pluck their courage from them." But the *relative* not being expreſſed, the ſenſe is very obſcure. The ſlight correction I have given [left the oppoſed numbers—] makes it clear and eaſy. THEOBALD.

The change is admitted by Dr. Warburton, and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

——— *the oppoſed numbers*
Which ſtand before them.

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the paſſage thus:

Take from them now the ſenſe of reckoning,
That the oppoſed multitudes which ſtand before them
May not appal their courage. JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good ſenſe; but, I think, we might read, with leſs deviation from the preſent text:

——if *th' oppoſed numbers*
Pluck their hearts from them.

In conjectural criticiſm, as in mechanicks, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, conſiſts in producing a given effect with the leaſt poſſible force. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's reading preferable to that of Tyrwhitt, which the editor has adopted; for if the oppoſed numbers did actually pluck their hearts from them, it was of no conſequence whether they had or had not the ſenſe of reckoning.

M. MASON.

The ingenious commentator ſeems to forget that, if the ſenſe of reckoning, in conſequence of the King's petition, was taken from them, the numbers oppoſed to them would be no longer formidable. When they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them. It will be the lot of few critics to retire with advantage gained over the remarks of my lamented friend, Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to be right. The King prays that his men may be unable to reckon the enemy's force, that their

O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown!

hearts (i. e. their ſenſe and paſſions) may be taken from them: that they may be as brave as a total abſence of all feeling and reflection can make them. An explanation which ſeems to be countenanced by the old quarto. RITSON.

In *King John*, edit. 1632, theſe words [*if* and *of*: See the preceding note by Mr. Tyrwhitt:] have again been confounded:

"Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and *if* you,"

inſtead of—*of* you. The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened alſo in *Twelfth-Night*, folio, 1623:

"For, ſuch as we are made *if* ſuch we be."

where we ſhould certainly read—

"For, ſuch as we are made *of*, ſuch we be."

In the ſubſequent ſcene we have again the ſame thought. The Conſtable of France, after exhorting his countrymen to take horſe, adds—

"Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
"And your fair ſhow ſhall *ſuck away their ſouls*,
"Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men."

In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY IV. fol. 23, we find a kindred expreſſion to that in the text: "Henry encouraged his part ſo, that *they took their hearts to them*, and manly fought with their enemies."

A paſſage in the ſpeech which the ſame chronicler has put into Henry's mouth, before the battle of Agincourt, may alſo throw ſome light on that before us, and ſerve to ſupport the emendation that has been made: "Therefore, putting your only truſt in him, let not *their multitude feare your hearts*, nor their *great number abate your courage*."

The paſſage ſtands thus in the quarto, 1600:

Take from them now the ſenſe of reckoning,
That the oppoſed numbers *which ſtand before them,*
May not appal their courage.

This fully refutes the p[illegible]on of an anonymous *Remarker*, [Mr. Ritſon,] who unde[illegible]nds the word *pluck* as optative, and ſuppoſes that Henry c[illegible]on the God of battles to deprive his ſoldiers of their hearts; that is, of their *courage*, for ſuch is evidently the meaning of the expreſſion;—(ſo in the common phraſe, "have a good *heart*,"—and in the paſſage juſt quoted from Hall;) though this commentator chooſes to underſtand by the word—*ſenſe* and *paſſions*.

Mr. Theobald, and ſome other commentators, ſeem, indeed,

I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries,[7] where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for Richard's ſoul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.[8]

to think that *any* word may be ſubſtituted for another, if thereby ſenſe may be obtained; but a word ought rarely to be ſubſtituted in the room of another, unleſs either the emendation bears ſuch an affinity to the corrupted reading, as that the error might have ariſen from the miſtake of the eye or ear of the compoſitor or tranſcriber; or a word has been caught inadvertently by the compoſitor from a preceding or a ſubſequent line. MALONE.

[7] *Two chantries,*] One of theſe monaſteries was for Carthuſian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on oppoſite ſides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheen*, now called *Richmond*. MALONE.

[8] *Since that my penitence comes after* all,
Imploring pardon.] We muſt obſerve, that Henry IV. had committed an injuſtice, of which he and his *ſon* reaped the fruits. But, reaſon tells us, juſtice demands that they who ſhare the profits of iniquity, ſhall ſhare alſo in the puniſhment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have ſinned, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance: which, in the language of divines, are ſtyled *calls*. Theſe, if neglected, or carelefsly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this ſhows that the unintelligible reading of the text ſhould be corrected thus:
" —— *comes after* call. WARBURTON.

I wiſh the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me leſs intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the King's penitence, whether coming *in conſequence of call*, it is ſufficient; or whether com-

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloſter's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ing when *calls have ceaſed*, it is ineffectual. The firſt ſcene will ſuit but ill with the poſition, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*; and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakſpeare, who certainly does not mean to repreſent the King as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is, in my opinion, eaſy and right. *I do all this*, ſays the King, *though all that I can do is nothing worth*, is ſo far from an adequate expiation of the crime, *that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon* both for the crime and the expiation. JOHNSON.

I am ſenſible that every thing of this kind, (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remiſſion of this ſin; ſince I well know that, after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previouſly and indiſpenſably neceſſary towards my obtaining it.
HEATH.

I ſhould not have reprinted Dr. Warburton's note but for the ſake of Dr. Johnſon's reply. Mr. Malone, however, thinks Mr. Heath's explication more correct. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The French *Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and Others.*

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez a cheval:*—My horſe! *valet! lacquay!* ha!

Orl. O brave ſpirit!

Dau. *Via!—les eaux et la terre?*——

[9] Via!—*les eaux et la terre*—] *Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon is right. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

"Then *Vio!* for the ſpacious bounds of France!"

Again, in *Paraſitaſter, or The Fawne*, by John Marſton, 1606:

"Come *Via!* to this feaſtful entertainment!"

Again, in Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607:

"Tut, *Via!* let all run glib and ſquare!" Steevens.

This dialogue will be beſt explained by referring to the ſeventh ſcene of the preceding Act, in which the Dauphin, ſpeaking in admiration of his horſe, ſays: "When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air:—It is a beaſt for Perſeus; he is pure *air* and *fire*, and the dull elements of *earth and water* never appear in him." He now, ſeeing his horſe at a diſtance, attempts to ſay the ſame thing in French: "*Les eaux et la terre*," the waters and the earth—*have no ſhare in my horſe's compoſition*, he was going to have ſaid; but is prevented by the Duke of Orleans, who replies—Can you add nothing more? Is he not air and fire? Yes, ſays the Dauphin, and even heaven itſelf. He had, in the former ſcene, called his horſe *Wonder of Nature*. The words, however, may admit of a different interpretation. He may mean to boaſt that, when on horſeback, he can bound over *all the elements*, and even ſoar to *heaven* itſelf. Malone.

ORL. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu——*

DAU. *Ciel!* couſin Orleans.——

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable!

CON. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

DAU. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides;

That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,

And dout them[1] with ſuperfluous courage: Ha!

It is not eaſy to determine the import of the Dauphin's words. I do not, however, think the foregoing explanation right, becauſe it excludes variety, by preſuming that what has been already ſaid in one language, is repeated in another. Perhaps this inſignificant ſprig of royalty is only capering about, and uttering a "rhapſody of words" indicative of levity and high ſpirits, but guiltleſs of any preciſe meaning. STEEVENS.

[1] *And* dout *them*—] The firſt folio reads—*doubt*, which, perhaps, may have been uſed for *to make to doubt; to terrifie.* TYRWHITT.

To doubt, or (as it ought to have been ſpelled) *dout*, is a word ſtill uſed in Warwickſhire, and ſignifies to *do out*, or *extinguiſh*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iv. For this information I was indebted to my late friend, the Reverend H. Homer. STEEVENS.

In the folio, where alone this paſſage is found, the word is written *doubt*. To *dout*, for to *do out*, is a common phraſe at this day in Devonſhire and the other weſtern counties; where they often ſay, *dout* the fire, that is, *put out* the fire. Many other words of the ſame ſtructure are uſed by our author; as, to *don*, i. e. to *do on*, to *doff*, i. e. to *do off*, &c. In *Hamlet* he has uſed the ſame phraſe:

"——the dram of baſe

"Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth *dout*," &c.

The word being provincial, the ſame miſtake has happened in both places; *doubt* being printed in *Hamlet* inſtead of *dout*.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. The Engliſh are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horſe, you gallant princes! ſtraight to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhow ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,[2]
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our French gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exceptions, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lackeys, and our peaſants,—
Who, in unneceſſary action, ſwarm

Mr. Pope for *doubt* ſubſtituted *daunt*, which was adopted in the ſubſequent editions. For the emendation now made I imagined I ſhould have been anſwerable; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated me, and has printed the word as it is now exhibited in the text. Malone.

[2] ——ſuck *away their* ſouls,] This ſtrong expreſſion did not eſcape the notice of Dryden and Pope; the former having (leſs chaſtely) employed it in his *Don Sebaſtian, King of Portugal*:

"*Sucking* each others' *ſouls* while we expire:"

and the latter, in his *Eloiſa to Abelard*:

"*Suck* my laſt breath, and catch my flying *ſoul*."

Steevens.

About our ſquares of battle,[3]—were enough
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;[4]
Though we, upon this mountain's baſis by[5]
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket-ſonuance,[6] and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

[3] *About our* ſquares of battle,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——— no practice had
" In the brave *ſquares of war*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*a* hilding *foe*;] *Hilding*, or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:
" He was ſome *hilding* fellow, that had ſtole
" The horſe he rode on." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*upon this* mountain's baſis by—] See Henry's ſpeech, ſc. vii:
" ——Take a trumpet, herald;
" Ride thou unto the horſemen on *yon hill*."
MALONE.

[6] *The tucket-ſonuance*, &c.] He uſes terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chace for ſport. *To dare the field* is a phraſe in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from riſing, ſo that they will be ſometimes taken by the hand.

Such an eaſy capture the lords expected to make of the Engliſh. JOHNSON.

The *tucket-ſonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flouriſh on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a ſonata on the harpſichord, and *toccar la tromba* is to blow the trumpet.

In *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, (no date,) " a *tucket* afar off."
Again, in *The Devil's Law-caſe*, 1623:
" 2 *tuckets* by ſeveral trumpets."
Sonance is a word uſed by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
" Or, if he chance to endure our tongues ſo much
" As but to hear their *ſonance*." STEEVENS.

Enter GRANDPRE.

GRAND. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of France?
Yon iſland carrions,[7] deſperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,[8]
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty beaver peeps.
Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand:[9] and their poor jades

[7] *Yon iſland carrions*, &c.] This and the preceding deſcription of the Engliſh is founded on the melancholy account given by our hiſtorians, of Henry's army, immediately before the battle of Agincourt:

"The Engliſhmen were brought into great miſery in this journey [from Harfleur to Agincourt]; their victual was in manner ſpent, and now could they get none:—reſt could they none take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them alarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fewel there was great ſcarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to beſtowe it upon, for their relief or comforte, had they little or none." *Holinſhed.* MALONE.

[8] *Their* ragged curtains *poorly are let looſe*,] By their *ragged curtains*, are meant their colours. M. MASON.

The idea ſeems to have been taken from what every man muſt have obſerved, i. e. ragged curtains put in motion by the air, when the windows of mean houſes are left open. STEEVENS.

[9] *Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,*
With torch-ſtaves in their hand:] Grandpré alludes to the form of ancient candleſticks, which frequently repreſented human figures holding the ſockets for the lights in their extended hands.

A ſimilar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "—he ſhowed like a pewter *candleſtick*, faſhioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting ſtaff in his hand little bigger than a candle."

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit[1]

The following is an exact repreſentation of one of theſe candleſticks, now in the poſſeſſion of Francis Douce, Eſq. The receptacles for the candles are wanting in the original. The ſockets in which they were to be placed are in the outſtretched hands of the figure.

The form of *torch-ſtaves* may be aſcertained by a wooden cut in Vol. IX. p. 359. STEEVENS.

[1] ——gimmal *bit*—] *Gimmal* is, in the weſtern counties, a *ring*; a *gimmal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts played one within another. JOHNSON.

Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,[2]
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To démonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle
In life ſo lifeleſs[3] as it ſhows itſelf.

Con. They have ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners, and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard;[4] On, to the field:

I meet with the word, though differently ſpelt, in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, 1596:

"Nor lay aſide their jacks of *gymold* mail."

Gymold or *gimmal'd* mail means armour compoſed of links like thoſe of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted it to the ſhape of the body more exactly than defenſive covering of any other contrivance. There was a ſuit of it to be ſeen in the Tower. Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen*, Book I. ch. v. calls it *woven mail*:

"In *woven* mail all armed warily."

In *Lingua*, &c. 1607, is mentioned:

"——a *gimmal* ring with one link hanging."

STEEVENS.

"A *gimmal* or gemmow ring, (ſays Minſheu, *Dictionary*, 1617,) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinnes, becauſe they be rings with two or more links." MALONE.

[2] ——*their executors, the knaviſh crows,*] The crows who are to have the diſpoſal of what they ſhall leave, their hides and their fleſh. JOHNSON.

[3] *In life ſo lifeleſs*—] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"A living dead man." STEEVENS.

[4] *I ſtay but for my* guard;] It ſeems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather ſomething of ornament or of diſtinction, than a body of attendants. JOHNSON.

I will the banner from a trumpet take,

The following quotation from Holinſhed, p. 554, will beſt elucidate this paſſage: "The duke of Brabant when his ſtandard was not come, cauſed a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet* and faſtened upon a ſpear, the which he commanded to be borne before him inſtead of a ſtandard."

In the ſecond part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Menelaus, after having enumerated to Pyrrhus the treaſures of his father Achilles, as his myrmidons, &c. adds:

"His ſword, ſpurs, armour, *guard*, pavilion."

From this laſt paſſage it ſhould appear that *guard* was part of the defenſive armour; perhaps what we call at preſent the *gorget*. Again, in Holinſhed, p. 820: "The one bare his helmet, the ſecond his gran*guard*," &c. STEEVENS.

By his *guard*, I believe, the Conſtable means, not any part of his dreſs, but the *guard* that uſually attended with his banner; to ſupply the want of which he afterwards ſays, that he will take a banner from a trumpet, and uſe it for his haſte. It appears, from a paſſage in the laſt ſcene of the fourth Act, that the principal nobility, and the princes, had all their reſpective banners, and of courſe their guards:

"Of princes in this number,
"And nobles bearing *banners*, there be dead
"One hundred," &c. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens are of opinion that "*guard* in this place means rather ſomething of ornament, or of diſtinction, than a body of attendants." But from the following paſſage in Holinſhed, p. 554, which our author certainly had in his thoughts, it is clear, in my apprehenſion, that *guard* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe: "When the meſſenger was come back to the French hoſte, the men of warre put on their helmettes, and cauſed their trumpets to blow to the battaile. They thought themſelves ſo ſure of victory, that diverſe of the noble men made ſuch haſte toward the battaile, that they left many of their ſervants and *men of warre* behind them, and ſome of them would not once *ſtay* for their *ſtandards*; as amongſt other the Duke of Brabant, when his *ſtandard* was not come, cauſed a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and faſtened to a ſpeare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, inſtead of a ſtandard." The latter part only of this paſſage is quoted by Mr. Steevens; but the whole conſidered together proves, in my apprehenſion, that *guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whoſe duty it was to attend on the Conſtable of

And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away!
The ſun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter the Engliſh *Hoſt*; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,[5] *and* WESTMORELAND.

GLO. Where is the king?

BED. The king himſelf is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

EXE. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

France, and among thoſe his *ſtandard*, that is, his ſtandard-bearer. In a preceding paſſage Holinſhed mentions, that "the Conſtable of France, the Marſhal, &c. and other of the French nobility, came and pitched down their *ſtandards* and *banners* in the county of St. Paule." Again: "Thus the French men being ordered under their ſtandards and banners, made a great ſhew;"—or, as Hall has it: "Thus the French men were *every man under his banner*, only waiting," &c. It appears, from both theſe hiſtorians, that all the princes and nobles in the French army bore banners, and of theſe one hundred and twenty-ſix were killed in this battle.

In a ſubſequent part of the deſcription of this memorable victory, Holinſhed mentions that "Henry having felled the Duke of Alanſon, the *king's guard*, contrary to his mind, outrageouſly ſlew him." The Conſtable, being the principal leader of the French army, had, without doubt, like Henry, his *guard* alſo, one of whom bore before him, as we may collect from Hall, the *banner-royal* of France. MALONE.

[5] —— *Salisbury,*] Thomas Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury. MALONE.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloſter,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinſman,[6]—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Saliſbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.[7]

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

[6] *And my kind* kinſman,] This muſt be addreſſed to Weſtmoreland: but how was that nobleman related to Saliſbury? True it is, that the latter had married one of the ſiſters and coheirs of Edmund Earl of Kent, and that another of them was wife to Weſtmoreland's eldeſt ſon. Saliſbury's daughter was likewiſe married to a younger ſon of Weſtmoreland's, who, in her right, was afterward Earl of Saliſbury, and appears in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.* The preſent ſpeaker is Thomas Montacute, who is killed by a ſhot in the next play. But theſe connections do not ſeem to make him akin to Weſtmoreland. RITSON.

[7] Bed. *Farewell, good Saliſbury*; &c.] Thus the old edition: [i. e. the firſt folio:]

" *Bed.* Farewell, good Saliſbury, and good luck go with thee;
" And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
" For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
" *Exe.* Farewell, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day."

What! does he do Saliſbury wrong to wiſh him good luck? The ingenious Dr. Thirlby preſcribed to me the tranſpoſition of the verſes, which I have made in the text: and the old quartos plainly lead to ſuch a regulation. THEOBALD.

I believe this tranſpoſition to be perfectly right, for it was already made in the quartos, 1600 and 1608, as follows:

" Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day,
" And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
" For thou art made on the true ſparkes of honour."

STEEVENS.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;[8]
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here[9]

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin Weſtmoreland?[1]—No, my fair couſin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By Jove,[2] I am not covetous for gold;

[8] *He is* as full of valour, as of *kindneſs*;] So, in *King Richard II*:

"*As full of valour, as of* royal blood—." Steevens.

[9] *O that we now had here* &c.] From Holinſhed: "It is ſaid alſo, that he ſhould heare one of the hoſte utter his wiſhe to another, that ſtood next to him, in this wiſe: I would to God there were preſent here with us this day ſo many good ſouldiers as are at this hour within the realme of England; whereupon the kyng anſwered: 'I would not wiſhe a man more here than I have,'" &c. Malone.

[1] *My couſin Weſtmoreland?*] In the quartos, 1600 and 1608, this ſpeech is addreſſed to Warwick. Steevens.

[2] *By Jove,*] The King prays like a chriſtian, and ſwears like a heathen. Johnson.

I believe the player-editors alone are anſwerable for this monſtrous incongruity. In conſequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. xxi. againſt introducing the ſacred name on the ſtage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verſe, (where the metre would not allow omiſſion,) they ſubſtituted ſome other word in its place. The author, I have not the leaſt doubt, wrote here—*By heaven,*——. Malone.

Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yearns me not,[3] if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But, if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wiſh not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, do not wiſh one more:[4]
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmoreland, through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feaſt of Criſpian:[5]
He, that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian.

[3] *It* yearns *me not,*] To *yearn* is to grieve or vex. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "She laments for it, that it would *yearn* your heart to ſee it." STEEVENS.

[4] ——O, do *not wiſh one more:*] Read (for the ſake of metre)—*Wiſh not one more.* RITSON.

[5] ——*of* Criſpian:] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Criſpin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows:—"Criſpinus and Criſpianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soiſſons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Chriſtian religion; but becauſe they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exerciſed the trade of ſhoemakers; but the governor of the town diſcovering them to be Chriſtians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the ſhoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar ſaints." Wheatley's *Rational Illuſtration,* folio edit. p. 76. See Hall's *Chronicle,* fol. 47. GREY.

He, that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,[6]
Will yearly on the vigil[7] feaſt his friends,
And ſay—to-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhow his ſcars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpin's day.[8]
Old men forget; yet all[9] ſhall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,[1]
What feats he did that day: Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouths[2] as houſehold words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Gloſter,—
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd:
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,

[6] *He, that ſhall* live *this day, and* ſee *old age,*] The folio reads:

He that ſhall ſee *this day and* live *old age.*

The tranſpoſition (which is ſupported by the quarto) was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] ——*the* vigil—] i. e. the evening before this feſtival. STEEVENS.

[8] *And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpin's day.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto, 1600. The preceding line appears to me abrupt and imperfect without it. MALONE.

[9] ——yet *all*—] I believe we ſhould read—*yea*, all, &c. MALONE.

[1] ——*with advantages,*] Old men, notwithſtanding the natural forgetfulneſs of age, ſhall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boaſtful, and inclined to magnify paſt acts and paſt times. JOHNSON.

[2] *Familiar in* their mouths—] i. e. in the mouths of the old man, ("who has outlived the battle and come ſafe home,") and "his friends." This is the reading of the quarto, which I have preferred to that of the folio,—*his mouth*; becauſe *their* cups, the reading of the folio in the ſubſequent line, would otherwiſe appear, if not ungrammatical, extremely aukward. The quarto reads—in their flowing *bowls*; and there are other conſiderable variations in the two copies. MALONE.

From this day to the ending[3] of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition:[4]
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Criſpin's day.[5]

[3] *From this day to the ending*—] It may be obſerved that we are apt to promiſe to ourſelves a more laſting memory than the changing ſtate of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feaſt of Criſpin paſſes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation ſcarcely any tradition of more ancient hiſtory. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*gentle his condition*:] This day ſhall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any perſon but ſuch as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to aſſume coats of arms, except thoſe who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, theſe laſt were allowed the chief ſeats of honour at all feaſts and publick meetings. TOLLET.

That Mr. Tollet is right in his account, is proved by the original writ to the Sheriff of Southampton and others, printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*, anno 5 Henry V. Vol. IX. p. 457. And ſee more fully on the ſubject Anſtis's *Order of the Garter*, Vol. II. p. 108, who mentions it, and obſerves thereon, citing Gore's *Catalog. rei Herald. Introduct.* and Sandford's *Geneal. Hiſt.* p. 283. VAILLANT.

[5] ——*upon Saint Criſpin's day.*] This ſpeech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and loſt none of the ſentiments. JOHNSON.

Enter SALISBURY.

SAL. My ſovereign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The French are bravely[6] in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience[7] charge on us.

K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

WEST. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. HEN. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from England, couſin?

WEST. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out![8]

K. HEN. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men;[9]

[6] ——*bravely*—] is *ſplendidly, oſtentatiouſly.* JOHNSON.

Rather—gallantly. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"*Bravely* the figure of this harpy haſt thou
"Perform'd, my Ariel!" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*expedience*—] i. e. expedition. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"Are making hither with all due *expedience*."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——might *fight this battle* out!] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

——could *fight this* royal *battle.* MALONE.

[9] ——*thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men*;] By wiſhing only thyſelf and me, thou haſt wiſhed five thouſand men away. Shakſpeare never thinks of ſuch trifles as numbers. In the laſt ſcene the French are ſaid to be *full threeſcore thouſand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account, they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinſhed makes the Engliſh army conſiſt of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horſe, beſides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walſingham and Harding repreſent the Engliſh as but 9000;

Which likes me better, than to wiſh us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

and other authors ſay that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

Fabian ſays the French were 40,000, and the Engliſh only 7000.

Dr. Johnſon, however, I apprehend, miſunderſtood the King's words. He ſuppoſes that Henry means to ſay, that Weſtmoreland, wiſhing himſelf and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wiſhed away* the *whole Engliſh army*, conſiſting of *five thouſand* men. But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Weſtmoreland had before expreſſed a wiſh that *ten thouſand* of thoſe who were idle at that moment in England were added to the King's army; a wiſh, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or ſpirit, reprimanded him. Weſtmoreland now ſays, he ſhould be glad that he and the King alone, without any other aid whatſoever, were to fight the battle out againſt the French. "Bravely ſaid, (replies Henry,) you have now *half* atoned for your former timid wiſh for *ten* thouſand additional troops. You have *unwiſhed* half of what you wiſh'd before." The King is ſpeaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnſon underſtood him literally.—Shakſpeare therefore, though often inattentive to "ſuch trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to repreſent the Engliſh army, (according to Exeter's ſtate of it,) as conſiſting of about *twelve thouſand* men; and according to the beſt accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardyng, who was himſelf at the battle of Agincourt, ſays that the French army conſiſted of one hundred thouſand; but the account is probably exaggerated. MALONE.

Mr. Malone, in a very elaborate note, has endeavoured to prove that Weſtmoreland, by wiſhing that he and the King alone, without more help, might fight the battle out, did not wiſh away the whole of the army, but 5000 men only. But I muſt confeſs that I cannot comprehend his argument, and muſt therefore concur with Johnſon, in his obſervation on the poet's inattention. M. MASON.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MONT. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ranſome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee—thou wilt mind[1]
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. HEN. Who hath ſent thee now?

MONT. The Conſtable of France.

K. HEN. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many[2] of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs[3] of this day's work:
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

[1] ——*mind*,] i. e. remind. So, in *Coriolanus*:
"I *minded* him how royal 'twas to pardon."
STEEVENS.

[2] A *many*—] Thus the folio. The quarto—And *many*.
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*in braſs*—] i. e. in brazen plates anciently let into tomb-ſtones. STEEVENS.

They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our Engliſh;[4]

[4] *Mark then* a bounding *valour in our Engliſh*;] The old folios—

Mark then abounding——.

The quartos, more erroneouſly ſtill—

Mark then aboundant——.

Mr. Pope degraded the paſſage in both his editions, becauſe, I preſume, he did not underſtand it. I have reformed the text, and the alluſion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the Engliſh valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald was probably miſled by the idle notion that our author's imagery muſt be round and correſponding on every ſide, and that this line was intended to be in uniſon with the next. This was ſo far from being an object of Shakſpeare's attention, that he ſeems to delight in paſſing haſtily from one idea to another. To ſupport his emendation, Mr. Theobald miſrepreſented the reading of the quarto, which he ſaid was *aboundant*. It is *abundant*; and proves, in my apprehenſion deciſively, that the reading of the folio is not formed by any accidental union of different words; for though *abounding* may, according to Mr. Theobald's idea, be made two words, by what analyſis can *abundant* be ſeparated?

We have had already, in this play—"*ſuperfluous* courage," an expreſſion of nearly the ſame import as—"*abounding* valour."

Mr. Theobald's emendation, however, has been adopted in all the modern editions.

That our author's word was *abundant* or *abounding*, not *a bounding*, may be proved by *King Richard III.* where we again meet with the ſame epithet applied to the ſame ſubject:

"To breathe the *abundant valour* of the heart."

MALONE.

The preceding note (in my opinion at leaſt) has not proved that, though Shakſpeare talks of *abundant valour* in *King Richard III.* he might not have written *a bounding valour* in *King Henry V.* Muſt our author indulge himſelf in no varieties

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.[5]

of phraſeology, but always be tied down to the uſe of ſimilar expreſſions? Or does it follow that, becauſe his imagery is ſometimes incongruous, that it was always ſo? *Aboundant* may be ſeparated as regularly as *abounding*; for *boundant* (like *mountant* in *Timon of Athens*, and *quaintant* in *All's well that ends well*) might have been a word once in uſe. The reading ſtigmatized as a miſrepreſentation might also have been found in the quarto conſulted by Mr. Theobald, though not in the [illegible] of it as Mr. Malone and I have met with, [illegible] editions, of ſimilar date, there are variet[illegible] were unobſerved. I have not therefore [illegible] emendation. STEEVENS.

[5] *Killing in* relapſe *of mortality.*] What [illegible] *lapſe of mortality*, I do not know. I ſuſpect that it ſhould be read:

Killing in reliques *of mortality*

That is, continuing to *kill* when they [illegible] has left behind it.

That the alluſion is, as Mr. Theo[illegible] *beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will [illegible] a putrid body, that deſtroys by the ſten[illegible] that do no great honour to the poet. [illegible] valour Dryden might borrow the poſth[illegible] baſtian, who was to reign whereſoever [illegible] tered. JOHNSON.

By this phraſe, however uncouth, Shakſpeare [illegible] the ſame as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"——I beg *mortality*
"Rather than life——."

Relapſe may be uſed for *rebound*. Shakſpeare has given *mind of honour* for *honourable mind*; and by the ſame rule might write *relapſe of mortality* for fatal or *mortal rebound*; or by *relapſe of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapſed into inanimation*.

This *putrid valour* is common to the deſcriptions of other poets, as well as Shakſpeare and Dryden, and is predicated to be no leſs victorious by Lucan, Lib. VII. v. 821:

Let me ſpeak proudly:—Tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:[6]
Our gayneſs, and our gilt,[7] are all beſmirch'd

" Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deſeris agros?
" Has trahe, Cæſar, aquas; hoc, ſi potes, utere cœlo.
" Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharſalica rura
" Eripiunt, campoſque tenent victore fugato."

Corneille has imitated this paſſage in the firſt ſpeech in his *Pompée*:

" ——————de chars,
" Sur ſes champs empeſtés confuſément épars,
" [illegible]gnes de morts privés d'honneurs ſuprêmes,
" [illegible]ure force à ſe venger eux-mêmes,
" [illegible] troncs pourris exhale dans les vents
" [illegible]ire la guerre au reſte des vivans."

[illegible] *Letter to the Academy of Belles Lettres at* [illegible] preceding part of this ſpeech to a quotation [illegible] The Frenchman, however, very prudently [illegible]ame to the lines which are here quoted.

STEEVENS.

[illegible] of this line, which is rendered by the word [illegible]s we now accent it) ſcarcely metre, induces [illegible] Dr. Johnſon, that word corrupt.

[illegible] following paſſage the word *relapſe* ſeems to ſignify [illegible] *lapſe*: " Nothing ſo much do I retract as [illegible]r I have ſcandalized the meaneſt. Into ſome [illegible] wantonneſs have I fooliſhly *relapſed*, to ſup-[illegible]ants; of them no leſs do I deſire to be abſolved [illegible] *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, by Thomas Naſhe, [illegible]. MALONE.

[illegible] to perceive that *relapſe*, in the preceding quotation, may not be uſed in its common and accepted ſenſe.

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *warriors for the* working-day:] We are ſoldiers but coarſely dreſſed; we have not on our holiday apparel.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——Pr'ythee, tell her but a *worky-day* fortune."

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *our* gilt,] i. e. golden ſhow, ſuperficial gilding. Obſolete. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" When thou waſt in thy *gilt* and thy perfume," &c.

With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt,
(Good argument, I hope, we ſhall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry:
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do this,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall,) my ranſome then
Will ſoon be levied. Herald, ſave thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ranſome, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mont. I ſhall, king Harry. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ranſome.

Enter the Duke of York.[8]

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:
"The double *gilt* of this opportunity you let time waſh off."
Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:
"And now the rain hath beaten off thy *gilt*."
Steevens.

[8] ——*the Duke of York.*] This perſonage is the ſame who appears in our author's *King Richard II.* by the title of *Duke of Aumerle*. His chriſtian name was Edward. He was the eldeſt ſon of Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the ſame play, and who was the fifth ſon of King Edward III. Richard Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the ſecond Act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward Duke of York.
Malone.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, ſoldiers, march away:—
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter French *Soldier,* Pistol, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Conſtrue me, art thou a gentleman?[9] What is thy name? diſcuſs.[1]

[9] *Quality, call you me?—Conſtrue me,*] The old copy reads—*Qualtitie calmie cuſture me*—. Steevens.

We ſhould read this nonſenſe thus:

Quality, call you me?—conſtrue me, art thou a gentleman?

i. e. tell me, let me underſtand whether thou be'ſt a gentleman. Warburton.

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, propoſes to read:

Quality, call you me? conſtrue me, &c. Steevens.

The alteration propoſed by Mr. Edwards has been too haſtily adopted. Piſtol, who does not underſtand French, imagines the priſoner to be ſpeaking of his own quality. The line ſhould therefore have been given thus:

Quality!—calmly; conſtrue me, art thou a gentleman.

Ritson.

The words in the folio (where alone they are found)—*Qualitee calmie cuſture me,* appeared ſuch nonſenſe, that ſome emendation was here a matter of neceſſity, and accordingly that made by the joint efforts of Dr. Warburton and Mr. Edwards has been adopted in mine and the late editions. But ſince I have found reaſon to believe that the old copy is very nearly

FR. SOL. *O ſeigneur Dieu!*

PIST. O, ſignieur Dew ſhould be a gentleman:[2]—

right, and that a much ſlighter emendation than that which has been made will ſuffice. In a book entitled, *A Handfull of Pleſant Delites, containing ſundrie new Sonets,—newly deviſed to the neweſt Tunes,* &c. by Clement Robinſon and Others, 16mo. 1584, is "A Sonet of a Lover in the Praiſe of his Lady, to *Calen o cuſture me,* ſung at every line's end."

"When as I view your comely grace, *Calen,*" &c.

Piſtol, therefore, we ſee, is only repeating the burden of an old ſong, and the words ſhould be undoubtedly printed—

Quality! Calen o cuſture me. *Art thou a gentleman,* &c.

He elſewhere has quoted the old ballad beginning—

"Where is the life that late I led?"

With what propriety the preſent words are introduced, it is not neceſſary to inquire. Piſtol is not very ſcrupulous in his quotations.

It may alſo be obſerved, that *conſtrue me* is not Shakſpeare's phraſeology, but—*conſtrue* to *me*. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "I will *conſtrue to them* whence you come," &c. MALONE.

Conſtrue me, though not the phraſeology of our author's more chaſtiſed characters, might agree ſufficiently with that of Piſtol.

Mr. Malone's diſcovery is a very curious one, and when (as probably will be the caſe) ſome further ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words—*Calen* &c. I will be the firſt to vote them into the text. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*diſcuſs.*] This affected word is uſed by Lyly, in his *Woman in the Moon,* 1597:

"But firſt I muſt *diſcuſs* this heavenly cloud."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— ſignieur Dew *ſhould be a* gentleman:] I cannot help thinking, that Shakſpeare intended here a ſtroke at a paſſage in a famous old book, called *The Gentleman's Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie,* written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-publiſhed by Gervaſe Markham, 1595. The firſt chapter of the *Booke of Armorie* is, "the difference 'twixt *Churles* and *Gentlemen*;" and it ends thus: "From the offſpring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abraham, Moyſes, Aaron,* and the Prophets; and alſo the king of the right line of *Mary,* of whom that *only abſolute gentleman, Jeſus,* was borne:—*gentleman,* by his mother *Mary,* princeſſe of coat armor."

FARMER.

Perpend my words, O ſignieur Dew, and mark;—
O ſignieur Dew, thou dieſt on point of fox,[3]
Except, O ſignieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſome.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez miſericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim[4] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimſon blood.

[3] ——*thou dieſt on point of* fox,] *Fox* is an old cant word for a ſword. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaſter*:

"I made my father's old *fox* fly about his ears."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "I had a ſword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a ſword; a fight *fox*, i'faith."

Again, in *The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukely*, 1605: "—old hacked ſwords, *foxes*, bilbos, and horn-buckles."

Again in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"And by this awful croſs upon my blade,
"And by this *fox* which ſtinks of Pagan blood."

Steevens.

[4] For *I will fetch thy* rim—] We ſhould read:

Or, *I will fetch thy* ranſome *out of thy throat.*

Warburton.

I know not what to do with *rim*. The meaſure gives reaſon to ſuppoſe that it ſtands for ſome monoſyllable; and, beſides, *ranſome* is a word not likely to have been corrupted.

Johnson.

It appears from Sir Arthur Gorges's tranſlation of Lucan, 1614, that ſome part of the inteſtines was anciently called the *rim*, Lucan, Book I:

"The ſlender *rimme* too weake to part
"The boyling liver from the heart——."

——*parvuſque ſecat vitalia limes.* L. 623.

"*Parvus limes* (ſays one of the ſcholiaſts) præcordia indicat; membrana illa quæ cor et pulmones a jecore et hepate dirimit." I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the ſkirt or midriff in beaſts; but ſtill, in ſome places, the *rim*.

Phil. Holland, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*,

FR. SOL. *Eſt il impoſſible d'eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

PIST. Braſs, cur![5]

ſeveral times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See Book XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 14th *Iliad*:

"And ſtrook him in his belly's *rimme*;—." STEEVENS.

Cole, in his *Dictionary*, 1678, deſcribes it as the caul in which the bowels are wrapped. MALONE.

Ryno is at this day a vulgar cant expreſſion for *money*;—*ready ryno* means ready money. This was probably the expreſſion that Piſtol meant to uſe; and I ſhould ſuppoſe *ryno*, inſtead of *rym*, to be the true reading. M. MASON.

I ought to have ſome kindneſs for this conjecture, as it has ſuggeſted itſelf to me more than once; and yet I fear it is what Dr. Warburton calls (in a note on *Othello*) a *White Friars' phraſe*, of Alſatian origin, and conſequently much more modern than the age of Shakſpeare.

Mr. M. Maſon's idea, however, may receive countenance from a paſſage in *Timon*:

"*Tim.* Cut my heart in ſums,

"*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

"Tim. *Tell out my blood.*

"*Luc.* Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

"Tim. *Five thouſand drops pay that.*" STEEVENS.

[5] Braſs, *cur!*] Either Shakſpeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondneſs for punning led him, in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almoſt every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what reſemblance of ſound does this bear to *braſs*, that Piſtol ſhould reply, *Braſs, cur?* The joke would appear to the reader, but could ſcarce be diſcovered in the performance of the play. SIR W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed ſince Shakſpeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be ſuſpected that ſome other man wrote the French ſcenes.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed ſince Shakſpeare's time; "if not (ſays he) it may be ſuſpected that ſome other man wrote the French ſcenes," but this does not appear to be the caſe, at

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,[6]
Offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?[7]—

leaſt in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabeth* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoepia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronſard, and Du Bartas. Connections of this kind were very common. Shakſpeare himſelf aſſiſted Ben Jonſon in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinſmen*. Farmer.

Mr Bowle has at leaſt rendered doubtful the queſtion concerning the different pronunciation of the French language. See *Archæologia*, Vol. VI. p. 76. Douce.

The word *moy* proves, in my apprehenſion, deciſively, that Shakſpeare, or whoever furniſhed him with his French, (if indeed he was aſſiſted by any one,) was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of that language. *Moy* he has, in *King Richard II.* made a rhyme to *deſtroy*, ſo that it is clear that he ſuppoſed it was pronounced exactly as it is ſpelled, as he here ſuppoſes *bras* to be pronounced:

"Speak it in French, king; ſay, pardonnez *moy*.
"Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to *deſtroy*?"

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 9.

The word *bras* was, without doubt, pronounced, in the laſt age, by the French, and by the Engliſh who underſtood French, as at preſent, *braw*. So, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, in the prologue to *The Firſt Day's Entertainment at Rutland Houſe*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"And could the walls to ſuch a wideneſs *draw*,
"That all might ſit at eaſe in *chaiſe à bras*."

Drummond of Hawthornden tells us that Ben Jonſon did not underſtand French. It does not, I own, therefore follow that Shakſpeare was alſo unacquainted with that language; but I think it is highly probable that that was the caſe; or at leaſt that his knowledge of it was very ſlight. Malone.

[6] ——luxurious *mountain goat*,] *Luxurious* means *laſcivious*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"She knows the heat of a *luxurious* bed." Steevens.

[7] ——*a ton of* moys?] *Moy* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. Johnson.

Come hither, boy; Aſk me this ſlave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Eſcoutez; Comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is—maſter Fer.

Pist. Maſter Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him,[8] and ferret him:—diſcuſs the ſame in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, peſant,
Unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne*

[8] ——*and* firk *him,*] The word *firk* is ſo variouſly uſed by the old writers, that it is almoſt impoſſible to aſcertain its preciſe meaning. On this occaſion it may mean to *chaſtiſe*. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"————nay, I will *firk*
"My ſilly novice, as he was never *firk'd*
"Since midwives bound his noddle."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c. it means to collect by low and diſhoneſt induſtry:

"——theſe five years ſhe has *firk'd*
"A pretty living."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, &c. it ſeems to be employed in the ſenſe of—*quibble*:

"Sir, leave this *firk* of law, or by this light," &c.

In *The Alchemiſt*, it is obſcenely uſed. Steevens.

maiſon; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.

Pist. What are his words?

Bor. He prays you to ſave his life: he is a gentleman of a good houſe; and, for his ranſome, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury ſhall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier; neantmoins, pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promis, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: & je m'eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres diſtingué ſeigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Bor. He gives you, upon his knees, a thouſand thanks: and he eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy ſignieur of England.

Pist. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhow.—
Follow me, cur. [*Exit* Pistol.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*
[*Exit* French *Soldier.*

I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart: but the ſaying is true,—The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil

i'the old play,[9] that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing

[9] ——*this roaring devil i'the old play,*] In modern puppet-ſhows, which ſeem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* ſometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I ſuppoſe the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* ſucceeds, uſed to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

The devil, in the old myſteries, is as turbulent and vain-glorious as Piſtol. So, in one of the *Coventry Whitſun Plays*, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum. *Veſpaſian.* D. VIII. p. 136:

" I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,
" Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle;
" Wherfore my name is clepyd ſer Satan,
" Whech aperyth among you a mater to ſpelle."

And perhaps the character was always performed in the moſt clamorous manner.

In the ancient tragedy, or rather morality, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* ſays:

" I knew I would make him ſoon change his note,
" I will make him ſing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat. [Here *Satan* ſhall *cry and roar.*"

Again, a little after:

" Here he *roareth and crieth.*"

See *Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. IX. p. 24, n. 8. STEEVENS.

In the old moralities the devil was always attacked by the *Vice*, who belaboured him with his lath, and ſent him roaring off the ſtage. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" In a trice,
" Like to the old *vice*,—
" Who, with *dagger of lath*,
" In his rage and his wrath,
" Cries ah! ha! to the *devil.*"

And in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, one of the players ſays, " my lord, we muſt have—a little vinegar to make our *devil roar.*"—

The reaſon of the Vice's endeavouring to entertain the audience, by attempting to pare the devil's nails, has been already aſſigned in a note on *Twelfth-Night*, Vol. V. p. 391, n. 1. MALONE.

See alſo a note on *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. i. and Mr. Upton's Diſſertation at the end of the ſame play. MALONE.

adventurouſly. I muſt ſtaywith the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Conſtable, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

CON. *O diable?*

ORL. *O ſeigneur!—le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu!*

DAU. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meſchante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A ſhort Alarum.*

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU. O perdurable ſhame![1]—let's ſtab ourſelves.
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king we ſent to for his ranſome?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die inſtant: Once more back again;[2]

[1] *O* perdurable *ſhame!*] *Perdurable* is laſting, long to continue. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c:

"Triumphant arcs of *perdurable* might." STEEVENS.

[2] *Let us die* inſtant: *Once more back again;*] This verſe, which is quite left out in Mr. Pope's editions, ſtands imperfect

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe pander,[3] hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler[4] than my dog,

in the firſt folio. By the addition of a ſyllable, I think, I have retrieved the poet's ſenſe. It is thus in the old copy:

Let us die in *once more back again.* THEOBALD.

Let us die in fight;] For the inſertion of the word *fight*, which (as I obſerved in my *Second Appendix*, 8vo. 1783,) appears to have been omitted by the negligence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, I am anſwerable. So Bourbon ſays afterwards:

"I'll to the throng; Let life be ſhort."

Macbeth utters the ſame ſentiment:

"At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our backs."

Mr. Theobald corrected the text by reading *inſtant* inſtead of *in*; but (as I have already remarked) it is highly improbable that a printer ſhould omit *half* a word; nor indeed does the word *inſtant* ſuit the context. Bourbon probably did not wiſh to die more than other men; but if we are conquered, (ſays he) if we are to die, let us bravely die *in combat with our foes*, and make their victory as dear to them as we can.

The editor of the ſecond folio, who always cuts a knot inſtead of untying it, ſubſtituted *fly* for *die*, and abſurdly reads—*Let us* fly *in*; leaving the metre, which was deſtroyed by the omiſſion of a word, ſtill imperfect, and at the ſame time rendering the paſſage nonſenſe. The lines ſtand thus in the quarto, 1600:

"*Con.* We are enough yet living in the field
"To ſmother up the Engliſh,
"If any order might be thought upon.
"*Bour.* A plague of order! once more to the field;
"And he that will not follow," &c. MALONE.

I have not adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, becauſe, when I read it, I cannot ſuppoſe myſelf to be reading the beginning of a verſe.

Inſtant may be an adjective uſed adverbially. In the courſe of this publication *my* compoſitors will not deny their occaſional omiſſion of ſeveral *half* words. STEEVENS.

[3] *Like a baſe* pander,] The quartos read:
Like a baſe leno. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*no* gentler—] Who has no more *gentility*. MALONE.

His faireſt daughter is contaminate.[5]

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.[6]

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort; elſe, ſhame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry *and Forces*; Exeter, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

[5] ——*is* contaminate.] The quarto has—*contamuracke*, which corrupted word, however, is ſufficient to lead us to the true reading now inſerted in the text: It is alſo ſupported by the metre and the uſage of our author and his contemporaries. We have had in this play "hearts *create*" for hearts *created*: ſo, elſewhere, *combinate*, for *combin'd*; *conſummate*, for *conſummated*, &c. The folio reads—*contaminated*. Malone.

[6] *Unto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame*] This line I have reſtored from the quartos, 1600 and 1608. The Conſtable of France is throughout the play repreſented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we ſhould not deprive him of a reſolution which agrees ſo well with his character. Steevens.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majeſty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the ſpur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave ſoldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain:[7] and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear couſin Suffolk!*
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught[8] me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And ſo, eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.[9]
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd

[7] *Larding the plain:*] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:
"And *lards the* lean *earth* as he walks along."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*raught*—] i. e. reached. See Vol. XIV. p. 38, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[9] *A* teſtament *of* noble-*ending love.*] So the folio. The quarto reads:
An argument *of* never-*ending love.* MALONE.

Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.[1]

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes,[2] or they will iſſue too.—
[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this ſame?[3]—

[1] But *all my mother came into mine eyes,*
And gave me up to tears.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*And* all &c. *But* has here the force of—But *that.*
MALONE.

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book IX:

" ——compaſſion quell'd
" His beſt of man, *and gave him up to tears.*"
STEEVENS.

Dryden alſo, in *All for Love*, Act I. has the ſame expreſſion:

" Look, Emperor, this is no common dew.
" I have not wept this forty years; but now
" *My mother comes afreſh into my eyes:*
" I cannot help her ſoftneſs." REED.

[2] *With* miſtful *eyes,*] The folio—*mixtful.* The paſſage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

The poet muſt have wrote—*miſtful:* i. e. juſt ready to overrun with tears. The word he took from his obſervation of nature: for, juſt before the burſting out of tears, the eyes grow dim, as if in a miſt. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*what new alarum is this ſame?*] The alarum on which Henry ordered the priſoners to be ſlain, was founded by the affrighted runaways from his own camp, who brought intelligence that the French had got behind him, and had pillaged it. See a ſubſequent note. Not knowing the extent of his danger, he gave the order here mentioned, that every ſoldier ſhould kill his priſoners.

After Henry ſpeaks theſe words, " what new alarum is this ſame?" Shakſpeare probably intended that a meſſenger ſhould enter, and ſecretly communicate this intelligence to him; though by ſome negligence no ſuch marginal direction appears.
MALONE.

The French have reinforc'd their ſcatter'd men :—
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners;
Give the word through.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.[5]

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage![6] 'tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a

[4] *Give the word through.*] Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 ridiculouſly add:

Piſt. *Couper gorge.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Scene VII.*] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth Act, very abſurdly, ſince both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Fluellen immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before. POPE.

[6] *Kill the poys and the luggage!*] The baggage, during the battle, (as King Henry had no men to ſpare,) was guarded only by boys and lackeys; which ſome French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the Engliſh camp-boys, whom they killed, and plundered, and burned the baggage: in reſentment of which villainy it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted lenity, ordered all priſoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he ſays, *Kill the poys and the luggage!* The fact is ſet out both by Hall and Holinſhed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the King gives one reaſon for his order to kill the priſoners, and Gower another. The King killed his priſoners becauſe he expected another battle, and he had not men ſufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the priſoners to be deſtroyed, becauſe the luggage was plundered, and the boys were ſlain. JOHNSON.

Our author has here, as in all his hiſtorical plays, followed Holinſhed; in whoſe Chronicle *both* theſe reaſons are aſſigned

piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered, in the 'orld: In your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran from the battle, have done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, moſt worthily, hath cauſed every ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you ſhall find, in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is alſo moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis ſo like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is ſalmons

for Henry's conduct. Shakſpeare therefore has not departed from hiſtory; though he has choſen to make Henry himſelf mention one of the reaſons which actuated him, and Gower mention the other. See p. 480, n. 2. MALONE.

in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the figures and compariſons of it: As Alexander[7] is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight[8] with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jeſts, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majeſty.

[7] ——*As Alexander*——] I ſhould ſuſpect that Shakſpeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, meant theſe ſpeeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author; in which, circumſtances common to all men are aſſembled in oppoſition, and one great action is forced into compariſon with another, though as totally different in themſelves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *the fat knight*——] This is the laſt time that Falſtaff can make ſport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a Part of the* Engliſh *Forces*; WARWICK,[9] GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Others.*

K. HEN. I was not angry ſince I came to France
Until this inſtant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſkirr away,[1] as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;[2]

[9] —— *Warwick,*] Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play. MALONE.

[1] *And make them ſkir away,*] I meet with this word in Ben Jonſon's *News from the Moon*, a maſque: "—blow him afore him as far as he can ſee him; or *skir* over him with his bat's wings," &c. Again, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the 4th *Iliad*, 4to. 1581:

"It thee becomes with pierſing girde to cauſe thy arrow *skirre*
"To wound the ſturdie Menelau:—."

The word has already occurred in *Macbeth*. See Vol. X. p. 270, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[2] *Beſides, we'll cut the throats* &c.] The King is in a very bloody diſpoſition. He has already cut the throats of his priſoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haſte of compoſition could produce ſuch negligence; neither was this play, which is the ſecond draught of the ſame deſign, written in haſte. There muſt be ſome diſlocation of the ſcenes. If we place theſe lines at the beginning of the twelfth ſcene, the abſurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular ſeries. This tranſpoſition might eaſily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it muſt not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the ſcenes is the ſame as here. JOHNSON.

And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy:—Go, and tell them ſo.

The difference of the two copies, may be thus accounted for. The elder was, perhaps, taken down, during the repreſentation, by the contrivance of ſome bookſeller, who was in haſte to publiſh it; or it might, with equal probability, have been collected from the repetitions of actors invited to a tavern for that purpoſe. The manner in which many of the ſcenes are printed, adds ſtrength to the ſuppoſition; for in theſe a ſingle line is generally divided into two, that the quantity of the play might be ſeemingly increaſed. The ſecond and more ample edition (in the folio 1623) may be that which regularly belonged to the playhouſe; and yet with equal confidence we may pronounce, that every dramatick compoſition would materially ſuffer, if only tranſmitted to the publick through the medium of ignorance, preſumption, and caprice, thoſe common attendants on a theatre. STEEVENS.

Johnſon's long note on this paſſage is owing to his inattention. The priſoners whom the King had already put to death, were thoſe which were taken in the firſt action; and thoſe whom he had now in his power, and threatens to deſtroy, are the priſoners that were taken in the ſubſequent deſperate charge made by Bourbon, Orleans, &c. And accordingly we find, in the next ſcene but one, an account of thoſe priſoners, amounting to upwards of 1500, with Bourbon and Orleans at the head of the liſt. It was this ſecond attack that compelled the King to kill the priſoners whom he had taken in the firſt. M. MASON.

The order of the ſcenes is the ſame (as Dr. Johnſon owns) in the quarto and the folio; and the ſuppoſition of a *ſecond* draught, is, I am perſuaded, a miſtake, originating from Mr. Pope, whoſe reſearches on theſe ſubjects were by no means profound. The quarto copy of this play is manifeſtly an imperfect tranſcript procured by ſome fraud, and not a firſt draught or haſty ſketch of Shakſpeare's. The choruſſes, which are wanting in it, and which muſt have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this. Yet Mr. Pope aſſerts, that theſe choruſſes, and all the other paſſages not found in the quarto, were *added* by the author after the year 1600.

With reſpect however to the incongruity objected to, if it be one, Holinſhed, and not our poet, is anſwerable for it; for thus the matter is ſtated by him. While the battle was yet going on, about ſix hundred French horſemen, who were the firſt that had fled, hearing that the Engliſh tents were a good way diſtant from

Enter MONTJOY.

EXE. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

the army, without a ſufficient guard, entered and *pillaged the king's camp.* "When the outcry of the *lackies and boys,* which *ran away for fear of the Frenchmen,* thus ſpoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he, doubting leſt his enemies ſhould gather together again and begin a new fielde, and miſtruſting further that the *priſoners* would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were ſuffered to live, contrary to his accuſtomed gentleneſs, commanded by ſounde of trumpet, that *every man upon pain of death ſhould incontinently ſlea his priſoner.*"—Here then we have the firſt tranſaction relative to the killing of the priſoners, in conſequence of the ſpoiling of the camp, to which Fluellen alludes in the beginning of this ſcene, when he complains of the French having killed "the poys and the luggage:" and we ſee, the order for killing the priſoners aroſe partly from that outrage, and partly from Henry's apprehenſion that his enemies might renew the battle, and that his forces "were not ſufficient to guard one army, and fight another."

What follows will ſerve to explain the King's threat in the ſpeech now before us, at leaſt will ſhow that it is not out of its place. "When (proceeds the Chronicler,) this lamentable ſlaughter [of the priſoners] was ended, the Engliſhmen diſpoſed themſelves in order of battayle, ready to abide a new fielde, and alſo to invade and newly ſet on their enemies.—Some write, that the King *perceiving his enemies in one parte to aſſemble together,* as though they meant to give a new battaile for preſervation of the priſoners, *ſent to them a herault, commaunding them either to depart out of his ſight, or elſe to come forward at once, and give battaile; promiſing herewith, that* IF THEY DID OFFER TO FIGHT AGAYNE, NOT ONLY THOSE PRISONERS WHICH HIS PEOPLE ALREADY HAD TAKEN, BUT ALSO SO MANY OF THEM AS IN THIS NEW CONFLICTE, WHICH THEY THUS ATTEMPTED, SHOULD FALL INTO HIS HANDS, SHOULD DIE THE DEATH WITHOUT REDEMPTION."

The fact was, that notwithſtanding the firſt order concerning the priſoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a ſubſequent paſſage, (which aſcertains what our author's conception was,) and from the moſt authentick accounts of the battle

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſome?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſome?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,

of Agincourt. "When the King ſat at his refection, he was ſerved at his boorde of thoſe *great lords and princes that were taken in the field.*" According to Fabian, the Duke of Orleans, who was among the captives, on hearing the proclamation for putting the priſoners to death, was ſo alarmed, that he immediately ſent a meſſage to the newly aſſembled French troops, who thereupon diſperſed. Hardyng, who was himſelf at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, the priſoners were put to death, "*ſave dukes and earles.*" Speed, on the authority of Monſtrelet, ſays, "King Henry, contrary to his wonted generous nature, gave preſent commandment that every man ſhould kill his priſoner, which was immediately performed, *certain principal men excepted*;" who, as another Chronicler tells us, were tied back to back, and left unguarded. With this account correſponds that of Stowe; who tells us, that "on that night, when the King ſat at his refection, he was ſerved at his boorde of *thoſe great lords and princes that were taken in the fielde.*" So alſo Polydore Virgil: "Poſtquam *bonam partem* captivorum occiderunt," &c. And laſtly Mr. Hume, on the authority of various ancient hiſtorians, ſays that Henry, on diſcovering that his danger was not ſo great as he at firſt apprehended from the attack on his camp, "ſtopped the ſlaughter, and was ſtill able *to ſave a great number.*"

But though this fact were not eſtabliſhed by the teſtimony of ſo many hiſtorians, and though *every one* of the priſoners had been put to death, according to the original order, it was certainly policy in Henry to conceal that circumſtance, and to *threaten* to kill them, as if they were living; for the motive that induced the French to rally was, (we are told,) to ſave theſe priſoners; and if they had been informed that they were already executed, they might have been rendered deſperate; at leaſt would have had leſs inducement to lay down their arms. This however is a diſquiſition which is not neceſſary to our author's vindication. He followed the Chronicle juſt as he found it.

MALONE.

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded ſteeds[3]
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels[4] at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!—
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin Criſpianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't

[3] ——*and* their *wounded ſteeds*—] The old copy reads—*And* with *their* &c. the compoſitor's eye having probably glanced on the line beneath. Mr. Pope unneceſſarily rejected both words, reading—while *their wounded ſteeds*, in which he was followed by the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

[4] Yerk *out their* armed *heels*—] So, in *The Weakeſt goeth to the Wall*, 1600:

"Their neighing gennets, *armed* to the field,
"Do *yerk* and fling, and beat the fallen ground."

Steevens.

pleaſe your majeſty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majeſty ſays very true: If your majeſties is remembered of it, the Welſhman did goot ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;[5] which, your majeſty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and, I do believe, your majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welſh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot waſh your majeſty's Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pleſs it and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace, and his majeſty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheſhu, I am your majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confeſs it to all the 'orld: I need not to be aſhamed of your

[5] ——Monmouth *caps*;] *Monmouth caps* were formerly much worn. From the following ſtanza in an old ballad of *The Caps*, printed in *The Antidote againſt Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by ſoldiers:

"The ſoldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,
"On caſtle's tops their enſigns rear.
"The ſeaman with the thrumb doth ſtand
"On higher parts than all the land." Reed.

"The beſt caps, (ſays Fuller, in his *Worthies of Wales*, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Capper's* chapel doth ſtill remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phraſe of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to diſprove the occaſion thereof." Malone.

majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Hen. God keep me ſo!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* Williams. *Exeunt* Montjoy *and Others.*

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, a raſcal, that ſwaggered with me laſt night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can ſee my glove in his cap, (which he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort,[6] quite from the anſwer of his degree.[7]

[6] ——*great ſort,*] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore:*

"Lords and ladies of *great ſort.*" Johnson.

The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read—*his enemy may be a gentleman* of worth. Steevens.

[7] ——*quite from the anſwer of his degree.*] A man of ſuch ſtation as is not bound to hazard his perſon to *anſwer* to a challenge from one of the ſoldier's *low degree.* Johnson.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-ſauce,[8] as ever his black ſhoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conſcience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who ſerveſt thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myſelf were down together,[9] I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, an thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be deſired in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would

[8] —— *Jack-ſauce,*] i. e. ſaucy Jack. See Vol. VI. p. 18, n. 8. Malone.

[9] —— *When Alençon and myſelf were down together,*] This circumſtance is not an invention of Shakſpeare's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and ſlew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the King's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wiſhed to have ſaved him. Malone.

fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf aggrieſed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain ſee it once; an pleaſe Got of his grace, that I might ſee it.

K. Hen. Knoweſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloſter,
Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'the ear;
It is the ſoldier's; I, by bargain, ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Warwick:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and ſee there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleaſure, captain, I peſeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the univerſal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, ſir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treaſon his payment into plows,[1] I warrant you.

[1] ——into *plows,*] Mr. Heath very plauſibly reads—*in two* plows. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads—*I will give treaſon his* due *preſently.* We might therefore read—*in due* plows, i. e. in the beating that is ſo well his *due.*

Fuller, in his *Church Hiſtory*, p. 139, ſpeaks of the taſk-maſters of Iſrael, "on whoſe back the number of bricks wanting were only *ſcored in blows.*" STEEVENS.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majeſty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick *and* Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praiſed be Got for it!) a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his majeſty.

Enter King Henry *and* Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtruck the glove which your majeſty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promiſed to wear it in his cap; I promiſed to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majeſty hear now, (ſaving your majeſty's manhood,) what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſy knave it is: I hope, your majeſty is pear me teſtimony, and witneſs, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

The Scotch, both in ſpeaking and in writing, frequently uſe *into* for *in*. However, if it ſhould be thought neceſſary to amend the text, the readieſt way would be to omit a ſyllable, and read—*in* plows. Ritson.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove,[2] ſoldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike; and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majeſty.

K. Hen. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your majeſty came not like yourſelf: you appeared to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffered under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your highneſs, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

[2] *Give me* thy *glove*,] It muſt be—*Give me* my *glove*; for of the ſoldier's glove the King had not the fellow. Johnson.

"Give me *my* glove," cannot be right, for the King had not yet acknowledged the glove to be his. M. Mason.

The text is certainly right. By "*thy* glove," the King means—the glove that thou haſt now in *thy* cap; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams, (ſee Act IV. ſc. i.) and of which he had retained the fellow.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iii. the Nurſe ſays to Juliet:

"——were I not thine only nurſe,
"I'd ſay, thou had'ſt ſuck'd wiſdom from *thy* teat."

i. e. the nurſe's teat. Malone.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and diſſenſions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes: Come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful? your ſhoes is not ſo good:[3] 'tis a good ſilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an Engliſh Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?[4]

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd French. [*Delivers a Paper.*

K. Hen. What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans,[5] nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:

[3] ——*your* ſhoes *is not ſo good:*] In the moſt minute particulars we find Shakſpeare as obſervant as in matters of the higheſt moment. *Shoes* are, above any other article of dreſs, an object of attention to the common ſoldier, and moſt liable to be worn out. Malone.

[4] *Now, herald; are the dead number'd?*] I have little doubt but that this defective line was originally written as follows:

Now, herald, are the dead on both ſides *number'd.*

Stevens.

[5] *Charles duke of Orleans,* &c.] This liſt is copied from Hall. Pope.

It is taken from Holinſhed. Malone.

Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'ſquires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand French,
That in the field lie ſlain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-ſix: added to theſe,
Of knights, eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd knights:[6]
So that, in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries;[7]
The reſt are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'ſquires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret,[8] high conſtable of France;

[6] *Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd knights:*] In ancient times, the diſtribution of this honour appears to have been cuſtomary, on the eve of a battle. So, in Lawrence Minot's 6th Poem on the Succeſſes of King Edward III. p. 28:

"*Knightes* war thar wele two ſcore,
"That war *new dubbed to that dance*,—."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſixteen hundred* mercenaries;] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common ſoldiers*, or *hired ſoldiers*. The gentlemen ſerved at their own charge in conſequence of their tenures.

JOHNSON.

I doubt the accuracy of Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion, that "the gentlemen ſerved at their own charge in conſequence of their tenures;" as, I take it, this practice, which was always confined to thoſe holding by knights' ſervice, and to the term of forty days, had fallen into complete diſuſe long before Henry the Fifth's time; and perſonal ſervice would not, at that period, have excuſed the ſubſidies which were paid in lieu of it. Even the nobility were, for the moſt part, retained by contract to ſerve, with the numbers, for the time, and at the wages, ſpecified in the indenture. RITSON.

[8] *Charles De-la-bret.*] *De-la-bret*, as is already obſerved, ſhould be Charles *D'Albret*, would the meaſure permit of ſuch a

Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-maſter of France, the brave ſir Guiſchard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of luſty earls,
Grandpré, and Rouſſi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Leſtrale.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!——
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
[Herald *preſents another Paper.*
Edward the duke of York,[9] the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, eſquire:[1]
None elſe of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all.—When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs,

change. Holinſhed ſometimes apologizes for the omiſſion of foreign names, on account of his inability to ſpell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Breth*, conſtable of France." See p. 389, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[9] *Edward the Duke of York,*] This, and the two following lines, in the quartos, are given to Exeter. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Davy Gam, eſquire:*] This gentleman being ſent by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their ſtrength, made this report: "May it pleaſe you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken priſoners, and enough to run away." He ſaved the king's life in the field. Had our poet been apprized of this circumſtance, this brave Welſhman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely regiſtered in a muſter-roll of names. MALONE.

See Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, edit. 1627, pp. 50 and 54: and a note on Mr. Dunſter's excellent edition of Philips's *Cider*, p. 64. STEEVENS.

On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your majeſty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;[2]
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Do we all holy rites;*] The King (ſay the Chronicles) cauſed the pſalm, *In exitu Iſrael de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the pſalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be ſung after the victory. Pope.

"The king (ſays Holinſhed) when he ſaw no appearance of enemies, cauſed the retreat to be blowen, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for ſo happy a victory, cauſing his prelates and chapelcins to ſing this pſalme, *In exitu Iſrael de Egypto*; and commaunding every man to kneele downe, on the grounde at this verſe—*Non nobis, domine, non nobis, ſed nomini tuo da gloriam*: which done, he cauſed *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be ſung, giving laud and praiſe to God, and not boaſting of his owne force, or any humaine power." Malone.

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

CHOR. Vouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there ſeen,[3]
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the ſea: Behold, the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives,[4] and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[5] 'fore the king,

[3] ——*grant him* there; there *ſeen*,] If *Toward* be not abbreviated, our author, with his accuſtomed licence, uſes one of theſe words as a diſſyllable, while to the other he aſſigns only its due length. See Vol. VII. p. 309, n. 7. MALONE.

I ſuſpect the omiſſion of ſome word or words eſſential to the metre. Our poet might have written:

Toward Calais: grant him there; there ſeen a while,
Heave him away &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——with *wives*.] *With*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] ——*a mighty* whiffler—] An officer who walks firſt in proceſſions, or before perſons in high ſtations, on occaſions of ceremony. The name is ſtill retained in London, and there is an officer ſo called that walks before their companies at times of publick ſolemnity. It ſeems a corruption from the French word *huiſſier*. HANMER.

Seems to prepare his way: ſo let him land;
And, ſolemnly, ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords deſire him, to have borne[6]
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy,[7] ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouſe of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!

See Mr. T. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. ſc. ii.

In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599, a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the King. In *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, the term is often mentioned.

Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"I can go into no corner, but I meet with ſome of my *whifflers* in their accoutrements; you may hear them half a mile ere they come at you."

"——I am afraid of nothing but that I ſhall be balladed, I and all my *whifflers*."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607: "The torch-men and *whifflers* had an item to receive him."

Again, in TEXNOΓAMIA, 1618:

"Tobacco is a *whiffler*,
"And cries huff ſnuff with furie:
"His pipe's his club and linke," &c.

Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: "And Manaſſes ſhall go before like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*to* have *borne* &c.] The conſtruction is, to have his bruiſed helmet, &c. borne before him through the city: i. e. to order it to be borne. This circumſtance alſo our author found in Holinſhed. MALONE.

[7] *Giving full trophy,*] Transferring all the honours of conqueſt, all trophies, tokens, and ſhows, from himſelf to God. JOHNSON.

The mayor, and all his brethren, in beſt ſort,—
Like to the ſenators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians ſwarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæſar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,[8]

[8] ——*likelihood,*] Likelihood for ſimilitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the meaſure of this line, have injured the ſenſe. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, ſince reviſal became faſhionable, and editors have been more diligent to diſplay themſelves than to illuſtrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, *but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have deſtroyed the praiſe which the poet deſigned for Eſſex; for who would think himſelf honoured by the epithet *low*? The poet, deſirous to celebrate that great man, whoſe popularity was then his boaſt, and afterwards his deſtruction, compares him to King Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the Queen herſelf, he confeſſes that he *is lower* than a King, but would never have repreſented him abſolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope made this improper alteration; as well as a thouſand others equally reprehenſible. Our author had the beſt grounds for ſuppoſing that Lord Eſſex, on his return from Ireland, would be attended with a numerous concourſe of well-wiſhers; for, on his ſetting out for that country in the ſpring of the year in which this play was written, "he took horſe (ſays the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*) in Seeding lane, and from thence being accompanied with diverſe noblemen and many others, himſelfe very plainly attired, roade through Grace-church ſtreet, Cornhill, Cheapſide, and other high ſtreets, in all which places and in the fields, the people preſſed exceedingly to behold him, eſpecially in the high way for more than foure miles ſpace, crying, and ſaying, God bleſſe your Lordſhip, God preſerve your honour, &c. and ſome followed him till the evening, only to behold him."—"Such and ſo great (adds the ſame writer) was the hearty love and deep affection of the people towards him, by reaſon of his bounty, liberalitie, affabilitie, and mild behaviour, that as well ſchollars, ſouldiers, citizens, ſaylers, &c. proteſtants, papiſts, ſectaries and atheiſts, yea women and children which never ſaw him, that it was held in them a happineſs to follow the worſt of his fortunes." That ſuch a man ſhould have fallen a ſacrifice to the caprice of a fantaſtick woman, and

Were now the general of our gracious empreſs[9]
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached[1] on his ſword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's ſtay at home:
The emperor's coming[2] in behalf of France,

the machinations of the deteſtable Cecil, muſt ever be lamented. His return from Ireland, however, was very different from what our poet predicted. See a curious account of it in the Sydney Papers, Vol. II. p. 127. MALONE.

[9] ——*the general of our gracious empreſs*—] The Earl of Eſſex, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

Few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenſer, to the loweſt rhymer, he was the ſubject of numerous ſonnets or popular ballads. I will not except Sydney. I could produce evidence to prove that he ſcarce ever went out of England, or left London, on the moſt frivolous enterprize, without a paſtoral in his praiſe, or a panegyrick in metre, which were ſold or ſung in the ſtreets. T. WARTON.

To ſuch compliments as are here beſtowed by our author on the earl of Eſſex, Barnabie Riche, in his *Souldier's Wiſhe to Britons Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captain Pill*, 1604, p. 21, ſeems to allude: "——not ſo much as a memorandum for the moſt honourable enterprizes, how worthily ſo ever performed, unleſs perhaps a little commendation in a ballad, *or if a man be favoured by a playmaker, he may ſometimes be canonized on a ſtage.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Bringing rebellion* broached—] Spitted, transfixed. JOHNSON.

[2] *The emperor's coming*—] The emperor Sigiſmond, who was married to Henry's ſecond couſin. If the text be right, I ſuppoſe the meaning is—The emperor *is* coming, &c. but I ſuſpect ſome corruption, for the Chorus ſpeaks of the emperor's viſit as now *paſt*. I believe a line has been loſt before "The mperor's" &c.—If we tranſpoſe the words *and omit*, we have

To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to France.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.[3]

France. *An* Engliſh *Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is paſt.

a very unmetrical line, but better ſenſe. "Omit the emperor's coming,—and all the occurrences which happened till Harry's return to France." Perhaps this was the author's meaning, even as the words ſtand. If ſo, the mark of parentheſis ſhould be placed after the word *home*, and a comma after *them*.
MALONE.

The embaraſſment of this paſſage will be entirely removed by a very ſlight alteration, the omiſſion of a ſingle letter, and reading—
The emperor *coming in behalf of France,*
inſtead of—emperor's. M. MASON.

[3] *Scene I.*] This ſcene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth Act, and be placed before the laſt Chorus. There is no Engliſh camp in this Act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after ſo long an interval as the Chorus has ſupplied. JOHNSON.

Fluellen preſently ſays, that he wore his leek in conſequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Piſtol. Their preſent quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the ſixth ſcene of the third Act. STEEVENS.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The raſcally, ſcald, beggarly, lowſy, pragging knave, Piſtol,—which you and yourſelf, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pleſs you, ancient Piſtol! you ſcurvy, lowſy knave, Got pleſs you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?[4]
Hence! I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; becauſe, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

[4] *To have me fold up* &c.] Doſt thou deſire to have me put thee to death? JOHNSON.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be ſo goot, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Baſe Trojan, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when Got's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yeſterday, mountain-ſquire; but I will make you to-day a ſquire of low degree.[5] I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have aſtoniſhed him.[6]

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Muſt I bite?

[5] ——*ſquire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring thee to the ground.* Johnson.

The Squire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated, among other books, in *A Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth.* Steevens.

This metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, was burleſqued by Chaucer, in his rhyme of *Sir Thopas*, and begins thus:

"It was a *ſquyre of lowe degre*,
"That loved the king's daughter of Hungré."

See *Reliques of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 30, 2d edition. Percy.

[6] ——aſtoniſhed *him.*] That is, you have ſtunned him with the blow. Johnson.

Rather, you have confounded him. M. Mason.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is the true one. So, in the ſecond Book of *The Deſtruction of Troy*: "Theſeus ſmote again upon his enemy, which &c——and ſtruck Theſeus ſo fiercely with his ſword—that he was *aſtoniſhed* with the ſtroke." Steevens.

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I ſwear—.[7]

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the ſkin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

[7] *I eat, and eke I ſwear—.*] The firſt folio has *eat*, for which the later editors have put—*I eat and ſwear.* We ſhould read, I ſuppoſe, in the frigid tumour of Piſtol's dialect:

I eat, and eke I ſwear. JOHNSON.

Thus alſo Piſtol, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"And I to Ford ſhall *eke* unfold—." STEEVENS.

Perhaps—"I eat, and *eating* ſwear." HOLT WHITE.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceaſed valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking[8] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel: you find it otherwiſe; and, henceforth, let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh condition.[9] Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huſwife[1] with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead[2] i'the ſpital

[8] ——*gleeking*—] i. e. ſcoffing, ſneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: "Why *gleek*, that's your only game—."—"*Gleek* let it be; for I am perſuaded I ſhall *gleek* ſome of you."
Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661: "—I ſuddenly *gleek*, or men be aware." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Engliſh* condition.] *Condition* is temper, diſpoſition of mind. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "—if he have the *condition* of a ſaint, with the complexion of a devil."
STEEVENS.
See p. 521, n. 7. MALONE.

[1] *Doth fortune play the* huſwife—] That is, the *jilt*. *Huſwife* is here uſed in an ill ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[2] *News have I, that my* Nell *is dead* &c.] Old copy—*Doll*. STEEVENS.
We muſt read—*my* Nell *is dead*. In a former ſcene Piſtol ſays: "Nor ſhall my *Nell* keep lodgers." MALONE.
Doll Tearſheet was ſo little the favourite of Piſtol, that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have *cut off his rendezvous*, that is, *deprived him of a home*. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan.
In the quartos 1600 and 1608 the lines are read thus:

Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cutpurſe of quick hand.
To England will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal:
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*[3]

"Doth fortune playe the huſwyfe with me now?
"Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines [loins]?
"Well, France farewell. News have I certainly
"That Doll is ſick one [on] mallydie of France.
"The warres affordeth nought; home will I trug,
"Bawd will I turne, and uſe the ſlyte of hand;
"To England will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
"And patches will I get unto theſe ſkarres,
"And I ſwear I gat them in the Gallia wars."

JOHNSON.

[3] The comick ſcenes of *The Hiſtory of Henry the Fourth* and *Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comick perſonages are now diſmiſſed. Falſtaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was loſt immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vaniſhed ſince, one knows not how; and Piſtol is now beaten into obſcurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Troyes *in* Champagne.[4] *An Apartment in the* French *King's Palace.*

Enter, at one Door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* ISABEL, *the Princeſs* KATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met![5]

[4] Henry, ſome time before his marriage with Katharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavilions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to aſſemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. "The Frenchmen, (ſays the *Chronicle*,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Engliſhmen had their parte of the field only *barred* and parted." But the treaty was then broken off. Some time afterwards they again met in St. Peter's church at Troyes in Champagne, where Katharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakſpeare, having mentioned, in the courſe of this ſcene, "a bar and royal interview," ſeems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the deſcription of the field near Melun, in the Chronicle, ſomewhat correſponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the preſent ſcene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's church would not admit of the French King and Queen, &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the ſcene, I have ſuppoſed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace. MALONE.

[5] *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth Act ſeems naturally to begin. JOHNSON.

Unto our brother France,—and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,)
We do ſalute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes Engliſh, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:[6]
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You Engliſh princes all, I do ſalute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial majeſties
Unto this bar[7] and royal interview,

[6] *The* fatal balls *of murdering* baſiliſks:] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Make me not *ſighted* like the *baſilisk.*"

It was anciently ſuppoſed that this ſerpent could deſtroy the object of its vengeance by merely looking at it. See Vol. XIII. p. 281, n. 1. Steevens.

[7] *Unto this* bar—] To this *barrier*; to this place of congreſs. Johnson.

Your mightineſs on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies:[8] her hedges even-pleached,—
Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,[9]

[8] *Unpruned* dies:] We muſt read, *lies*; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but cauſes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requiſite nouriſhment is withdrawn from its fruit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is phyſically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough ſaid to die, which ceaſes to bear fruit. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *her hedges even-pleach'd,—*
Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair, &c.] This image of priſoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even-pleach'd* is more properly impriſoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's criticiſm on this paſſage has no juſt foundation. The King compares the diſorderly ſhoots of an unclipped hedge, to the hair and beard of a priſoner, which he has neglected to trim; a neglect natural to a perſon who lives alone, and in a dejected ſtate of mind. M. MASON.

The learned commentator [Dr. Johnſon] miſapprehended, I believe, our author's ſentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches being cut off, are twiſted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and ſtrengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge ſhoots out, it is cuſtomary, in many places, to clip the ſhoots, ſo as to render

Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter ruſts,[1]
That ſhould deracinate[2] ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all[3] uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards,[4] fallows, meads, and hedges,

them even. The Duke of Burgundy, therefore, among other inſtances of the neglect of huſbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which *were* even-pleached, for want of trimming, put forth irregular twigs; like priſoners, who in their confinement have neglected the uſe of the razor, and in conſequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge, in its cultivated ſtate, when it is *even-pleached*, is compared to the priſoner; in its "wild exuberance," it reſembles the priſoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is *even-pleached* or woven together, and one that is *clipt*, are alike reduced to an even ſurface, our author, with his uſual licence, might have meant only by *even-pleached*, "our hedges which were heretofore *clipp'd* ſmooth and even."

The line "Like priſoners" &c. it ſhould be obſerved, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The conſtruction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth diſordered twigs, reſembling perſons in priſon, whoſe faces are from neglect over-grown with hair. MALONE.

[1] ——*coulter*—] The ploughſhare. See Johnſon's *Dict.* in voce. REED.

[2] ——*deracinate*—] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——rend and *deracinate*
"The unity," &c. MALONE.

[3] ——*all*—] Old copy, unmetrically—*with*all. STEEVENS.

[4] *And* as *our vineyards*,] The old copy reads—And *all* our vineyards. The emendation was made by Mr. Roderick. MALONE.

Defective in their natures,[5] grow to wildneſs;
Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves, and children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our country;
But grow, like ſavages,—as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,[6]
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,[7]
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections

[5] *Defective in their* natures,] *Nature* had been changed by ſome of the editors into *nurture*; but, as Mr. Upton obſerves, unneceſſarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura.* They were not defective in their *creſcive* nature, for they grew to wildneſs; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. Steevens.

[6] ——diffus'd *attire,*] *Diffus'd*, for extravagant. The military habit of thoſe times was extremely ſo. Act III. Gower ſays, *And what a beard of the general's cut, and a* horrid ſuit of the camp, *will do amongſt*, &c. *is wonderful to be thought on.* Warburton.

Diffus'd is ſo much uſed by our author for *wild, irregular,* and *ſtrange*, that in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* he applies it to a ſong ſuppoſed to be ſung by fairies. Johnson.

So, in *King Lear*, Act I. ſc. iv:

"If that as well I other accents borrow,
"That can my ſpeech *diffuſe*,——."

See note on this paſſage. Steevens.

[7] ——*former* favour,] Former *appearance.* Johnson.

So, in *Othello*:

"—— nor ſhould I know him,
"Were he in *favour* as in humour alter'd."

Steevens.

Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands;
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no anſwer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaſeth your grace
To appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them, we will, ſuddenly,
Paſs our accept, and peremptory anſwer.[8]

[8] ——— *we will, ſuddenly,*
Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer.*] As the French King deſires more time to conſider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and abſurd for him to ſay abſolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly muſt mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he diſliked, and conſign to ſuch as he approved of. Our author uſes *paſs* in this manner in other places; as in *King John*:

"But if you fondly *paſs* our proffer'd love."

WARBURTON.

The objection is founded, I apprehend, on a miſconception of the word *accept*, which does not, I think, import that he would accept them all, but means *acceptation*. We will immediately, ſays he, deliver our *acceptation* of theſe articles,—the opinion which we ſhall form upon them, and our peremptory anſwer to each particular. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, 1660, uſes *acception* for *acceptation*. See ſc. vii of the preceding Act, p. 485, n. 5.

If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—"Paſs *or except*," &c. i. e. *agree* to, or *except* againſt the articles, as I ſhould either approve or diſlike them. So, in a ſubſequent part of this ſcene:

"Nor this I have not, brother, ſo denied,
"But your requeſt ſhall make me let it *paſs*."

MALONE.

K. Hen. Brother, we ſhall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,[9]—and you, brother Gloſter,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity;
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll conſign thereto.—Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our couſin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* Henry, Katharine, *and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and moſt fair![1]

Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer.*] i. e. we will paſs our acceptance of what we approve, and we will paſs a peremptory anſwer to the reſt. Politeneſs might forbid his ſaying, we will paſs a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Beſides, if we read paſs *or* accept, is not *peremptory anſwer* ſuperfluous, and plainly implied in the former words? Tollet.

[9] *And brother* Clarence,] Neither *Clarence* nor *Huntington*, whom the King here addreſſes, has been enumerated in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, as neither of them ſpeaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March. Malone.

[1] *Fair Katharine, and moſt fair!*] Shakſpeare might have taken the hint for this ſcene from the anonymous play of *Henry V.*

Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majeſty ſhall mock at me; I cannot ſpeak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je ſuis ſemblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit il.*

K. Hen. I ſaid ſo, dear Katharine; and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines des tromperies.*

K. H v. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princeſs.[2]

ſo often quoted, where the King begins with greater bluntneſs, and with an exordium moſt truly Engliſh:

"How now, fair lady Katharine of France!
"What news?" Steevens.

[2] ——*dat is de princeſs.*] Surely this ſhould be—"Dat *ſays* de princeſs." This is in anſwer to the King, who aſks, "What ſays ſhe, fair one?" M. Mason.

I believe the old reading is the true one. By—*dat is the*

K. Hen. The princeſs is the better Engliſh-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding: I am glad, thou can'ſt ſpeak no better Engliſh; for, if thou couldſt, thou wouldſt find me ſuch a plain king,[3] that thou would'ſt think, I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay—I love

princeſs, the lady, in her broken Engliſh, means—*that is what the princeſs has ſaid.* Perhaps, the ſpeaker was deſirous to exempt herſelf from ſuſpicion of concurrence in a general cenſure on the ſincerity of mankind. Steevens.

[3] ——*ſuch a plain king,*] I know not why Shakſpeare now gives the King nearly ſuch a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military groſſneſs and unſkilfulneſs in all the ſofter arts does not ſuit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge aſcribed to him at his acceſſion, or with the contemptuous meſſage ſent him by the Dauphin, who repreſents him as fitter for a ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into duchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard.* The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth Act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakſpeare can write well without a proper ſubject. It is a vain endeavour for the moſt ſkilful hand to cultivate barrenneſs, or to paint upon vacuity. Johnson.

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this repreſentation of Henry, and meant probably, in this ſpeech at leaſt, not to oppoſe the *ſoldier* to the *lover*, but the plain, honeſt *Engliſhman*, to the leſs ſincere and more talkative *Frenchman*. In the old *King Henry V.* quarto, 1598, the correſponding ſpeech ſtands thus:

"*Hen.* Tuſh Kate, but tell me in plain terms,
"Canſt thou love the king of England?
"*I* cannot do *as theſe countries* [perhaps *counties*, i. e. noblemen] *do*,
"That ſpend half their time in wooing:
"Tuſh, wench, *I am none ſuch*;
"But wilt thou go over to England?"

The ſubſequent ſpeech, however, "Marry, if you would put me to verſes," &c. fully juſtifies Dr. Johnſon's obſervation.

Malone.

you: then, if you urge me further than to ſay—Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain:[4] How ſay you, lady?

KATH. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure,[5] yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly,[6] nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning, that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there, let thine eye be thy

[4] ——*and ſo* clap *hands, and a bargain:*] See Vol. XI. p. 223, n. 8. REED.

[5] ——*no ſtrength in* meaſure,] i. e. in dancing. So, in *As you like it:*

"I am for other than for dancing *meaſures*."

The word *meaſure*, ſignifying a ſtately dance ſo called, occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *King Henry VIII.* and other plays of our author. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*look* greenly,] i. e. like a young lover, aukwardly. The ſame adverb occurs in *Hamlet:*

"——and we have done but *greenly*,
"In hugger-mugger to inter him—." STEEVENS.

cook. I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier:[7] If thou canſt love me for this, take me: if not, to ſay to thee—that I ſhall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liveſt, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy;[8] for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themſelves into ladies' favours,—they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What! a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall;[9] a ſtraight back will ſtoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and moon; or, rather, the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me: And take me, take a ſoldier; take a ſoldier, take a king: And what ſayeſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

[7] *I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier:*] Similar phraſeology has already occurred in *King John:*

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon*, fire, and bounce, and ſmoke."

See Vol. X. p. 401. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*take a fellow of plain and* uncoined *conſtancy;*] i. e. A conſtancy in the ingot, that hath ſuffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. WARBURTON.

I believe this explanation to be more ingenious than true; *to coin* is to *ſtamp* and to *counterfeit*. He uſes it in both ſenſes; *uncoined* conſtancy ſignifies *real* and *true* conſtancy, *unrefined* and *unadorned*. JOHNSON.

"Uncoined conſtancy," reſembling a plain piece of metal that has not yet received any impreſſion. Katharine was the firſt woman that Henry had ever loved. A. C.

[9] ——*fall;*] i. e. ſhrink, fall away. STEEVENS.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France?[1]

K. Hen. No; it is not poſſible, you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you ſhould love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off. *Quand j'ay la poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous avez le poſſeſſion de moi,* (let me ſee, what then? Saint Dennis be my ſpeed!) —*donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le François que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy ſpeaking of my tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, doſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll aſk them. Come, I know, thou loveſt me: and

[1] *Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France?*] So, in the anonymous play of *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "*Kate.* How ſhould I love thee, which is my father's enemie?" Steevens.

at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'ſt mine, Kate, (as I have a ſaving faith within me, tells me,—thou ſhalt,) I get thee with ſcambling,[2] and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople,[3] and take the Turk by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſayeſt thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: do but now promiſe, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of ſuch a boy; and, for my Engliſh moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deeſſe?*

Kath. Your *majeſté* 'ave *fauſſe* French enough to deceive de moſt *ſage damoiſelle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fye upon my falſe French! By mine honour, in true Engliſh, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not ſwear, thou loveſt me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt,

[2] ——*with* ſcambling,] i. e. *ſcrambling.* See Dr. Percy's note in the firſt ſcene of this play, p. 279; and Vol. VI. p. 150, n. 3. Steevens.

[3] ——*go to Conſtantinople,*] Shakſpeare has here committed an anachroniſm. The Turks were not poſſeſſed of Conſtantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years. Theobald.

notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect[4] of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I was, the better I ſhall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my face: thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, moſt fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empreſs; take me by the hand, and ſay—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt king, thou ſhalt find the beſt king of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, Wilt thou have me?

[4] ——untempering *effect*—] Certainly *untempting*. WARBURTON.

Untempering I believe to have been the poet's word. The ſenſe is, I conceive, that you love me, notwithſtanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. ſoften you to my purpoſe:

" ——————nature made you
" To *temper* man—." *Otway.*

So again, in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at leaſt, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakſpeare:

" And *temper* him with all the art I have."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: " I have him already *tempering* between my thumb and finger—." STEEVENS.

Kath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe de *roy mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Kath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiſs your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant ſeigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiſs your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiſelles, pour eſtre baiſeés devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Alice. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiſer, en* Engliſh.

K. Hen. To kiſs.

Alice. Your majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not the faſhion for the maids in France to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Alice. *Ony, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak liſts[5] of a country's faſhion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouths of all

[5] ——*weak* liſt—] i. e. ſlight barrier. So, in *Othello*: "Confine yourſelf within a patient *liſt*." Steevens.

find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.[6] Here comes your father.

Enter the French King *and* Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* English *Lords.*

BUR. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

BUR. Is she not apt?

K. HEN. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth:[7] so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

BUR. Pardon the frankness of my mirth,[8] if I

[6] ——*your lips,——should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V:* "—Tell thy father from me, that none in the world should sooner have persuaded me," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*my* condition *is not smooth:*] *Condition* is temper. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iii:

"————my *condition*,
"Which has been smooth as oil," &c.

See Vol. XI. p. 213, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[8] *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roſed over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked ſeeing ſelf? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excuſed, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well ſummered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral[9] ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I will catch the fly, your couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thank love for my blindneſs; who cannot ſee many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that ſtands in my way.

[9] *This* moral—] That is, the application of this fable. The *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*. Johnson.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome *moral* in this Benedictus?" See Vol. VI. p. 112, n. 1. Steevens.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively, the cities turned into a maid;[1] for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.[2]

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. Hen. I am content; ſo the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way of my wiſh, ſhall ſhow me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. Hen. Is't ſo, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, firſt; and then, in ſequel, all,[3]
According to their firm propoſed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:—
Where your majeſty demands,—That the king of France, having any occaſion to write for matter of

[1] ——*you ſee them* perſpectively, *the cities turned into a maid*;] So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act V. ſc. i:

"A natural *perſpective*, that is, and is not."

See Mr. Tollet's note on this paſſage, Vol. V. p. 469, n. 7. Steevens.

[2] ——*they are all girdled with maiden walls*, &c.] We have again the ſame alluſion in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
"To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*."

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
"Till thus he 'gan to ſiege me."

See alſo *All's well that ends well*, Vol. VIII. p. 214. Malone.

[3] ——*and* then, *in ſequel, all*,] *Then*, which is not in the old copy, was ſupplied, for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

grant, ſhall name your highneſs in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclariſsimus filius*[+] *noſter Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, ſo denied,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon; and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet boſoms, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

[+] ——*Notre* tres cher *filz*——*and thus in Latin*,—Præclariſſimus *filius*—} What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclariſſimus* in Latin? We ſhould read—*præcariſſimus*.

WARBURTON.

"This is exceeding true," ſays Dr. Farmer, "but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinſhed, which Shakſpeare copied; but muſt indiſputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages." STEEVENS.

In all the old hiſtorians that I have ſeen, as well as in Holinſhed, I find this miſtake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is ſtyled *Præcariſſimus*; and in the 22d article the ſtipulation is, that he ſhall always be called, "in lingua Gallicana notre tres cher fils, &c. in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, noſter *præcariſſimus* filius Henricus," &c. See Rymer's Fœd. IX. 893. MALONE.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my ſovereign queen.
[*Flouriſh.*

Q. Isa. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,[5]
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receive each other!—God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,[6]
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for ſurety of our leagues.—
Then ſhall I ſwear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be!
[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*the* paction *of theſe kingdoms,*] The old folios have it—*the pation,* which makes me believe the author's word was *paction*; a word more proper on the occaſion of a peace ſtruck up. A paſſion of two kingdoms for one another is an odd expreſſion. An amity and political harmony may be fixed betwixt two countries, and yet either people be far from having a paſſion for the other. Theobald.

[6] *Prepare we* &c.] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, conclude with the following ſpeech:

"*Hen.* Why then fair Katharine,
"Come, give me thy hand:
"Our marriage will we preſent ſolemnize,
"And end our hatred by a bond of love.
"Then will I ſwear to Kate, and Kate to me,
"And may our vows once made, unbroken be."

Steevens.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author[7] hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts[8] the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of England: fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden[9] he achiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the ſixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England did this king ſucceed;
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[*Exit.*[1]

[7] *Our* bending *author*—] By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his ſubject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*: "Here *ſtooping* to your clemency." STEEVENS.

[8] *Mangling by ſtarts*—] By touching only on ſelect parts. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*the world's beſt* garden—] i. e. France. A ſimilar diſtinction is beſtowed, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, on Lombardy:

"The pleaſant *garden* of great Italy." STEEVENS.

[1] This play has many ſcenes of high dignity, and many of eaſy merriment. The character of the King is well ſupported, except in his courtſhip, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Piſtol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the Engliſh ſtage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praiſed, and much muſt be

forgiven; nor can it be eaſily diſcovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more neceſſary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptineſs and narrowneſs of the laſt Act, which a very little diligence might have eaſily avoided. JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. XII.

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